FOR WOMEN'S EYES

TUESDAY'S SUN WILL CONTAIN A WHOLE PAGE DEVOTED TO THE ODDS AND ENDS WHICH INTEREST WOMEN. IDEAS WHICH MAKE WOMEN LOOK WELL, FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, THE AMERICAN GIRL, ETC.

THE LOWELL SUN

21ST YEAR — LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897. — 12 PAGES 1 CENT

FOR EVERYBODY'S EYES

THERE IS SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE SUN. BRIGHT SPECIALS, CLEVER PICTURES, SMOKING HOT TELEGRAPHIC NEWS, AND A SOUND EDITORIAL POLICY. THE SUN IS THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

FIRST EDITION

THE WEATHER.

Forecast for New England: Fair; variable winds.

ALMANAC, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4.
Sun rises—5:13; sets, 6:43.
Length of day—13 h.
Moon sets—10:50 p. m.
High water—4:30 a. m.; 5 p. m.

POINTER WON IT

Easily Defeated the Patchen Horse.

EMILY AND THE ABBOTT WIN RACES.

King Egbert and Emily Winners at Dover.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 4.—Ten thousand people went to Charter Oak park yesterday, the unusual attraction being the big Star Pointer-Joe Patchen race. Star Pointer won with apparent ease. It had been agreed that the horses should alternate at the pole, and the toss of a penny decided which should start in that position. Mr. Murphy, owner of Star Pointer, won the toss. In the second heat, when Patchen had the pole, Star Pointer had to travel faster to get to the wire first, and that heat was done in 2:03¾.

The day's programme was too long to be finished before dark. Two heats were necessary to bring to an end the hard fought 2:30 trot, seven heats in which were trotted Wednesday. Town Lady won the first heat today in 2:14. Emily took the second in 2:13½, and won first money. Town Lady got second money, Nancy Time third, and Taconis fourth.

The most stubbornly fought and most uncertain race of the day was the 2:14 pace. Ambulator was expected to win it with Forest Herr and Quick Turn second and third choice. Ambulator finished no heat better than third, while Forest Herr and Quick Turn were distanced in the second heat by Quadriga, who surprised all the knowing ones by going the mile in 2:09¾. Favor then showed the way home in the other three heats in fast time and apparently with speed to spare.

As was expected, The Abbott won the 2:18 trot in straight heats. He seemed winded when he finished the second heat, and many looked for Lucy Carr to take the third but she was not equal to it.

THE DOVER RACES.

Dover, N. H., Sept. 4.—Trotting was resumed today, after one day's respite on a track that was good for conditions. Thursday's downpour was still evident in heavy going at the opening of the day's programme, but an hour's racing found it back in almost its pristine condition. Toward night the horses were on tiptoe. The day's work was lively, and emphasized anew the contentious spirit of the rival stables when once aligned on the track.

2:12 pace; purse $600.

King Egbert, b. g., by King Prince—Weasel, by Egbert (Hudson)	4 1 1 1
Lady Golden, ch. m., by Billy Golden, dam by Ralston Boy (Muller)	1 4 3 2
Dr. Wood, ch. s. (Riley)	2 2 2 2
Fieldmont, blk. g. (Galvin)	3 3 4 4
Sundisland Belle, b. m. (Proctor)	dl
Jane, br. m. (Lease)	dl

Time—2:11¾, 2:12¼, 2:14½, 2:11¾.

2:21 pace; purse $600; (concluded).

Red Elm, ch. g., by Red Wilkes—Flaxy, by Bourbon Wilkes (Haslett)	2 2 3 1 1 1
Miller Boy, b. g., by Nanman (Bowen)	1 1 2 3 2 3
Lucy Stokes, b. m., by Earl Medium, dam by Alcyone (Forshner)	3 3 1 2 2 3
Philonides, br. s., by King Wilkes—Quartet, by Harold G. Fuller Sr.)	4 7 1 1 2
Squeezer, b. g., by McEwen (Skinner)	1 6 2 6 1
Chazy Boy, b. g., by Candidate (Forshner)	2 1 3 3 4
Tom Boy, b. m. (Marsh)	3 2 5 2 6
Dexter K., ch. g. (Kane)	7 4 4 4 3
Alcee, b. g. (Fifield)	6 3 7 5 6
Dixie, b. g. (Shannon)	5 5 6 7 dr

Time—2:14½, 2:15, 2:16½, 2:16½, 2:18½

J. F. **O'DONNELL UNDERTAKER,**
Market, Corner Worthen Street.
Telephone.

$34 A Fine Piano, seven octaves, made by Lord & Co., I will sell for $34
GEORGE A. GARDNER, 20 Prescott Street.

THE FARRAGUT HOUSE
Henry W. Garrity, Prop.
CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.
OPPOSITE OLD B. & M. DEPOT.
The house is now under a new management, thoroughly refitted and refurnished with all the modern improvements, steam heat and electric call bells in each room. Electric cars pass the door every few minutes. Choice cigars in sample room. Special rates to the Profession.
M. H. Carey, } Clerks { H. Gérvais.

GOOD SATISFACTION. Our Teas and Coffees give good satisfaction to our patrons. If you are not already one of our many customers we would like to have you begin now. DICKSON BROS., 68 Merrimack Street.



F. G. R. GORDON of Manchester, N. H., One of the Speakers at the Labor Demonstration.

WIGGINVILLE UP IN ARMS

Against Building Committee of the New School House

Big Demonstration and Parade This Afternoon—There Will be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight—Account of the Trouble.

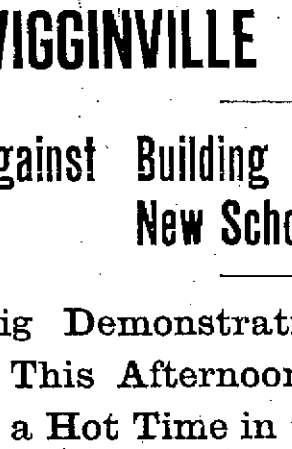
The following is written by a prominent citizen of Wigginville on the great school site question:

A brief account of the cause of the existing school agitation in the Wigginville district will not be out of place at this time. It will be remembered by the readers of the Sun, as its columns have been frequently used, thanks to to its genial editor, for the discussion of this important question. Important because first the question arises "Shall the citizens and taxpayers of the town of Tewksbury designate when and where and how its money shall be expended?" Second, "Shall it be dictated to by men whose interests are apparently other than the interests of those by whom they were elected?"

To the latter I would say "Ten thousand times 'No.' "The time has come when the people of Wigginville shall arise from their slumber and shake off the fetters of bull-dozing and stand on their rights as free men in this liberty-loving, God-given land.

To return to the question: It will be remembered by the readers of these columns that the town of Tewksbury at its last annual town meeting, accepted the superintendent's report and the school committee's report which read as follows:

At the present time there are four schools in this section of the town. Two



RICHARD TYLER.

of them are in the school buildings built within ten years. The other two are in a building leased to the town by Mr. William Wiggin in the year 1893-1894, at an expense of $156 per year. When the use of this building was secured, it was realized that it was not a suitable place and that it was expensive, but it seemed the best thing however, as a temporary expedient. Today there are thirty-four pupils actually attending school in each one of the two rooms in this building. The seating capacity—if a chair and a desk be regarded as such—is 24. The air capacity is 167 cubic feet per child, 500 feet being regarded as only a fair allowance when ample provision is made for ventilation. There is practically no system of ventilation in the building. The lighting surface four windows on one side and two on the other, is in area one-tenth of the floor surface, while the minimum approved is one-sixth of floor area. There are no cloak rooms and the school rooms proper have to be used for such ends. The floor area is so small that it requires crowding the desks and reducing the space allowed for aisles, the standing of classes, etc. The building is heated by wood stoves and in the crowded condition of the school, some pupils are subjected to a degree of temperature exceedingly injurious. The above conditions are not conducive to good health or to any flattering educational results. In fact, I believe it a waste of money to conduct schools in such a way and that there is an even question whether positive harm is not done to the child.

—Junius C. Knowlton.

"The additional school in Wigginville has been in use during the whole of this year. The committee desires to call desires to call the attention of the voters of the town and especially of the voters of that district to the conditions under which some of the children of that district are trying to get an education. Several years ago, when the large schoolhouse there became crowded, a small structure, used originally for a little shop, was hired by the community to contain the overflow of scholars. Later, a second room was fitted up in the same building. In this place, with absolutely no ventilation, which is just as fit for a schoolhouse as a pig pen would be for human beings to live, sixty-eight scholars are crowded together. It is a matter of the greatest surprise that under such conditions, an epidemic has not broken out among the children.

—John F. French,
Charles H. Battles,
Emily Pageisen Howard.

Four thousand dollars was appropriated to acquire land and build a schoolhouse to replace this "slaughter house."

A committee was appointed, composed of John F. French, whose father-in-law is a large land owner in South Lowell; C. H. Battles, who cries out, "Your children have been so used to having their schools at their back door it will do them good to walk a mile or two:" H. L. Shedd, another land owner in the lands of the Rendering companies, from which the odor wings its flight and deposits itself where land syndicates reign supreme.

It is needless to say that with such a combination, it did not take a great time to find out that there was not a place in the whole village of cottages—the home of 269 children—all requiring school accommodation—that was suitable for a school site.

A special town meeting was called for the purpose of adding to the already defined district. The question was put to vote, but was not carried by the necessary two-thirds vote. In spite of this, the committee announced it was their intention to locate the school in the land of the rendering companies and land syndicates, against the wishes of Male adults, 94; female adults, 87; and children, 269, making a total of 450 against 15 all-told inhabitants in favor of the building committee. It is needless to say the ire of the disappointed ones was raised to the height of their noble calling as freemen at the inhumane action of this committee.

A citizens' meeting was called to inquire into and furnish them with facts relative to the case. The building committee was invited to attend but made themselves conspicuous by their absence. A citizens' committee was appointed, composed of Richard Sykes, J. Caster, and J. Wilde, to try and induce them to consider the wants of the people. The chairman of the building committee was first visited, J. F. French. The question was argued, pro and con. This committeeman favored a site known as Wheelock's lot, which he considered was better located and more accommodating than any other site. He added: "Committeeman Shedd wants it located in South Lowell and already has got the deeds from the land syndicate." "But you have no children to attend school in South Lowell," he was told. "Well, no, that is the trouble but I suppose we will have to have it his way," he replied. Others of the committee were visited and displayed about the same amount of reasoning. When finally the citizens thought it advisable to seek legal advice, Mr. John W. McEvoy was seen which resulted in



J. C. CASTOR.

the serving of an injunction and raising the question to a high state of agitation. Every person in the Wigginville district pledged himself to use every lawful effort to have the school located where it will best accommodate their children.

On Saturday, Sept. 4th, a great demonstration will be held, protesting against the action of the building committee.

THE PROGRAM.

The program of today's popular demonstration is as follows:

Mustering of parents and children at Davis' corner, Wigginville, at 3 p. m.; march to South Lowell, where there will be speeches by Rev. Bowley Green, John W. McEvoy, Esq., and others. Chairman, Richard A. Sykes; return to the lot chosen by the citizens, the Pearson, where there will be a flag raising and singing by the children, speeches, etc. The singing will be conducted by a prominent choir master. Music will be furnished by the Wigginville brass band. The chief marshal will be Benj. Staveley, Esq.; aids, J. Wilde, T. McJ. Wilde, T. McKee and J. Castor.



JOSEPH WILDE.

From the Factory to the Foot.

OUR OWN MAKE.

$2 Ladies' Boots

Pay No Tribute to the Jobber.

Always reliable, stylish and comfortable, made in all widths of toe, lace and button.

Our name is stamped on the sole of each pair. We sell to no other dealer.

For School Wear.

We make them of Box Calf and heavy Dongola with medium toes and tips of same. If they wear better than other goods you want them; ask any one who has tried our Shoes—they have stood all kinds of competition for over twenty years, looks as if they had merit.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.,
OPP. CITY HALL.



JOSEPH O'ROURKE, Marshal of Labor Parade.

BIG LABOR DEMONSTRATION

Arranged for Tomorrow Evening at Huntington Hall by Trades Council.

Harry Lloyd of Boston to Speak—Labor Day Observance—Sports a Feature—Business Suspended.

The labor demonstration arranged for tomorrow evening is intended mainly to appeal for sympathy for the striking miners who are suffering the utmost hardships and privations under the oppressive injunctions and the persecutions of the mine operators who are endeavoring to starve them into submission. Perhaps there never was a strike in this country in which the cause of labor in general was so completely wound up as in the present strike of the miners in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The operators are taking every advantage in their power, and the miners are so hampered they cannot exercise the rights of free speech or of public meeting in the interest of their cause. Mr. Lloyd who is to address the labor meeting tomorrow evening, has just returned from the scene of this great labor trouble and can give a very interesting account of the wretched condition of the miners and their families.

Of late little has been said of the local labor unions, as they have preferred in these hard times, to work quietly and untiringly for each other and the question has been asked, Is the interest in organized labor on the wane?

Nothing of the kind is the case, happily and the labor unions in Lowell today are better organized and stronger than they have ever been.

Of course the unions met with some reverses and at one time was sadly disrupted by the introduction of politics into its deliberations. However, this state of affairs did not last long as a number of prominent labor men reorganized the shattered forces and collected 15 unions into a central body, Council, which is the old Central Labor Union without politics.

Ten years ago tomorrow, the career of organized labor in Lowell was begun and to mark the 10th anniversary the Trades and Labor Council have planned a big demonstration which promises to be one of the most successful labor rallies ever held in Lowell. By holding it on Sunday evening the managers of the rally have acted wisely for they leave Labor's holiday free for pleasure and for that reason it will undoubtedly draw a larger attendance.

The meeting will be open to all and workingmen can spend a most enjoyable hour by attending.

The principal speaker of the evening will be Henry Lloyd, one of the foremost labor leaders in the country.

He was seen in Boston yesterday by Mr. Duggan of the Mule Spinners' union and he stated that on Sunday afternoon he will come to Lowell immediately after addressing an open-air meeting on Boston common.

Mr. Alexander Ray, president of the Bricklayer's union, will preside at the meeting and the other speaker will be Mr. Henry Gordon of Manchester, N. H., a prominent member of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union of that place. The meeting will be called at 8 sharp.

The local labor unions that are affiliated in the Central body have voted to parade previous to the meeting and have engaged the Lowell Military band and elected Joseph O'Rourke, president of the Brewery Workers' union, as marshal.

The organizations expected, as previously published are as follows: Cigarmakers, Cotton Spinners, Card Room Help, Bricklayers, Plumbers, Building Laborers, Machinists, Lathers, Plasterers, Brussels Weavers, Iron Moulders, Bakers, Brewery Workers, and Ingrain Weavers. The procession will form on Middle street, and proceed through Palmer to Market, to Central, to Appleton, countermarch on Appleton to Central, to Merrimack to the hall.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

Labor Day will be generally observed by busines firms and the banks, as it is customary on holidays.

The barber shops will be closed at noon down town, and the clothing and dry goods houses likewise, though some will close all day, as is the case of some of the shoe stores.

The banks will be closed all day and all decent newspapers will suspend in the afternoon.

Nearly the entire membership of the Mule Spinners' Union turned out to the meeting last night.

The chief business of the evening was to elect delegates to the convention to be held in Boston the first Tuesday in October. The matter was discussed at length and it was finally decided to send delegates. The men chosen to go were Joseph Ashton, Patrick Connelly, and George Duntavey.

It was decided to take part in the parade tomorrow evening. The officers reported that the union is in splendid condition.

SISTER OF LATE GEN. BUTLER

MRS. BETSEY M. STEVENS IS NOW IN HER 90th YEAR AND HAS REGAINED HER HEALTH.

Exeter, N. H., Sept. 4.—Upon one of the finest farms of Nottingham, in the picturesque Pawtucketaway mountain region, Mrs. Betsey M. Stevens, sister of the late Gen. B. F. Butler, is closing her 90th year. At periods during last winter, her condition was critical in the extreme, but she has regained a considerable measure of health.

In feature and speech she strikingly resembles her distinguished brother, of whom she never tires to hear and relate many interesting anecdotes. In her pleasant, old-fashioned parlor is a collection of his portraits and a treasured souvenir is a cup and saucer on which are painted portraits of the general. They are commemorative of the battle of Baton Rouge and were given General Butler by a Unionist resident of New Orleans.

Mrs. Stevens has three daughters, one of whom presides over her home. Another is the widow of Col. John B. Batchelder, historian of Gettysburg, and a third has long held a clerkship in Washington. Two sons respectively live in Nottingham and Derry.

Mr. and Mrs. Neild of ward four arrived home from their wedding tour Thursday and in the evening they gave cuts were served.

AFTER SCARLET FEVER

Weak and Delicate—Loss of Appetite—Scrofula Bunches.

"When 18 months old my boy had scarlet fever, which left him weak and delicate. His skin was transparent and blue, his appetite was very poor, and scrofula bunches appeared on his neck. Every winter he contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough until warm weather. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it built him right up. The blue tint left his skin and he is as strong as any boy of his age." MRS. G. M. CLARKE, 522 Chestnut St., Lynn, Mass.



WHATEVER

your clothing notions are this fall, see what Rogers, Peet & Co. have brought out before deciding on your fall suit.

The tailor will have to hustle more than ever if he hopes to keep up.

This good clothing, that's correct even to a button, $15.00 a suit and upward. Money back any time if it isn't right.

Less expensive clothes, but all wool. Young men's winter suits from $4.50, men's from $4.95.

PUTNAM & SON,
No 166 CENTRAL STREET.

2 O'CLOCK

DEATHS.

MORTON—After several months of invalidism, True Morton of Chelmsford Centre died yesterday at his home on Westford street aged 78 years. He was a native of South Bristol, Me., but the greater part of his life since boyhood had been passed in this vicinity. The last 21 years the family home has been in Chelmsford and for 13 years prior to 1876 in Lowell, where Mr. Morton was employed at the scale works of John A. Knowles, Jr. The past seven years he had been the senior member of the Lowell Scale company. He had been connected many years with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows as a member of Oberlin lodge, No. 28, and also a member of the order of American Mechanics. He is survived by two daughters, Miss Helen F. of Chelmsford and Mrs. Grace Wilkins of Somerville.

FUNERALS.

DESCELLES—The funeral of Julia Descelles took place yesterday from St. Joseph's church and a solemn requiem mass celebrated by Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O. M. I., assisted by Rev. Fr. Amyot, O. M. I., deacon, and Rev. Fr. Marion, O. M. I., sub-deacon. The bearers were Noe Lucier, August Bouville, Edward Couture, Joseph Couture, A. Goyette and Paul Pouliot.

Interment was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

MIRAULT—At St. Joseph's church yesterday services were held over the remains of Alexis Mirault. The bearers were Olivier Lepage, Narcisse Bellemare, Joseph Heroux, A. Dianger, Delphis Belleville and Jacques Hamel. Burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

CAVANAUGH & DISSAULT.

Mr. David A. Cavanaugh of the firm of Cavanaugh & Dissault has just returned from New York after attending the grand fall opening of the leading establishments of New York city. Mr. Cavanaugh has now obtained the very latest up-to-date fall and winter goods in Scotch, German, Blarney Tweeds, Bliss Tweeds, and other styles of goods. A visit to their establishment by way of comparison will convince you that their styles are complete and up-to-date. Be sure and see them before deciding to buy elsewhere. The work is first class and warranted in each particular. We employ only the best men to make our suits. Our exhibit will be ready for inspection at our store in about ten days, and the public are cordially invited to attend our exhibit. We believe that they will be able to get the correct styles in fall and winter goods. Cavanaugh & Dissault high class tailors.

Pain-Killer.
(PERRY DAVIS').
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is
Pain-Killer.
This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for
Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism,
Colic, Colds, Neuralgia,
Diarrhœa, Croup, Toothache.
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

Traders' National Bank.
Safe Deposit Boxes
$5 Per Annum.
Private Rooms for Box Holders.
FOREIGN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.
£ Drafts at Market Rates.
HOURS { Daily, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturdays { 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.
30 Middlesex Street, 11 Post Office Avenue.

SOMETHING YOU WANT. A HARD WORD WASH BENCH given away with 1 pound of our 50c. tea. O'Brien Bros., Tea Dealers 177 E. Merrimack street. Telephone 69-3.



SIR J. A. CHAPLEAU, Lieut.-Governor, of Quebec, Canada.

Sir. J. A. Chapleau, lieutenant governor of the province of Quebec, with suite, will be tendered a reception in Lowell Sunday morning. He is on his way from Quebec to Salem, where he will assist Sunday afternoon at a reception to be tendered Lieutenant Governor Pothier of Rhode Island.

He will arrive at the Middlesex street station at 7.15 o'clock Sunday morning. He will be received at the depot by the Canadian Artisans. He will be escorted by the Artisans and a band to the American house, where he will be tendered a banquet.

After breakfast a public reception will be held at Associate hall. The mayor and members of the city government are invited to attend and a general invitation is issued to the citizens of Lowell.

At 9.30 o'clock he will attend high mass at St. Joseph's church. A sermon will be preached by Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O.M.I.

CYCLING NEWS.

The races slated for today's S. C. W. meet will be the best ever held here. The different events will bring out fast men and valuable prizes will be awarded to winners. It will be the last race meet of the season.

One of the speculations now rife on the platform in front of the training quarters at Charles River bank is as to the length of the Barnaby-Elkes match. Some believe that it will last all night; others, with a strong belief in one man or the other, think it will be over inside of five miles. Very few hold this opinion, however, the men are thought to be too evenly matched for that. Manager Ducker is taking no chances in the matter, and so has put this race last on his Labor Day program.

These professional records have been accepted:

Two-mile tandem, competition; time, 4:06 2-5, made by Nat and Frank Butler at Charles River Park June 2, 1897.

Eleven to thirty miles against time, paced, made by Lucien Lesna at Charles River Park, Aug. 14, 1897, time, 11 miles, 21:23 3-5; 12 miles, 23:27 4-5; 13 miles, 25:22 3-5; 14 miles, 27:25 3-5; 15 miles29:24; 16 miles, 31:25 2-5; 17 miles, 33:26 1-5; 18 miles, 35:24 1-5; 19 miles, 37:21 2-5; 20 miles, 39:18 4-5; 21 miles, 41:16 3-5; 22 miles, 43:11; 23 miles, 45:15; 24 miles, 47:11 4-5; 25 miles ,49:08 2-5; 26 miles, 51:05 1-5; 27 miles, 53:01 1-5; 28 miles, 54:59 2-5; 29 miles, 56:57 4-5; 30 miles, 58:44 4-5.

One hour record against time, paced, made by Lucien Lesna, Aug. 14, distance 30 miles, 3091 feet, 7 inches.

Although the L. A. W. and the A. A. U. have recently formulated new articles of alliance, there seems to be two one-mile amateur champions of America at the present time. Early last month C. M. Ertz defeated all comers at Philadelphia, and received a medal signifying that he was the national champion at that distance. Within a month the A. A. U. held its national championship meeting in New York, and Irwin A. Powell, the two-mile L. A. W. champion, captured the mile national championship. Many persons are wondering which rider is really the champion, and which organization has the more right to hold national championships.

In order to reduce the wind pressure on a tandem as much as possible, an English inventor has turned out a wheel that looks like a "camel back." The seats are placed as close to the common centre of the machine as it is possible to locate them. This arrangement, the inventor claims, reduces the wind resistance to the maximum of single bicycle.

Gossip

A number of residents in the vicinity of the junction of Stevens and Middlesex streets, have sent a petition to the city government asking that the crossing of flag stones be laid upon Middlesex street at the junction of Stevens street, and that a crossing be laid also at the junction of Stevens with Marginal street. It is signed by Ex-mayor Fifield, Chas. J. Glidden, W. Ingham and others.

James McDermott, the undertaker, is a very large property owner, and is at present engaged in raising and improving the building on Middlesex street adjoining the Odd Fellows' building on the west side. For years this building has been used as a dining room conducted by Hebrews and others, but when completed as designed by Mr. McDermott, it will be one of the best and most attractive buildings on Middlesex street.

Music hall has booked a fine list of shows for the coming season and with the renovated house and excellent management, there is a splendid prospect for the coming winter.

It has been noticed that although there was not a great deal of building this year, yet a very large number of dwellings are unoccupied.

C. T. A. CONVENTION

MATHEWS OF THIS CITY WILL BE REPRESENTED.

Delegates from the Mathews of this city will attend the quarterly convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the archdiocese of Boston, which will be held at Aquinas hall, Norfolk street, Cambridgeport, Sunday, September 5 at 1:30 p. m.

There will be an important meeting of the union. Reports of delegates who attended the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held at Scranton, Aug. 18, 19, and 20, will be made. Election of county directors for the ensuing year will also take place.

The matter of the parade in honor of Fr. Mathew's birthday will also be considered together with many features of vital importance to the movement.

The Rev. Thomas Scully, P. R., the newly elected president of the union, will act as presiding officer, and will deliver an address outlining the policy of the union for the coming year.

The great work accomplished by this indefatigable advocate of sobriety and good citizenship is a sufficient guarantee that the aggressive fight for "God, country and home" will be continued.

The many courtesies extended this gallant old veteran of the late rebellion by people of all creeds while in attendance at the national convention demonstrated the high esteem in which he is held all over the country, not only as a soldier on the battlefield, but as a fighter in the cause of total abstinence.

The convention will be called to order at 1.30 o'clock, and the attendance of delegates will undoubtedly be one of the largest in the history of the union's existence.

BOWLING NEWS

The games in the Lakeview tournament for the next two weeks are: Tuesday, Sept. 7, teams 6 and 1, 7 and 5; Wednesday, teams 3 and 2, 5 and 4; Thursday, teams 6 and 2; 7 and 1; Friday, teams 4 and 3, 5 and 2. Monday, Sept. 13, teams 7 and 3..5 and 4; Tuesday, teams 4 and 7, 6 and 3; Wednesday, teams 5 and 3; Thursday, teams 4 and 1, 7 and 2. Monday, Sept. 20, teams 5 and 1, 7 and 6; Tuesday, teams 6 and 5.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening, September 15th, there will be a grand complimentary concert, under the auspices of the I.O.O.F., and I.O.O.F., Manchester Unity, to the Rev. Dr. Court, D.D. The following local talent will assist: The Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene, pastor of the Eliot Congregational church will be chairman; Solon W. Stevens, accompanist; Mrs. Jennie Livingston Sherburne, soprano; Mrs. J. V. Pepin, soprano; Mrs. George Burns, contralto; Mr. Joseph Leach, basso; Mr. Osmond Long, tenor. The Apollo quartette will sing and there will be readings by Miss Adelaide E. Noyes. All of these artists and others still to be heard from have kindly tendered their services.

Thorough instruction on the banjo, guitar and mandolin. W. E. Stratton, 14 Hildreth building.

Reliable Attendance

No More Use for Midwives.

Do not risk your life in confinement Dr. A. Wilinski, German Physician, having 14 years experience, will give you the most careful attention for which he will not charge you more than $6.00, and you are always saved. Come and make your application.

Dr. A. Wilinski, 9 Tyler St. Lowell Mass.

Office hours—8 to 9.30 a. m., 1 to 2.30 and 7 to 8.30 p. m.

CURRENT COMMENT

Springfield Republican—The negro collector of internal revenue at Atlanta is not removing democrats from office fast enough to suit the black republicans, and delegates from thirty-nine Georgia counties have been holding an indignation meeting over the case. They resolved "that we deem it wisdom to remove democrats and place republicans therein, instead of telling them that they must stand a civil service examination which is contradictory to the decison of the attorney-general"—whatever that decision may be. This is the response of the Georgia republicans to all that President McKinley has done for them in the way of office. But with white republicans like Gallinger of New Hampshire and Grosvenor of Ohio howling for a more generous distribution of the spoils, what more could be expected of these poor blacks in Georgia?

New York Journal—In the University of Missouri, a professor now awaits martyrdom for having preached the virtues of protection and the gold standard. The trustees of this institution, which is supported by the state, are antagonistic to these views and are considering the case of the instructor with a view to administering discipline.

Now, according to the principles laid down by more than one of our contemporaries in the Andrews case, this professor should instantly be discharged. It matters not that he believes sincerely in the merits of the gold standard and the protective system. The trustees of his college disagree with him. Missouri is a free silver and free trade state; accordingly this professor must either live a lie or meekly accept dismissal. If he presumes to resign, he is to be ridiculed for posing as a martyr and charged with an ambition to run for office.

Unless our contemporaries who have illuminated the Andrews problem with the light of their wisdom, are prepared to applaud the punishment of the Missouri McKinleyite, they would better prepare to change their line of argument. They will find much comfort in the reflection that after all consistency is the virtue of little minds.

Boston Post—The section of Massachusetts where William C. Whitney has acquired some 12,000 acres for park and other purposes is that in which lies the greater part of the "abandoned farms" which the state has for several years been aiding the owners to dispose of. In a certain way, then, Mr. Whitney appears as a public benefactor. In serving his own luxury, he puts to use a large domain which in the hands of its owners had been mostly given up as useless. And this is a good employment for wealth. It does not take land from the people which the people want, but it promises a better development under individual control, of land that any owners had given up as unprofitable.

Boston Pilot—It is gratifying to national pride to learn of the admiration expressed by the people of Halifax, N. S., for the United States battleship Indiana, now being overhauled at the dry dock in that port. The gratification would be greater if there had been no need of sending a first-class American warship to a foreign port for that purpose. It is time that this country, with its many splendid ports, should have at least in one of them a dock for the repair of its largest ships.

New York Times—The "vigorous foreign policy" which early summer paragraphs in "jingo" journals led their readers to look for at once is developing slowly at Washington and elsewhere. This observation is suggested by the fact that the state department will be presently in the charge of Assistant Secretary of State Cridler, with Secretary Sherman in Ohio to make "one speech" for Senator Hanna, Assistant Secretary Day resting at Canton, and Assistant Secretary Adee, the man of largest experience and possibly ripest judgment, enjoying a prolonged bicycle tour of southern France. There does not appear to be occasion for worrying lest the United States shall soon provoke anybody by pernicious activity.

Manchester Union—Colonel Rice of Springfield, who is to preside over the Massachusetts democratic state convention, is the man who was chosen to preside in Music Hall last year, but who was unable to deliver his carefully prepared speech because he was in the contingent that was locked out. With a few slight alterations, the speech will come in pat this year, however, for the party is bound to keep silver to the front, and George Fred Williams is still in the saddle.

Boston Herald—The action taken by the trustees of Brown University on Wednesday is doubly fortunate. It does full justice to President Andrews, and it vindicates the trustees themselves. It puts the university on a right basis before the public, and it removes all doubt as to the disposition of the American public toward independence of thought and of action on the part of its scholars. The nation was not dependent upon Brown to do this. Brown University acquiesces in, rather than establishes, this position. As an incident of the turn affairs have taken for that institution this opinion was brought out and it was practically unanimous. The bigots who would establish tyrannical control over the freedom of thought and its expression are left in a minority as feeble in numbers as it is contemptible in spirit. Such is the outcome of the assault upon President Andrews.

JOHN A. NICHOLLS

CANADIAN PAPER PAYS LOWELL PROHIBITIONIST A TRIBUTE.

The Mail and Empire of Toronto of a recent date has the following to say of a well known and respected resident of Lowell:

Mr. John A. Nicholls, of Lowell Mass., who for the past three seasons has given a series of educational lectures at Grimsby Park, is in the city. Mr. Nicholls was a member of the National committee of the National party, which had a presidental candidate in the field at the late presidential election. Prohibition was one of the planks of the National party. The National party was organized by the minority of the National Prohibition party as a protest against the attempt of the Executive to conduct a reform campaign on a single-plank, moral-issue platform. As respects the Dominion, he strongly favors the course of those Canadian moral reformers who rely on securing the enactment of the laws which they seek by means of the nomination in the regular party conventions of candidates favorable to the issues which such reformers desire. He is of the opinion that a defeat of prohibition at the plebescite would be a set-back for the movement for twenty-five years. He states that after twenty years of effort the prohibitionists of the United States have failed to make any practical progress with the single issue of temperance towards the attainment of power.

CRISP GOSSIP

The oystermen all agree that this is going to be a good oyster year. There is a good crop and the trade has started in briskly. As yet the oyster is not in his best condition, but he gives promise of first rate flavor and with the first of the cool weather he will be as succulent as ever or a little more so.

The Lowell-Tyngsboro boulevard is nearly all complete. It is now possible to ride from Nashua to Lowell without dismounting. The fences on the boulevard have been taken down for cyclists and the road is a good one except for a very short stretch between the two boulevards. Very soon the connecting link will be in and this fine piece of roadway completed.

There is a new arrival at the home of David H. Sullivan of F. M. Barney & Co.'s. It is a boy and so lively that some members of the family suggest that it be named "John L." The child is now two weeks old, and so robust is he that Mr. Sullivan expects to have is he that Mr. Sullivan expects him to be walking in about three weeks. Mr. Sullivan says the lad came in a new barrel of flour sold by Barney & Co. and he guarantees a babe in every barrel.

A young man in Philadelphia was arrested for "scorching." He did not hire a lawyer, but made his own defense. He said in his plea that it was growing very late and he was en route to see his girl and that he stood upon the declaration in the constitution which guarantees every man the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The judge remitted the usual fine and advised the young man to start earlier next time.

A certain young man of my acquaintance received a pair of black eyes by coming in contact with a base ball. He felt badly over the temporary disfigurement and tried every means to remove the discoloration, but his efforts failed. He visited the shop of an artist friend of his and the young artist was putting the finishing touches on a portrait.

"Can't you put a little paint about these eyes of mine and give them a natural color?" he asked.

"I'll try," replied the young artist, and suiting his action to the words, he proceeded to daub over the black and blue spots. In a minute the discoloration disappeared and the young man's appearance was as fine as ever, despite the fact that it was made up.

With a strengthened cast, entire new scenery and costumes, rewritten plot, and a clever company of specialty performers, the outlook for the engagement of the Peck's Bad Boy company which commences this afternoon at Music hall, is very promising. With the exception of the name, scarcely a vestige of the former production remains. For the last ten years this play has been before the public. It was dramatized from the famous Bad Boy sketches by Mr. Chas. F. Pidgin. The sketches were written by the Hon. Geo. W. Peck of Milwaukee, editor of "Peck's Sun," and at one time governor of Wisconsin. Every one who has read this book should profit of the opportunity to see the dramatization of the most laughable of books. The play is moral in every respect, and tends to show that a boy may be mischievous and still not bad. The management have introduced into the comedy some of the strongest metropolitan novelties and made a special feature of the latest and most popular music. Special attention has also been given to the costuming and stage setting, and there may be expected one of the strongest and most enjoyable entertainments of the season.

A man attending a balloon ascension at Wakefield, Vt., a couple of days ago, had a thrilling experience. As the balloon was freed from its anchorage, Eugene McCarthy, who was standing close by, found himself entangled in the ropes, taken by the legs and lifted by the balloon high into the air. The assembled thousands stood amazed, waiting every moment to see McCarthy drop to his death below, but he grappled at the ropes and held on with a deathlike grasp. Higher and higher went the balloon, greater and greater became the horror of the crowd. The aeronaut was to make a parachute jump, but neglected to do so, in order to save McCarthy's life. He sat on a bar some ten feet beneath McCarthy, exhorting the latter to hold on for dear life and no doubt, McCarthy did not need any such advice, for he held with the grasp of death; but his feet became loosened and he was suspended by a single rope which he held with both hands. He was prepared to drop on his feet, if at all, and so he went higher and higher until over 1500 feet in the air. There the balloon struck a current of air, which sent it a considerable distance without increasing its elevation, and finally, as it began to descend, gently, slowly, gradually, the crowd burst forth in a spontaneous cheer, and the next moment when McCarthy reached terra firma without a hair of his head being injured, the crowd vented its gladness and relief in one of the wildest cheers ever heard and McCarthy was congratulated on his thrilling experience. He is now being asked if he contemplates becoming a professional aeronaut.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines by James Wyman to the memory of his late niece, Della M. Hussey, who was born in Fayette, Me., Sept. 6, 1856, and died in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 2, 1896.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR PRESERVES THE Natural Color of the Hair

TRADE OUTLOOK

The Month of August was Very Busy.

DUN & CO. MENTION THE GOOD SYMPTOMS.

Prospect of Increasing the Trade for Fall.

New York, Sept. 4.—R. G. Dun company's weekly review of trade says this week: July and August show a lower average of liabilities per failure than has ever been known in any year, or even in any quarter of the 23 years R. G. Dun & Co. have kept quarterly records. The improvement is also well distributed, extending to nearly every important branch of business. With an extraordinary movement in grain, heavy real estate and building transactions, and increased business in iron products, the month was clearly the busiest August ever known.

Cotton speculation made August deliveries costly, spot rising to 8¼ cents, but the market drifted back quickly to 7.62 cents. The opinion gains that the crop will be large, if by lateness not exposed to serious injury. The crop of 1896, according to the New Orleans cotton exchange, was 8,757,904 bales, which may be profitably compared with predictions current eight and 12 months ago. The mills are now turning out great quantities of goods in response to heavy purchases recently made.

Wool sells largely between speculators, 16,568,600 pounds for the week, making reported sales in four months since May 1, 191,069,030 pounds, of which 102,752,445 were foreign. But when the mills were busy in 1892 sales in the four months were but 111,620,302 pounds. Mills have been buying more freely to replace the wool rapidly consumed, and the goods market has been so large and strong that they are encouraged to purchase even after a rise of 50 per cent in a year. Great quantities are held by dealers at the West above prices yet paid in seaboard markets.

The improvement in the iron and steel industry gains momentum, and a further advance in prices makes 4.5 per cent from the lowest average Aug. 12. The demand increases for sheets and plates, especially for bridge and ship building. Southern and Western dealers have united to advance prices of pig 25 cents, bessemer at Pittsburg has risen 10 cents, and Eastern markets are stronger. The demand for cars is pressing, and work for railways increases. Boot and shoe shipments, not quite 5 per cent smaller than last year in August, nor 4 per cent smaller than in 1895, were 7½ per cent smaller than in '91, but were a little larger than in '92. Buying is still mostly for immediate needs, but is sufficient to keep works well employed.

Failures for the past week have been 191 in the United States, against 334 last year, and 25, against 31 in Canada.

JOE. J. FLYNN

A CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR IN IN THE FIFTH ESSEX DISTRICT.

Representative Joseph J. Flynn of Lawrence is to run for the senate in the 5th Essex district this year. He was a candidate last year and made a very excellent showing having carried Lawrence by 1027 and beating Mr. Knox by twenty votes. His opponents this year will be either Mr. Dow or Mr. Sargent, two republican lawyers, who served with him in the house.

They are making a hard battle for the nomination, and it is quite certain now that one of them will be the nominee. Mr. Flynn would have been elected last year had the people of the country towns known him as well as do the people of Lawrence. He is a man who is deservedly popular on account of his straightforwardness in politics as well as in business. He is a whole souled gentlemen, and when elected to serve his constituency, he never betrays the trust reposed in him. In the legislature he was the leading factor in having the weekly payment bill passed into law, and he had the distinction of being the only member who battled against the Whitney gas bill passed by the house and vetoed by the governor. Mr. Flynn's course in the house, as in Lawrence politics, was above suspicion, so that not even his worst enemies, for the best of men have enemies, could point the finger of suspicion at him. He was defeated by the country towns because they knew him not. This year it is to be hoped that they will make his acquaintance so as to be able to vote intelligently for a candidate for senator. Last year the nearest democratic candidate was 1100 behind Mr. Flynn. The 5th district will honor itself by choosing Mr. Flynn for its senator.

SOCIAL AND FRATERNAL.

At the regular meeting of Lowell Council, No. 8, R. A., Thursday night, there was a very interesting talk by Mr. Frederick Flathers of this city, who spent several weeks on a trip to Egypt in January and February of this year. Mr. Flathers touched on many interesting scenes and incidents of his trip. There was one candidate initiated.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

POLITICAL NOTES

ALDERMAN PIERCE NOT A MAYORALTY CANDIDATE.

Alderman Pierce came up from Haggett's Pond yesterday and after dinner sat in one of Albert O'Heir's chairs and watched the rush of business through Merrimack square. He hailed me as I passed by with "What do you find that is startling?" "Nothing very great," I replied. "What is there new in politics?" he inquired.

"Well, a local paper says that Alderman Pierce may dip into the mayoralty fight," I suggested.

"Is that so? Well, Alderman Pierce will not drop into the mayoralty fight. So much for that," said the alderman started in.

The Bennett-Howe fight will probably be the most bitter fight that the party has ever witnessed. The men represent opposing elements in the party whose desire to square themselves with each other dates back many years. At the last election it was a generally stated fact that Howe and his friends knifed Bennett, so that the latter has a score to settle with the big alderman, and will do his utmost to even up things.

The democratic city committee expects to open its headquarters next Tuesday. There is some discussion going on as to the location of headquarters but it is likely that the wishes of the officers will be respected and rooms will be secured in the Hildreth block.

Alderman Congrove announces that he will be a candidate for re-nomination.

THE SEALING DISPUTE.

Halifax, Sept. 4.—Mr. Bodwell continued his argument yesterday in the Behring sea hearing on the question raised by the United States brief concerning the uncertainty of sealing. He went on to show that the captains and crews employed on the British vessels were competent men in every respect and capable of making good catches if they had been permitted to do so. The Indians employed by these captains were intimidated by the United States vessels. Mr. Bodwell claimed that the evidence by Captain McLean on behalf of the United States was taken from a log that was kept by Captain McLean as a private individual and afterwards destroyed. He disputed the claims of the United States that these vessels were too small for the dangers of the Behring sea. He claimed that all the arguments regarding the methods of fishing advanced by the United States are in error. He applied the same new work to the description of the habits of seals as submitted in the United States brief.

BURKES' GALA DAY

BIG LIST OF ATTRACTIONS FOR MONDAY'S CARNIVAL.

The biggest local event on Monday will be the gala day of the Burkes' Temperance Institute on the Fair Grounds.

A program of athletic events has been arranged that should attract all lovers of sport. There will be games of all kinds.

The Mathews and the South Ends will open the games at 1.30 with a base ball game for a purse of $15. Moore and Davis will be the battery for the South Ends and McPherson and Hoyle for the Mathews.

There will be nine teams contesting in the pumping contest. These will include the Burkes, Mathews, Kitson Machine shop, L'Association Catholique, and the Y.M.C.I.

The tug-of-war is exciting great interest and many large wagers have been made on the result.

The Mathews will present the "Big Five" who won fame and progress for several consecutive years. Pitted against them will be the Burkes, Y.M.C.I., L'Association Catholique, Gas house team, and Kitson's team. A platform will be constructed for the event, so that the contest can be seen by every one in the grand stand.

There will be boys' races and a concert all the afternoon by the Lowell Military band. In the evening there will be dancing.

FRUITING VESSEL OVERHAULED.

Boston, Sept. 4.—Captain Kars of the steamer Yumuri, a fruiter from Port Antonio, Jam., states that while on the voyage up and in the Marijauna passage, between the Windward Islands, he was overhauled during a five hours' run by a Spanish cruiser of modern type, mounting many guns. The cruiser apparently had mistaken the fruiter for a filibustering steamer, but in coming alongside discovered the nature of the charter and so dropped astern without demonstration. Captain Kars said that everybody on board expected a shot across her bows to make her lay to, and the excitement was intense while the cruiser was in sight.

It pays to secure the best. Why not use the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, which is imported from Carlsbad, and can be obtained of any reliable druggist? For all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is without equal. It is especially beneficial for chronic constipation, gouty and rheumatic affections. Be sure to obtain the genuine article, which has the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., New York," on every bottle.

DON'T be penny wise and pound foolish by buying the "just-as-good mixtures," "so called White Lead," or other substitutes for Pure White Lead.

In painting, the cost of labor so far exceeds the cost of material that the best only should be used. The *best* is Pure White Lead (see list of brands which are genuine) and Pure Linseed Oil.



FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., BOSTON BRANCH,
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ADVANCE STYLES

Fall Hats

This may seem a little early, but we guarantee that they are correct.

ARTHUR J. CUMMISKEY,

69 Merrimack Street.

MANLY VIGOR

Restored in young or middle-aged men. Night losses, drains and emissions cease at once. The Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Atrophy, Undevelopment, all Diseases and Weaknesses of Man, from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured by the use of The Old Dr. Hallock Electric Pills. This famous, unequaled medicine will do away with the mental tortures patients suffer from, and instead of feeble nerves, will give you nerves of steel and a confident, buoyant nature. The pills used by THE OLD DOCTOR since 1848, and with universal success. Price $1 per box. Pills sent by mail, closely sealed, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price. Full direction, showing what to eat and what not to eat and other valuable information sent with each order for pills.

CURED

We prepare our Electric Pills on an accumulated medical experience of over 40 years, and we warrant them to cure. We sell them at a price within the reach of all men. We have no free prescriptions, free curesor C. O. D. methods. We employ no agents. Beware of so-called Free cures and prescriptions, for you will be cheated, but instead, pay $1 for genuine medicine like The Old Dr. Hallock Electric Pills, prepared by a reliable old established institution.

Located Over Forty Years at
110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

To inquiring minds and sincere seekers after health, we will send our valuable medical book of 64 pages, Describes anatomy of the human generative organs, gives chapters on blood poison, lost vigor, stricture and all diseases of men; many valuable prescriptions and other information included. Shows you how a cure may be obtained secretly and at home. Sent sealed with list of questions, free, on application to

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GOOD SPONGE FOR 10c.

Come and see them—
They are always needed and at this price you can surely afford one. They come

DIFFERENT SIZES AND QUALITY

and you are to have your choice for 10c. We bought them for your benefit and they are a good bargain.

GOODALE'S DRUG STORE,

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Sick Bicycles

No matter what the cause of the ailment, we guarantee a cure in every case. A corps of skilled physicians constantly in attendance.

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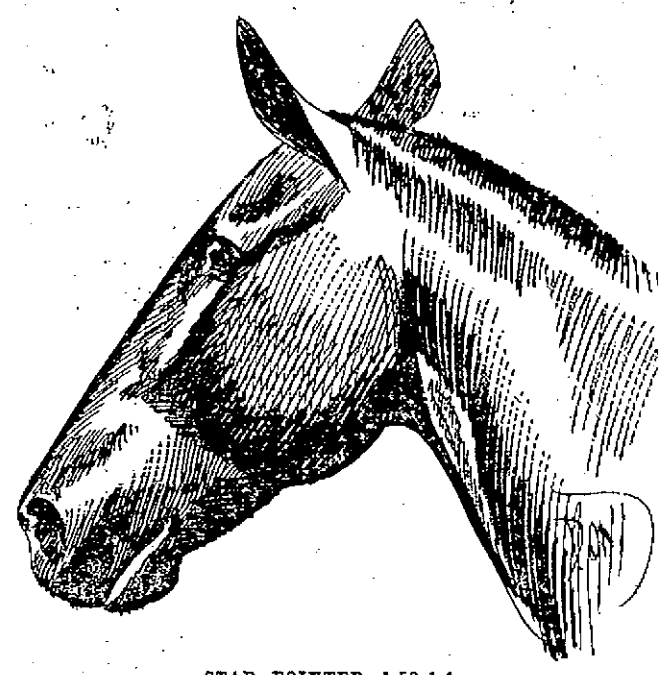
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STAR POINTER, 1.59 1-4.

RINGS OF MRS. LEUTGERT

Witnesses Prove That Those Found in Vat Were the Wife's Property.

Examination of the Factory by the Judge and Attorneys—The Chains Tightening Around the Fiendish Murderer.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Three women gave damaging evidence against the defendant in the Luetgert trial yesterday. They positively identified the rings found in the vat as being the property of Mrs. Luetgert, and said that they had seen them on her hands. One of them had talked with Mrs. Luetgert about the rings, and so felt sure that the rings found in the vat and those she saw on the fingers of Mrs. Luetgert were the same. The defense made an unsuccessful effort to break down the evidence of the three women.

The afternoon session was short, as Judge Tuthill desired to make a personal visit to the factory and see where the murder is said to have been committed. He took with him one attorney from the side of the defense and one from the prosecution, and during their visit to the factory no other person was allowed around the premises.

The only witness examined at the afternoon session was Carl Voelker, a chemist, who was employed by Luetgert from the fall of 1894 to December, 1895. Voelker testified that Luetgert engaged him first to make a chemical analysis of certain salts used in the preservation of meats. Subsequently Luetgert engaged him in the manufacture of a compound of permanganate of potash for the preservation of meats, but the business did not succeed very well. Then the prisoner made him shipping clerk in the factory. The witness said that Luetgert never used caustic soda or potash in the manufacture of sausage, and he never knew him to use arsenic in the factory. The witness described the process used in the business from the time raw meat is received until the manufacture of sausage is complete. He said that during the time he was employed in the factory the vats in the basement were not used for any purpose.

Voelker told the jury that on one occasion he saw Luetgert use violence toward his wife. She and another woman went into the office one afternoon, and Luetgert appeared to be in a rage. The witness was not in the office, but he saw Luetgert push his wife and her companion out of the door. Mrs. Luetgert and the lady with her hurried away much excited, and he heard Mrs. Luetgert say: "He has a revolver and will shoot us."

WAMESITS WON.

The Wamesits defeated the Olympics last night by the following scores:

WAMESITS.

Peters	451
McCormack	471
Dunham	605
Hartwell	447
Sub	429
Totals	2303

OLYMPICS.

Campbell	473
Lyons	417
Going	452
Mellen	437
Gair	443
Totals	2237

M. M. A. PORTRAITS.

The committee on M.M.A. pictures met last night and although several bids were received for putting the paintings in first class condition, they were not opened, as the committee has no power to give out the work and order it done. It was therefore decided to ask for an appropriation of $1000 and when that is granted, the committee will give out the contract.

Miss Annie Casey of Concord, N. H., is visiting her cousin, Mr. Carkin, in June street.

WEAKNESS OF MEN

Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured



by a new pretested scientific method that cannot fail unless the case is beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benefit every day, soon know yourself a king among men in body, mind and work. Drains and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, vim failing or lost, are restored by this treatment. All weak portions of the body enlarged and strengthened. Write for our book, with explanations and proofs. Sent sealed, free. Over 2,000 references.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY

Boarding and Day School,

LOWELL, MASS.

WILL BEGIN ITS 45TH YEAR SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1897.

This school continues the thorough work in English, Science, Classics, Music and Art, for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. Difference of Religion will not be regarded in admission of Pupils.

For further particulars, apply at the Academy or by letter to the Suprior.

WANNALANCIT PARK

LABOR DAY HORSE TROTTING.

Local horses that never won money in any race: Glen Morey, A. L. Roxborough; Direx, Con. Desmond; Black Prince, A. J. Gauthier, Frank K. Wilkes, Frank Harris; King Welch, Ed. Gaudette. Match race, ladies to drive—Nellie B., Clara Beaudette; Etta H., Clara Day; Little Jack, Mrs. Dr. Breton.

Running race—Entries to be made up to Saturday night at the park or at P. E. Beaudette's, 644 Broadway, Lowell.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.

The overseers of the poor met last night and approved a number of bills. The bills amount to $13,000 including one of $7,500 for coal and there remains to the credit of the department only $7,500. Chairman McKinley, Secretary Courtney, and Supt. Pindar were appointed a committee to decide what bills should be paid.

Mr. Harry O'Rourke was in this city today representing Cook & Hosmer's new Corean comic opera "The Walking Delegate," which enjoyed such a successful run at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last spring. It comes to the Lowell Opera House for Saturday matinee and evening, September 18. Mr. Cook's libretto is said to be generally amusing, while Mr. Homer's score contained some very pretty numbers. Nearly all of the original cast that made such big hits during the Boston engagement will be seen in the coming production. The company is a large one numbering in all about fifty people. Among the list are Oscar Girard, the clever comedian, Miss Christie McDonald, Miss Annie Lichter, N. C. Burnham, William Shuster, etc., etc. The chorus is large and well trained and add considerably to the success of the opera. The costumes and scenic effects are the handsomest and most elaborate that money could procure.

The company has an orchestra of 20 pieces.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Is on every wrapper.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

POLICE NOTES

The wife of James A. Hennelly of Somersworth, N. H., called at the City Farm yesterday and took her husband home. He had recovered his mind before she came and the couple went their way rejoicing.

Hennelly is the young man who came into the police station recently while wildly insane.

He can remember nothing except that he went out for a walk with his son in Somersworth. When he started out he had on a new pair of shoes and when he came to Lowell his shoes were badly worn, though they were the same shoes, and it is thought that he must have walked all the way. He was not a drunken man.

MISSING BOY.

Little Patrick Gleason aged three and one-half years, living in Ready's court, off Walker street, disappeared from his home yesterday noon and all night no tidings were had of him. The police were notified and they searched for the little fellow without success. The father of the boy hunted high and low for him and went home sorrowfully on the last car. When the little fellow disappeared, he wore a black broad brimmed straw hat with a white crown, dark pants, blue striped jacket, and tan shoes.

He was found near the poor farm this morning having slept in the woods all night.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A letter has been received by the superintendent of police from the chief of police of Laconia, N. H., asking for information as to the whereabouts of Joseph Guay, or Guee, a Frenchman, supposed to be in this city, living in Little Canada or Centralville. He is supposed to be with a man named Henry Bennoit, a weaver in one of the mills. The Guay man is a mason tender. He is wanted by his brother, who has important information to communicate to him.

STRIKERS' MEETING

A CONFERENCE COMMITTEE APPOINTED YESTERDAY.

The striking weavers of the Novelty Suspender Works held a meeting yesterday and organized for their contest for what they claim belongs to them. They appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Harriman on his return from Pawtucket.

OCEAN EXCURSIONS.

Steamer Merrimack will leave Haverhill on regular time Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 7, 8, and 9, to connect at Newburyport with the mammoth steamer Lewiston for a seventy-mile sail around Doone Island, returning to Newburyport at 4.30 to connect with steamer for Haverhill.

Round trip tickets have been placed at the low rate of one dollar from Haverhill and return. Children half price. Extra electric cars will be furnished to take all who desire to go. Cars leave Lowell as usual at 7 and 7.30 a. m. and Lawrence at 8, and 8.30 a. m. for Haverhill to connect with steamer.

The Lewiston is well and favorably known to the traveling public from her former connection with the Boston & Bangor line. She is safe and seaworthy and the largest steamer ever eastern waters. She is ably officered employed for excursion purposes in and manned and every attention is given to the comfort of patrons, especially the women and children element. A first class band and orchestra accompany each trip and dinner and refreshments are served on board.

LOCAL NOTES

Dr. E. H. Packer and Henry W. Packer have gone to Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlan for a two weeks' trip.

Try our celebrated concave shoulder, which gives the wearer a graceful and large appearance and prevents creasing. Caynnaugh & Dissault, Telephone 253—5.

Dr. C. I. Clifford, dentist, after an absence of two weeks, spent in carriage drives in and around Temple, N. H., can now be found at his office, 408 Middlesex street, ready to receive all who require his services.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C.C.C. fail, druggists refund money.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Is on every wrapper.

WAGONS—I HAVE A NEW, GENUINE Wells worth Democrat and new Savage Grocers' Wagon and two excellent second-hand light square wagons which I will sell very cheap. 69 Robinson street.

It Is Easy

To keep looking well and advance in public estimation if proper attention is given to dress. Our Suits cost no more than the ordinary kind—but, oh, my, what a difference the wearer presents when dressed up—Fall Suits are ready. Hats also. The most desirable blocks.

Uncle Sam's Store

OLD POST OFFICE.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

STRIKING MINERS

Acme Men Join the Great Movement.

KANAWAHA COAL DISTRICT IS PARALYZED.

Another Injunction From a Rich Man's Court.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Fairmount, W. Va., Sept. 3.—Another injunction was issued against the striking miners yesterday to prevent the strikers from trespassing on mine property or interfering with those working.

Miners at Acme have joined the strike, and the Kanawaha district is completely tied up.

PERHAPS FATAL

INJURY TO MR. BIBBER IN RAILWAY ACCIDENT

Samuel Bibber, a clerk with C. E. Churchill in Lawrence was terribly injured in a runaway accident yesterday He was run over and then dragged some distance, the horse finally running through the store window of M. J. Bailey.

PREMIER HAS FAILED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Madrid, Sept. 3.—Newspapers in this city say that Premier General Azcarraga has failed in his efforts to re-unite the warring sections of the conservative party.

MAN FATALLY INJURED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Pawtucket, R. I., Sept. 3.—Stephen A. Peck, aged fifty, was fatally injured this morning by a piece of joist twenty feet long, which fell endwise from the fifth story of the new Masonic Temple. The joist hit him on the head and his death in expected at any moment.

LAWRENCE MAN HONORED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Weirs, N. H., Sept. 3.—Col. J. D. Drew of Lawrence, Mass., was elected president of the New Hampshire Veterans' association today. He was the first man in the state of New Hampshire to be mustered as a private in the war.

EIGHT MUST DIE.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Constantinople, Sept. 3.—Eight Armenians who have been convicted of taking part in the recent bomb throwing outrage have been sentenced to death.

LOW TAKES NOMINATION.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Northeast Harbor, Me., Sept. 3.—Seth Low, president of Columbia University, has accepted the nomination of the citizens for mayor of Greater New York.

WEYLER PURSUED

BY SHARPSHOOTERS OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Havana, Key West, Sept. 3.—A fierce battle has been fought here between the Spanish troops and the insurgents. During the battle the Cuban sharpshooters left their ranks and advanced toward Weyler, who promptly retreated to shelter of a house and guard of Spanish soldiers.

NIHILIST VENGEANCE.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Paris, Sept. 3.—The body of a beautiful woman, naked and frightfully mutilated, the nose and ears missing and the skull smashed in, was found in the Seine this morning. On the back was tattooed "Long Live Poland," "Death to traitors." It is supposed she was a Nihilist who had incurred the suspicion of her fellows.

IMPORTANT BIKE RULING.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Oakland, Cal., Sept. 3.—Judge Ellsworth has ruled that a bicycle is personal property and exempt from taxation if used by owner in his daily business.

VICTIM OF AN AVALANCHE.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Berne, Switzerland, Sept. 3.—The remains of the three victims of the Mount Plureur avalanche, including Bernard, the young Englishman, have been recovered in a terribly lacerated condition. They were swept over a crevasse one thousand feet deep by an avalanche.

300 TURKS ARRESTED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Constantinople, Sept. 3.—Since Tuesday of the present week, three hundred Turks have been arrested for supposed connection with the young Turk party.

BRIDGE COLLAPSED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Weimar, Sept. 3.—During the military manoeuvers in this vicinity today, the Pontoon bridge collapsed while a regiment of infantry was passing over it. A number of solders and trumpeters were either drowned or hit by the timbers of the bridge and killed.

LOWELL MAN'S PENSION.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Washington, Sept. 3. — An original pension has been awarded John F. Swett of Lowell.

AFFAIRS WOUND UP.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Boston, Sept. 3.—The affairs of the Massachusetts Benefit Life association will be wound up, the temporary receivers having been made permanent by the court today. The assets are said to be about $500,000.

ABOUT $30 STOLEN.

Late Wednesday night or early Thursday morning the house of Mrs. H. C. Duganne on Gorham street was entered by burglars and about $30 was stolen. It is supposed that access to the house was through a window which was reached by climbing a ladder. The case was not reported to the police.

Fr. GLEASON'S TESTIMONIAL.

The testimonial which the people of St. Patrick's church are to tender to Rev. D. J. Gleason, who recently went to Randolph, will be in the form of a horse and carriage. Subscriptions for the gift are being received and the presentation of the testimonial will be made soon.

PEARL HUNTERS

New Craze Spreading Over Arkansas.

SAN FRANCIS RIVER FULL OF PEARL BEARING MUSSELS.

Cotton Crops Already Suffer for Care.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Helena, Ark., Sept. 3.—The pearl hunting industry is spreading all over this end of the state. The San Francis river is lined from its mouth to Jeffersonville with whites and negroes all engaged in hunting pearls. The river bottoms are full of pearl bearing mussells. Already the cotton crop is suffering from the lack of help, who are pearl hunting.

McKINLEY AT PUMPKIN SHOW.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 3.—President McKinley and party arrived here this morning as the guest of the Ohio state board of agriculture. He was given an enthusiastic reception. He visited the fair and addressed thousands of school children from all over the state.

DEATHS.

KELLY—Arthur Kelly, child of Arthur and Jane Kelly died yesterday at their home, 5 Bratton avenue. The funeral took place this afternoon and burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

QUINN—The funeral of Patrick Quinn took place this morning from St. Patrick' church and Rev. Fr. Leonard celebrated a requiem mass.

The pall bearers were Thomas, John, James, and Thomas Quinn of Graniteville, John Hannafin, and William Kennedy. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

NEW FIRE BOXES.

The fire department is busy putting in new fire alarm boxes in various locations ordered by the city council. Among them are box 75, corner Riverside and Moody streets, box 232, corner of Bridge and Fifth streets, which are now in position and box 21 will be at the corner of Chelmsford and Powell streets, while another will be placed at the corner of School and Liberty streets.

COOK REMEDY CO

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY.

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently

CURED IN 15 TO 35 DAYS.

You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure.

IF YOU HAVE

taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary

BLOOD POISON

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE.

We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians.

$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. 100 page book sent free. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 & 308 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

COOK REMEDY CO.

$250 in GOLD to be Given Away

By the Manufacturers of the

YANKEE WAIST



This is no catch-penny scheme but a fair and square offer by one of the largest manufacturers of underwear in the United States, who adopts this plan to advertise the

Yankee Waist for Children.

OUR PLAN is to see how many words you can make out of the letters in the word WORCESTER. Work it out this way: Not, Rote, Row, Rows, Roe, Rose, etc. Use no letter more times than it appears in the word. Use English only. Words spelled alike but with different meaning, count one. Prefixes and suffixes not allowed. Any word in any English dictionary will count. For the largest number of words we will pay $100; 2d, $50; 3d, $25; 4th, $15; 5th, $10; 6th to 20th, inclusive, $2 each. This money is deposited in the Worcester National Bank and will be fairly awarded.

Contest closes Dec. 10 to 25, 1897.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST.—Buy the waist of your retailer, and mail us with your list the tag found in each Waist, of whom you purchased it, and your name and address plainly written, and with the last Child's Waist in America you will also get free a pair of Yankee Supporters worth 50 cents.

FRANKLY, the object of this contest is to create your interest and through that interest bring your attention to a Waist for children which has such unusual merit that, once tried, its superior qualities will make for it a permanent patron.

A WORD ABOUT US.—We are the manufacturers of the Royal Underwear—the best Muslin Underwear in the country for comfort and wearing qualities. As to our standing, refer to your local dry goods dealer or to the commercial reports of Dunn or Bradstreets.

Address Department X.

WILLIAM H. BURNS CO., Manufacturers, Worcester, Mass.

Notice. For the next 15 days, A. M. Bertrand, the tailor, will make his $22 Suits for $15, his $18 Suits for $20, his $30 Suits for $22. Trousers from $1 upwards. Cleaning, pressing and repairing done at short notice.

A. M. BERTRAND, 24 Middle St.

Few doors from the corner of Central.

Warm Weather Washing

in Cold or Lukewarm Water.

Some women, during the summer months, prefer not to boil the clothes. This can be avoided, and the most satisfactory results obtained, by using

WORLD Soap

and following the directions given below.

DIRECTIONS

Wet the clothes and rub on the WORLD SOAP, using the soap freely where the clothes are the most soiled. Then roll the clothes up and allow them to soak for about one half hour or more in either cold or lukewarm water as you prefer. After this use the washboard, and you will be surprised how easily the dirt is removed. After washing, blue and rinse well.

Don't be fooled into buying cheap soaps scented with kerosene or naphtha. WORLD SOAP will do better work, at less expense, and will not injure the clothes. Use it the new way, the old way, or any way, and it will be sure to please you.

BEACH SOAP CO., Lawrence, Mass.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Parke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PARKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

State Normal School

LOWELL, MASS.

For Both Sexes.

The Fall examination for admission to the Lowell Normal School will take place

Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 7 and 8

Beginning at 9 a. m., at the High School Building on Kirk Street.

PIANOS If you are thinking of buying a Piano call on

Joseph J. Johnson,

928 SUFFOLK STREET,

Agent for the McPhail and other first class pianos. Lowest prices. Easy terms.

Boston and Maine Railroad

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Corrected to June 27, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLESEX STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, 6.15, 6.25, 6.43, 7.35, *8.51, 9.25, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 3.00, 4.25, *5.41 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m.

Trains Leave Middlesex Street Station, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston, 5.15, 6.22, 6.43, 7.35, *8.51, 9.25, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 3.00, 4.25, *5.41 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m.

For Lawrence, 6.50, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 5.10, 6.15, 7.40, 9.25, 11.25 p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.30, 8.45 p. m.

For Haverhill, 6.22, 6.50, 8.30, 9.25 a. m., 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 5.10, 6.15, 7.40, 9.25, 11.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.30, 8.45 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 6.30, 12.05, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 9.25 a. m. 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 6.15 p. m.

For Haverhill, Newburyport, Hampton, North Hampton, Portsmouth and stations on Eliot Branch to K., 2.30 p. m. July 5 to Sept. 17 inclusive.

For Exeter and Dover, 6.22, 6.50, 8.30 a. m.; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.05, 4.05 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls, Saco, Old Orchard and Portland, 6.45, 8.30, 8.30 a.m.; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.

For Augusta, Bath, Waterville, 8.30 a.m.; 12.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.

For Lewiston, 8.30 a. m; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m.

For Bangor, Belfast, Skowhegan and Rockland 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.

For St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal and Quebec, 6.45, 8.30 a. m.; 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays.) SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.

For Bucksport and St. John (via steamers on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12.05 p. m.

For Castine Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Bar Harbor, Jonesport and Machiasport (via steamer Frank Jones, from Portland), Tuesdays and Fridays 5.10 p. m.

(Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

Southern Division.

On and After June 27, 1897, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:

For Boston, 5.15, 6.22, 6.43, 7.35, *8.51, 9.25, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 3.00, 4.25, *5.41 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m.

Trains Leave Middlesex Street Station, Lowell, as follows:

For Boston, 5.15, 6.22, 6.43, 7.05, 7.21, *7.33, *7.48, 7.51, *8.57, 9.19, 9.30, 11.23, *11.42 a. m. 12.16, 1.44, *3.05, *3.41, 4.42, 4.58, 5.22, 55.19, *5.42, *7.49, 8.49 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.21, *7.33, 7.48, *9.19 a. m.; 4.25, 8.58 p. m.

For Woburn, 6.22, 1.05, 7.05, *7.48, 11.03 a. m.; 1.44, 4.22, 8.49 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., 8.25, 8.58 p. m.

*Note.—Express. †Via Bedford.

For Lawrence, 6.22, 10.00 a. m.; 4.42 p. m.

For Salem, and Way Stations, 7.33 a. m.; 1.03, 5.13 p. m.

For Ayer Junction, and Way Stations, 7.40 a. m.; 12.00, 5.01 and 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Ambherst, Milford and Wilton, 9.13 a. m.; 1.00, 3.45, 6.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene, 9.13 a. m. and 3.45 p. m. SUNDAYS, to Greenfield, 2.00 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, 7.40 9.18, 9.45, 10.09 a. m.; 12.02, 1.00, 1.40, 3.54, 5.40, 6.30, 8.30, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 10.09 a. m. (to Nashua only) 3.56 p. m., 7.00, 8.02, 8.40, 8.40 p.m.

For Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction, 9.13, 9.40 a. m; 12.02, 1.00, 5.40, 10.10 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—7.40, 9.13 a. m.; 1.40 p. m.; 3.45 p. m., Saturday only till August 8th, inclusive.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.40 a.m.; 1.54, 8.40 p. m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.40 a. m.; 12.02, 10.10 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.40 a. m.; 10.10 p. m.

Quebec Express via Plymouth and Sherbrooke—1.54, 8.40 p. m., daily except Sunday.

1 Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, General Agent, Lowell.

R. J. MOWER,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER and OPTICIAN

285 Central Street.

NEXT SATURDAY

Is Quarter Day at

WASHINGTON SAVINGS BANK

Don't Delay Depositing.

4 Per Cent.

COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY.

273 Central and 4 Corham, LOWELL, MASS.

THERE ARE DIAMONDS

And DIAMONDS. When you want the latter call on

J. D. GRANT,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

64 Merrimack Street.

Also, if your watch is not pleasing you, we understand and can rectify any displacement at short notice.

Peter H. Savage

Undertaker and Funeral Director

169 WORTHEN ST.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION 514-4.

Calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Carriages furnished for weddings and christenings.

Office of Superintendent of Public Buildings and Inspector of Buildings.

Lowell, Mass., Sept 3d, 1897.

NOTICE TO STONE MASON CONTRACTORS.

Separate sealed proposals will be received at the office of superintendent of public buildings till Thursday, the 9th day of September at 5 o'clock p. m. for the excavating for and building of a stone foundation, also the grading of the lot for a school house to be situated on Moody street, opposite Fifth avenue, according to plans and specifications prepared for the same by Stickney & Austin, Architects

Plans and specifications may now be seen at the superintendent's office. A certified check of 5 per cent. of the amount of the bid must accompany all bids, and said check to be forfeited to the city if the contractor refuses to sign contract and bond after the same has been awarded to him. Check to be made payable to the city treasurer. His Honor, the Mayor, and the superintendent of public buildings reserve the right to reject any or all proposals Per order of

RICHARD BRAY,
Supt. Public Buildings.

"NAPTHA SOAP"

Washes everything washable. Cleans everything cleanable. We are carrying this new and popular Soap in stock, only 5c. per cake.

F. M. BARNEY & CO.

Grocers, Bakers, Meat and Provision Dealers

415 MIDDLESEX STREET.

28 THORNDIKE STREET

Tel 144-4 Wamesit Block.

School Shoes

Are Our Specialties This Week.

Misses' Hand-made, Spring Heel, in Kid and Cloth Tip, Button or Lace, $1.25 a pair.

Youths' Lace Shoes $1 a pair.

Men's Lace Shoes, $1.25 a pair.

The quality of stock and wear these goods possess cannot be equaled at the above prices when these are gone.

J. J. LONERGAN,

315 DUTTON STREET.

RUSSELL D. WARD KILLED

He Leaped From an Express Train in Dead of Night.

He was Missed at Chicago and Body Found on the Tracks.—Had Telegraphed to Examine His Car.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Russell D. Ward, the Englishman who created a sensation a short time ago by eloping with the wife of Millionaire John Bradbury of Los Angeles, Cal., committed suicide some time during yesterday morning by throwing himself from a Chicago Northwestern railway train. The fact was not known until hours later, and as the result of a search which was immediately begun the body of Ward was found at Wheatlands, Ia. It is not known exactly at what hour Ward leaped from the train, but according to Conductor Calloway the act was committed after 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

Ward was evidently insane when he threw himself out of the car window, as he had been acting peculiarly for the greater part of the trip, and frequently sent telegrams to various parts of the country. When the train reached Fremont, Neb., he sent a telegram to the detective headquarters in Chicago, requesting them to meet the train at the Northwestern depot yesterday morning. He signed the telegram "R. W.," and for several hours the police in this city endeavored to find out who R. W. could be. The telegram gave the police no information, but the sending of it makes the police believe Ward intended to commit suicide on the train, and sent the telegram for the purpose of having the police find his body when the train arrived in this city.

Ward boarded the train at San Francisco at 5:30 o'clock Monday evening. He was immediately assigned to drawing room B, car two. He had tickets through to Chicago, but did not display much money. Ward was dressed in a new suit of black cloth. He had been stopping at a hotel in San Francisco for some time. After being given possession of his apartment in the pullman car, Ward remained away from the other passengers most of the time and spent all his time in his own apartment.

Early Thursday morning he began to show signs of insanity. He told the conductor of the train who he was, and acted in a very peculiar manner. At nearly every stop the train made he would get off and send telegrams. One of these messages he sent to a resident of Los Angeles, saying that if Mrs. Bradbury wanted him she could come to him, but for the present he would have to go to England and visit his wife. Another telegram was the one he sent to detective headquarters at Chicago. It was sent from Fremont, Neb., and read as follows:

"Please send a good man to drawing room B, car two, of the eastbound overland Norwestern road arriving in Chicago at 7:30 tomorrow morning."

Lieutenant Collins received the message and, thinking it was in regard to some fugitive from justice, turned it over to Lieutenant Hass, and yesterday morning the latter detailed Detective Sergeant Broderick of headquarters to meet the train at the depot.

All Thursday and Thursday night Ward acted in a restless manner and frequently created consternation among the passengers by his peculiar actions. He remained up all night and refused to retire until 3 o'clock yesterday morning, when he approached the colored porter and told him he was going to sleep. Ward then went into his room, and when De Kalb, Ills., was reached, the porter knocked on the door of Ward's room, but received no answer. He made several efforts to get into the room, but without success, and then abandoned the idea.

When the long line of cars pulled into the Northwestern depot Detective Broderick leaped on board and endeavored to gain entrance into the drawing room. The door, however, was securely locked on the inside, and all efforts to gain an entrance were without avail for the time. However, the train crew finally managed to get into the room through an annex, and when the detective was admitted the room was found to be empty. A pile of clothing which Ward had worn was found scattered about the room, but no trace of him could be found. It was soon decided that he had leaped through the window.

In the meantime the police and officials of the Northwestern railroad proceeded to learn the man's identity. Ward's effects consisted of several expensive satchels and his railroad tickets. The satchels were examined by the pullman railroad officials at the depot, and it was through the papers found in the satchels that his identity was learned. The Northwestern people were notified of this fact, and the train dispatcher of the Galena division of that road immediately proceeded to have the body looked for. Telegrams were sent all along the line as far as Fremont, and orders were given station agents to search for the remains. Several hours later a dispatch was received from Wheatlands, Ia., that the body had been found alongside the tracks near that place. The body was dressed only in a night robe, and was much bruised. The remains were taken to Clinton, Ia., where they are being held.

Ward was an Englishman. He was married and had a large family in England. A short time ago he visited Los Angeles, where he met the wife of John Bradbury, a reputed millionaire. Mr. Bradbury and his wife are still young. A sensation was created when Ward eloped with Mrs. Bradbury to San Francisco. Bradbury, when he returned and heard of the elopement, went after his wife, and a reconciliation took place between the two at the Wellington hotel in this city. Mrs. Bradbury left Ward, and all was forgiven by her husband.

The police believe that Ward intended to end his life in his apartment. They argue that he evidently sent the telegram to them while having such an idea in his mind.

FISTS AGAINST A RAZOR.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Bare fists against a razor was the unequal odds yesterday afternoon in a desperate encounter between Adam Wilson and Samuel H. Smith in the elevator at the Post-graduate hospital and medical college. While the elevator ascended from the basement to the sixth floor and retraced its course the two men fought, their yells sounding through the corridors of the hospital and carrying alarm to the patients in the wards. It was a fight for life by Wilson, a bloodthirsty assault by Smith, prompted by a quarrel over their respective duties.

When the battle ceased Wilson was lying on the floor of the elevator in the blood that flowed from a dozen or more wounds. Deep gashes marked both sides of his throat, four long slashes crossed his breast, part of his left ear was gone and his arms and hands were hacked. Smith escaped from the elevator by stopping it at the first floor and leaping into the hall. His victim is in a critical condition.

M'KINLEY AT A FAIR.

Columbus, Sept. 4.—It is variously estimated that between 75,000 and 100,000 persons were gathered on the state fair grounds yesterday afternoon to greet President McKinley, but only a fraction of this number were able to hear the brief speech which he delivered. It was school children's day at the fair and President McKinley directed his remarks in part to them.

An unpleasant feature of the president's visit was a report which gained currency through the publication of an anonymous letter to the effect that the president was in bodily danger because of the appointment of Immigration Commissioner Powderly, and that extraordinary precautions would be taken to guard him. The mayor and the director of public safety regard the communication as a hoax, and both state that it was never considered seriously.

OVERTAKEN BY A GALE.

London, Sept. 4.—News has been received here of the loss of four lives off the coast of Scotland. Four skiffs left Fair Isle, between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, on Thursday, to barter produce with passing vessels. The skiffs were overtaken by a gale, but two succeeded in returning safely. The other two were missing throughout the night, but one was found in the morning. In it were the bodies of four men, and the other three occupants were almost dead from exhaustion. The remaining boat has not been seen, and it is believed that its occupants, four in number, have all been drowned. There is great grief at Fair Isle over the loss of the men, several of whom were men of families.

BOY FATALLY HURT.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 4.—Richard Larson, 11 years old, was fatally injured while attempting to steal a ride on a north bound freight. He slipped under the wheels and was terribly mangled about the lower portion of his body. Larson died at 1:30 this morning.

EATEN SWEAT-EARNED BREAD.

Alfred, Me., Sept. 4.—At the field meeting of the county grange yesterday, Governor Powers said: "There is no part of farm labor with which I am not familiar, and I am not ashamed to own that I have eaten bread earned by the sweat of my own brow. Of our 70,000,000 of people, 32,000,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits. As Daniel Webster once said: 'The farmers are God's people.' Agriculture lies at the base of all industries, and without it all other industries must cease."

BAD FOR ENGLAND.

London, Sept. 4.—The Daily Graphic this morning publishes a table comparing the available and prospective English wheat supply at the present time with that of September, 1896, showing a deficiency of nearly 2,000,000 quarters. It is inevitable, The Graphic says, that the rise in the price of bread will be maintained.

BICYCLIST WILL DIE.

Providence, Sept. 4.—Earl Wood, 18 years old, was run down by a horse and sulky, driven by an unknown man, while riding his bicycle last evening, and received fatal injuries. Five ribs were broken, the fractured bones puncturing the lungs. This morning he was not expected to live but a few hours.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Cures Every Form of Inflammation; INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL.

Originated by an old Family Physician in 1810. Acts promptly. Relieves ready forthus. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Every Mother should have it in the house for colic, croup, cholera morbus and summer complaints; pain in the stomach, bowels or kidneys. For aches, burns, bruises, sun burn, sprains or strains, it is the sovereign cure. All who use it are amazed at its marvelous power and are loud in its praise forever after.

For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. I regard it one of the best and safest family Medicines. To be used internal and external in all cases.

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PRES. ANDREWS

Says the Gold Men are Largely Interested

IN THE PROPOSED COSMPOLITAN UNIVERSITY.

Will Continue at Brow Untill Successor is Chosen.

New York, Sept. 4.—That Dr. Elisha Benjamin Andrews, who recently resigned the presidency of Brown university, will assume complete control of the newly inaugurated Cosmopolitan university, is almost an assured fact. Dr. Andrews has been in this vicinity for two days. He went to Irvington-on-the-Hudson and was closeted with John Brisben Walker, the promoter of the university, and together they prepared the prospectus of the new educational project.

Dr. Andrews left Irvington early in the afternoon, en route to Providence, but he remained over night at the Murray Hill hotel, this city, and will not start eastward until today. When seen by a representative of the press, Dr. Andrews gave out the following statement: "Some weeks ago when I thought a severance of my relations with Brown university inevitable, I assumed the responsibility of conducting during the coming year a very important new educational undertaking projected by John Brisben Walker, but now soon to be taken in charge by a corporation made up of well-known gentlemen, all 'sound money' men, deeply interested in the proposed educational enterprise. The work to be done by the new corporation is in the nature of the university extension already carried on by Brown university so that the head of Brown university might conceivably be the same person who had charge of the new work. There would, in the nature of the case, be nothing incongruous in such a union, as appears in the fact that President Harper of Chicago university is also collegiate principal of the Chautauqua university. Yet I do not myself deem that sort of a union in the present case advisable or likely to give satisfaction. If resorted to, it will be only a device to tide over a temporary difficulty. Either the old enterprise or new will itself sufficiently tax the energies of any one man. Just what permanent settlement will be arrived at I am not yet in a position to state. It is hoped that it will be the one best calculated to further the cause of education."

When asked whether he would withdraw his resignation from Brown university, the doctor said he could not state positively what he would do until he had consulted the trustees and fellows of Brown university.

He said that there were nearly 4000 applications by letter for the new university, and he would begin to answer them on next Monday week. Brown university will open two days later, and this in itself would show Dr. Andrews has certainly a very deep interest in the welfare of the new scheme.

Mr. Walker was rather reserved when approached at his residence on the Hudson, but he gave all inquirers to understand that Dr. Andews would have complete cuntol of the Cosmopolitan university and assume entire charge of it at an early day.

"You see," said Mr. Walker, "Brown university has treated Dr. Andrews so nicely that it is very likely he will continue the duties of the presidency until his successor is selected."

LOSS OF THE PECKER.

Boston, Sept. 4.—The first intelligence of the schooner Olive Pecker since she was reported as abandoned by her crew, after Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders had been murdered, was contained in a private letter received in this city from New Orleans. The report states that Captain George Braithwaite of the British steamer Rosse, one of the Liverpool, Brazil and River Platte line, which arrived at New Orleans a few days ago from Santos and Rio Janeiro, reported that on Aug. 6 in lat. 18s. and about long. 35 w., he sighted a burning vessel, and for three hours the Rosse steamed around her in a vain search for the crew. The vessel was a three-masted schooner, lumber laden, and there is no doubt that it was the Olive Pecker. There were no boats in sight, and no signs of life anywhere around the burning vessel. This places the date of the murder of Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders much earlier than was supposed, from the fact that the news of the tragedy not reaching here for 10 days later. The condition of the schooner when passed by the Rosse leads to the belief that the murderer and the remainder of the crew had not been very many hours away from the vessel when the Rosse put in an appearance. The position as given by Captain Braithwaite is about half way between Rio Janeiro and Bahia, where the men made a landing. When the Rosse left the vessel the flames were licking her masthands, and she was fast being consumed. The entire hull was a mass of flames, and the cabin, where probably the remains of Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders were lying, had been entirely consumed.

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Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is made for throat and lung troubles. It acts like magic. Sold by druggists.

Piso's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

CONCESSION BY MINERS

The Miners' Board has Accepted a Cent Increase.

Making the Rate 65 Cents Per Ton—Sentiment of the Men to be Taken at a Convention.

Columbus, O., Sept. 4.—The end of the great miners' strike is in sight. Yesterday afternoon the national executive board of the United Mine Workers agreed to recommend to the miners a proposition from the Pittsburg operators for a straight price of 65 cents a ton to continue in force until the end of the year. A delegate convention of all miners who have suspended work has been called to meet in Columbus Sept. 8 at 10 p. m., to act upon the recommendation.

President Ratchford and the other members of the board say there is not the slightest doubt but that the miners will approve the recommendation. The proposition does not involve arbitration, and in effect provides for an immediate settlement of the strike. Ratchford said last night that there were special reasons for the board recommending the proposition. In the first place it concedes the miners a material advance. Had a 69-cent rate been secured he was confident it could not have been maintained for more than 70 days. The proposition does away with all the uncertainties of arbitration and will bring the strike to a speedy termination. As soon as the miners ratify the proposition work will be resumed in all the mines. In the second place the proposition provides for a revival of the joint conferences for the adjustment of prices. The operators are pledged to meet with the miners prior to the termination of the agreement and determine the rate of mining for the next year. Both the members of the miners' executive board and the operators' committee are pleased over the outcome of the conference, and feel that public sentiment will sustain their action.

Yesterday the operators' committee renewed the first proposition for a 64-cent rate pending arbitration. This was again refused by the miners' board. Then the operators get together and submitted a new proposition for a straight price of 65 cents, and after a long discussion it was accepted by the miners, but subject to the approval of the miners at large.

In a circular calling the convention, the executive board says: "At this time it is deemed advisable for the reason that provisions are made in the uniformity agreement now pending in Pittsburg, and which, it is expected, will be operative in that district on and after Jan. 1, 1898, to arbitrate the question of relative differential between pick and machine mining, which will, we anticipate, do much toward furnishing us with more reliable data of that question than we possess at present, and to that extent will be beneficial to us in settling questions as between machine and pick mining."

THE BOODLE CASE

Detectives Tell How Shay Was Trapped.

BY RECEIVING MARKED MONEY FROM POLICE.

The Testimony Against Him is Sweeping.

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 4.—The investigation into the affairs of the committee on public instruction by a special committee of the city council was resumed yesterday afternoon. Acting City Solicitor Grime stated that he had talked with Walter E. McLane, who had refused to testify on Tuesday and against whom the committee has directed proceedings for contempt, and found that McLane had not intended to imply that he was trying to conceal knowledge which would incriminate himself, and was willing to testify.

Councilman McCarthy objected to Mr. Grime's abandoning contempt proceedings on these grounds, but the councilman was ruled out of order.

The examination of witnesses was then resumed. McLane testified that he talked with Shay regarding the acceptance of Farnham's plans, and was informed that Shay was not in it "for his health," and it would cost $400. Farnham would have to secure the mayor's vote himself. With the remark that he thought it was rather high, McLane left Shay and told Farnham to have nothing to do with it, as it was "robbery."

G. A. Bobrick, who was present with counsel, W. E. Phillips, Jr., and several witnesses, was given a hearing to disprove attempts to impeach his reputation for veracity and truth. Mr. Bobrick stated emphatically that he would not believe Agent James H. Butler of the Chandler Desk company under oath.

Detectives Charles R. Arlen and Edward T. Clarity of Boston testified to visiting Fall River at the request of Counsel J. M. Morton, Jr., and Architect Farnham on July 18. The next night they secreted themselves behind the portieres in Farnham's house. They saw Farnham give Shay two new $100 bills. Farnham offered him a check, but Shay said, "No, I can't use a check." Farnham then said he would pay the balance on the following Wednesday. He asked for a receipt, but Shay refused, saying if there was any "squealing" to let him know first. Shay also said that a part was going to "Frank" (Hoag). Shay then left the house and was shadowed by the detectives in an endeavor to find what had become of the money, which was marked. They followed him on a car, and he went to Crosson's saloon; later left with a friend, got into a carriage and the detectives lost him.

Attorney Grime informed the committee that he had summoned Shay and Hoag, but they did not appear. The city messenger was directed to find them.

The committee then went into executive session to discuss the case of George W. Leat, whom witnesses had charged with having offered a bribe to Councilman Buron. He has been too sick to appear.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Natick, R. I., Sept. 4.—Joseph Dews, the former owner of the Livingston woolen mills at East Greenwich, has announced his determination to build a new electric lighting plant in the Pawtuxet valley, and work will be commenced on the same in Washington village at once. Mr. Dews, who has recently purchased the Washington mills, will also build one of the largest dye houses in the New England states. The structure will be 80 feet long, one story high, and will be fully equipped with blowers, vats and all the necessary equipments. Mr. Dews spent $100,000 in putting electric lights into East Greenwich, and the new lighting plant may prove a formidable rival to the United Traction company of New Jersey, which has the only plant in western Rhode Island.

First class printing done at this office.

MINING DISASTER

Twelve Bodies Taken From an Old Mine.

CAUSED BY EXPLOSION OF COAL DUST.

Other Bodies are in the Burning Ruins.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Sept. 4.—At 1 o'clock last evening a terrible explosion of coaldust occurred in the old Sunshine mine, owned by the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, 12 miles from Glenwood.

At this writing 12 bodies have been recovered, and so great is the excitement that it cannot be learned whether there are any more in the mine or not. Rescuing parties are exploring the mine, and great crowds surround the entrance. The bodies taken out are in a most horribly mutilated condition.

BULLS LACKED AGGRESSION.

New York, Sept. 4.—It was evident from the action of yesterday's wheat market that the bull element is still badly lacking in aggressive courage. They had the market in their grasp, but threw up their hands in the last hour despite the fact that exporters picked up in the neighborhood of 60 loads of wheat at New York and outports. The Chicago pool, after giving the market some assistance early in the day, mysteriously withdrew its support. December had been carried up to 98¾, when a storm of selling orders struck the market, hearing it down to 96⅝, whence it rallied to 97 at the close.



The Greeks were physically perfect and beautiful because they were healthy. The man who suffers from ill-health cannot be physically robust and manly. The woman who is sickly cannot be beautiful and womanly. Most all forms of ill-health have their inception in disorders of the digestion. When the digestion is bad the blood becomes impure, and is imperfectly supplied with the food-elements that build up new and healthy tissues, and tear down, and carry away those that are inert and half-dead. The nerves are not rebuilt from day to day with new, vigorous, active fibers. Every organ, tissue, muscle and nerve in the body is half famished for healthy nutriment. Almost any disease in the category of human ills may be the result of this condition. Most frequently it is the most deadly of disorders—consumption. Sometimes it is some other wasting disease. Again, it may be scrofula or some skin disease.

There is a sure preventive and remedy for these conditions and maladies. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It corrects all disorders of the digestion. It restores the lost or failing appetite and invigorates the liver. It fills the arteries with the pure, rich, red blood of health. It builds new, firm flesh, healthy, active nerve fibers, and strong elastic muscles. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, and wasting diseases. It cures nervous prostration. Druggists sell it.

The man who is too lazy or neglectful to take an occasional dose of medicine to ward off the evil effects of constipation deserves to die. And he will surely get his deserts, for constipation is the first cause of much sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They never gripe. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All good druggists sell them. No other pills are as good.

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Dyspepsia-proof



Dyspepsia, the thief that steals away so much of life's pleasure, has no accomplice more pernicious than lard. Bar every lard-souked thing out of your diet, and make your digestion proof against dyspepsia and the ills that follow it, by eating the appetizing and digestible food that is prepared with

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Sold at Goodale's Drug Store, the best and cheapest place in Lowell for drugs and medicines, 217 CENTRAL STREET.

KEEP YOUR BOWELS STRONG ALL SUMMER!

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REGULATE THE LIVER

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

BASEBALL AS A SCIENTIFIC GAME.

William Joyce, Captain-Manager of the Giants, Writes a Timely Article on the National Game.

(Copyright, 1897.)

One hears a great deal about "natural born ball players." I don't believe there is such a thing. Successful ball players do not grow up in a day or a week on the back lots like a mushroom or a dandelion. Baseball is an art and must be learned. Of course a man must be able to bat, field and run fast before it is worth while to take up the educational part, just as a young man entering college must be bright, apt and retentive of memory. Playing baseball successfully does not consist alone in being able to bat .300 per cent or in stopping grounders, catching flies and throwing well. All that goes for naught if your man is not heady, has not thoroughly learned the strategic parts of the game and is not quick in thinking and acting. I'd rather have a mediocre fielder in ability at stopping and throwing who had the above acquired qualifications than the most sensational fielder who half the time blundered in judgment and seldom saw an advantage until it was too late to accept it.

I will try to illustrate the difference between the ball player who has "natural" abilities and one who has the capacity for learning the tricks and the correct points of the game and using them. First the "natural" player who never learns. He comes from some minor league, where his fame is monumental. There is no doubt that he can bat hard, is a good fly catcher, throws well and can cover considerable ground on the infield, but he knows absolutely nothing about playing the game for all that. He is sure to have some weak spot in his batting. Nearly every player has. It will take the major league pitchers a few games to find out just what the weakness is. Once they've done that his batting services decline in value, for the pitchers work him. Often the man is so set in his mechanical way of playing that he makes no effort to meet and checkmate the pitcher by avoiding that weak tendency, whatever it might be. I have in mind a former New York player who made a sensation with his batting when he first came into the major league, but who had a weakness for going after high balls, some of which were above his head. As soon as the pitchers discovered it his name was Dennis. No amount of urging could induce him to let those high, "benders" alone. Occasionally he'd hold himself back and get a base on balls as a consequence, and the very next time up to bat he'd reach after every high ball pitched to him. The incurable habit soon sent him adrift.

Suppose the man is a brilliant outfielder in the common acceptation of the word, but doesn't know the opposing batsmen and never will learn. He plays just in one place for every man, and you can't teach him to move about according to the habit of the batsman in placing the ball. He would play just as far out for Fifield as he would for Delehanty and no farther for Schriver than for Ritchey. He's a good, strong thrower, but never knows where he is going to aim the ball at the infield till he picks it up. Then he's as liable to throw to one base as to another. His fellow players all stand guessing till the ball leaves his hands. As a rule, every one of these mechanical fellows throws home regardless of the speed of the runner going there or of the state of the score.

On the infield he covers ground nicely, but never has in mind who the batsman is. Fast runner or slow is all the same to him. He plays all grounders alike, and almost any sprinter can beat him to first on a moderately slow grounder. He'll throw to first when he has an easy force at second, and he'll throw to second when there is no possible chance to put his man out. How often while playing in to catch the man at third at the plate we've seen a fielder get a grounder in plenty of time to make the play, but who forgets and, letting the man go home, throws the batsman out at first.

On bases he tries to steal when it is not necessary, and when the situation calls for a steal or a trial at it you can't move him with dynamite. He's caught napping and never knows enough to run back when he sees he's caught between bases, so as to allow the other runners to move up to third and second. Such a man is a "natural" player, and he usually lasts a year, sometimes less, sometimes a little more.

Now I'll try to show what is a good ball player—the man who makes a study of the game, learns to take advantage of all its fine points, knows just what he must do before the play comes off and does it.

First the outfielder. This position is more difficult to play correctly than an infield place on the nine. He must know the particular batting habit of every man who faces the pitcher. Every batsman has such a habit, though of course he doesn't always send the ball into the same field, but his percentage is largely one way. For instance, left handed batsmen usually hit hard to right field and short to left. Some left handers, like Clarke of Louisville, hit hard to left. The left fielder must therefore know whether to play in or out for this man. The same will apply to other fielders. Then there are batsmen who are purely right field hitters and some who are left field hitters. The outfield must shift three-fourths to the left or three-fourths to the right, as the case may be.

But the important part of the right fielder's work, after all, is in having his mind made up before the ball is batted as to what he must do if it comes his way. No good fielder will wait till the ball is batted to do that. For instance, there's a man on third and a man on first. If the man at third is a sprinter, the fielder will tell himself he has no chance to head him off at the plate on a long fly catch, and he'll throw to second to hold the man at first. He'll do that also when his side has a good lead, and one run for the opposition doesn't amount to much. On the other hand, there are fielders who invariably throw home, no matter what the chances are. Base runners know them and take great advantages from their weakness.

Then let us say there's a runner on first and another on second. The next batsman hits safely to right or center field. The good fielder will have in mind the running ability of his two opponents, and he will at once measure the hit, whether it be slow or fast. He must make up his mind in a moment whether he has a chance for the man going home from second. If he hasn't, he'll not attempt a throw home, but try to catch the second man at third, for which place the batter is almost sure to try.

The infielder, too, must be a quick witted, shrewd fellow to do his work right. Suppose a runner is on third and one on second, with none or only one out. The infield plays well up to cut the run off at the plate. If the ball goes straight to the fielder, the play is easy, but sometimes the necessity of a step or two one side or another to get the ball spoils all chances to make the play at home. Then the ball will be fielded to first and no attempt made to head the man going home. The headless player will usually throw home regardless of chances, having mechanically made up his mind that such is the play expected.

The infielder of worth also has the running abilities of his batsman in mind all the time. If the man be a moderate runner, the fielder will not make too much haste in throwing, but should it be a sprinter he will not lose a fraction of a moment in getting the ball off on its way to first. You've seen the infielders who take the same time throwing to first on every batsman whose grounders he handles. That is the mechanic, and he loses many games for his club by his failure to think and discriminate.

Above all, a pitcher must be brainy, quick to think and a student of batsmen. The pitcher who goes at one batsman the same as at another and pitches the same kind of balls at all stages of the game will never succeed even if he has all of Rusie's speed, curves and control. It is not those three qualities I've named which make Rusie the king of all pitchers. The big fellow knows every weak and strong spot in every batsman who faces him, because he has made a study of his men. Being a man of excellent judgment, he generally knows how to work his opponent under different situations. That is why he can "get out of a bad hole" so often.

I have heard Rusie say that when runners were on bases and an extra man from the bench was sent out in place of a pitcher or a weak batsman to drive them home he was almost certain of his victim. The "extra" feels that he has been called up to hit the ball, and he seldom waits for a base. Just work his weak point, and you've got him.

The catcher, too, must be especially quick witted, for so many situations are sprung on him without warning that the least slowness in thinking will put him in the second or third class. No; there is no such article as a "natural born ball player."

WILLIAM JOYCE.



CAPTAIN-MANAGER WILLIAM JOYCE.

Hunting Kangaroos In Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia, one followed by native hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then when the kangaroos dash at them, in wild efforts to escape, kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses its hind legs viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses and men have been torn open by the nails of its hind feet.

The white men prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man or boomer, which warns its followers of the approach of danger by stamping the ground with its hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run twenty or thirty miles at times, or until it reaches safety.

"Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts had been seen the day before by bushmen," a Sportsmen's Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous ti trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called to, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sentinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could not run, but, folding their fore legs across their breasts they sat down. Then with tail and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than twenty feet long, and others being more than thirty feet. They cleared shrubs twelve feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The does began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at the water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted, and, drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstring them. A dog rushed in and was caught by a hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstrung it, while I rapped its nose with my whip and killed it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days."

A New Champion In Fly Casting.

Expert anglers have just closed a very successful tournament in Chicago. These experts were from all parts of the country.

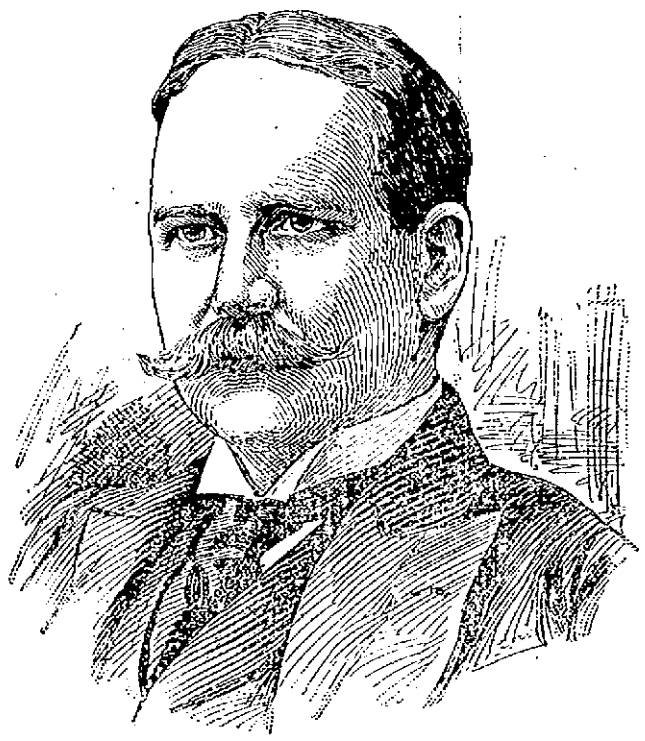
The best fly casting champions in the world were present to take part in the contest at Garfield park.

In the long distance contest for the fly casting championship on the closing day of the tournament W. D. Mansfield of San Francisco established a new world's record. It was perhaps the biggest event of the tournament. The weather was perfect and brought out a large crowd to see the anglers compete for the diamond medals.

The first event was the roll fly casting, for accuracy; at buoys, 50, 45 and 40 feet, five casts made for each buoy, which was won by W. H. Babcock, with a record of 94 1-3 per cent. The place winners were; Second, W. D. Mansfield, 89 per cent; third, C. A. Lippincott, 89 2-3 per cent; fourth, I. H. Bellows, 89 1-3 per cent; fifth, B. W. Goodsell, 87 2-3 per cent; sixth, G. A. Murrell, 82 1-3 per cent; seventh, H. A. Newkirk, 79 per cent.

The next event was bait casting, for distance and accuracy combined, casting on the lawn within a court 30 feet wide, a tapeline extending down the center, and was won by F. B. Davidson, with a record of 98 feet and four-fifths of an inch, four casts. The last contest of the tournament was long distance casting, ten minutes allowed each contestant to extend his line to the greatest possible distance, and was won by W. D. Mansfield of San Francisco, who cast 111½ feet, beating the world's record of 102½ feet, which has stood seven years.

Mansfield was not in good form and did not expect to win the contest. He was the first man to cast, and when he made his appearance on the pier the spectators gave three cheers for the California champion. The place winners were: Second, F. N. Peet, 92 feet; third, I. H. Bellows, 87 feet; fourth, B. W. Goodsell, 82 feet; fifth, W. H. Babcock, 81 feet; sixth, C. G. Ludlow, 78 feet; seventh, G. A. Murrell, 77 feet.



W. D. MANSFIELD.

A new half mile track has just been completed at New Berlin, N. Y., which is said to be one of the finest in the state and very fast. It is built entirely of a peculiar clay that is impervious to water and very elastic.

Queerly Named Ball Players.

Gus Schmelz has not rounded up all of the players with odd names if he has corralled Lush and De Montreville. Kansas City has Rony Vlox and Peter Breen, and Indianapolis claims a man who rejoices in the surname of Astermuhle.—Cleveland World.

And still there are others, very many others. It wouldn't be fair, would it, to overlook Keefer of Baltimore, "Buffalo" Bolts, "Jiggs" Parrott, Cuppy, Maul, Breitenstein, Daniel Daub, W. Black, Hawke, Mr. Glasscock, Mr. Virtue, Mr. Hogdriever, Mr. Gayle, Mr. Goodenough, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Plock, Mr. Manassau, Mr. Balls, Mr. Pears, Mr. Blue, Mr. Darby, Mr. Katz, Mr. Fear, Mr. Chills, Mr. Pedro, Mr. Boxendale, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Pequigney, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Lookabough, Mr. Figgemeir, Mr. C. Cock Rouch, Mr. Dowes, Mr. Rafter, Mr. Quarles and Mr. Rudderham, who have added so much to the luster and picturesqueness of the game in their respective leagues?

Tandem Races.

More tandem races of the nature of the two mile tandem national championship at Reading would soon place the double machine contests on the highest pinnacle of popularity in this country. Multicycle races have been close and exciting this season, as good men have been on the machines in many instances. At Boston Jimmy Michael mounted a triplet, and the machine took a record breaking second to the sextuplet team in the greatest multicycle race ever run. Bald with Church took the championship at Reading with a finishing record quarter in 25 seconds, and Gardiner with Randall as a mate an inch's close second, the Butler brothers finishing wide and almost as close. Mertens and Kiser being beaten in the stretch. All the teams were cracks in the single races. Good money up would induce more of the same class of races.

Gongs on Bicycles.

In France every wheel must be provided with a gong or bell capable of being heard at a distance of 50 yards, and a badge bearing the name and address of the owner must be attached to the machine. Lanterns must be lighted at sundown. Cyclists must take the right on meeting a vehicle, and when passing one must take the left, decreasing speed and sounding the bell. Drivers of vehicles and men on horseback must go to the right on approach of a bicycle, so as to leave the cyclist a space of at least five feet in width. In crowded thoroughfares the cyclist must dismount and lead his wheel. It is forbidden for cyclists to form groups or obstruct the public way or to ride on pavements or footpaths.

A Good Stable.

General John E. Turner, who generally knows what he is talking about, says that a man might take all the money in the Bank of England, rake the country over with a fine toothed comb and then not get together a stable as good as that now being campaigned by Village farm, and yet the Hamlins bred all but one or two of the horses they are now racing.

Lord Hawke's Team Of Cricket Players.

Though there seems to be some doubt about Lord Hawke and his famous cricket team of England coming over to try conclusions with the American teams of Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Chicago, the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia have not given up all effort to secure games with the celebrated team.

Lord Hawke accepted the invitation of the Quakers some time ago and began to arrange for the trip. He met with some difficulty, however, in securing one or two of his team. This turn of affairs was a disappointment to the great cricketer, and he is seriously contemplating abandoning the tour. The eleven is made up almost entirely of gentlemen, including lords and baronets, who, despite their titles, rank among the best players in the world. When tours are thus undertaken the individual members pay their own expenses and go in for the pleasure of the sport and trip.

The team is composed of Lord Hawke, A. J. L. Hill, T. S. Jackson, Sir T. C. O'Brien, F. W. Milligan, P. F. Warner, A. O. Jones, G. L. Jessop, David Hunter, John Briggs and W. L. Murdock. All of these are record men with the bat and at the wicket, having won many victories on the green.

Should Lord Hawke not come to America a proposition has been made to W. L. Murdock, the famous Australian captain of Sussex, to bring a team over for the autumn games. Several of the members of the Lord Hawke eleven will accompany Murdock's team. This team is composed of the following players: G. R. Bardswell and F. H. E. Cunliffe of Oxford university, G. Brann and W. Newham of Sussex, G. L. Jessop, C. L. Townsend and W. Hemmingway of Gloucestershire, S. M. J. Woods and A. E. Newton of Somerset, H. B. Shinney of Surrey, P. E. Warnock of Middlesex and R. A. Bennett of Hampshire. It is a strong aggregation, with variety and quality in bowling and batting ability. G. L. Jessop, whose hitting has been the sensation of the cricket season in England, is possibly the star of the team.

They will play three games at Philadelphia. Thence they will go to New York for as many more and then play the same number in Boston. From the Hub they will go to Chicago and play three games with the Chicago cricket elevens. The visitors will then go to Toronto and finish up their tour.

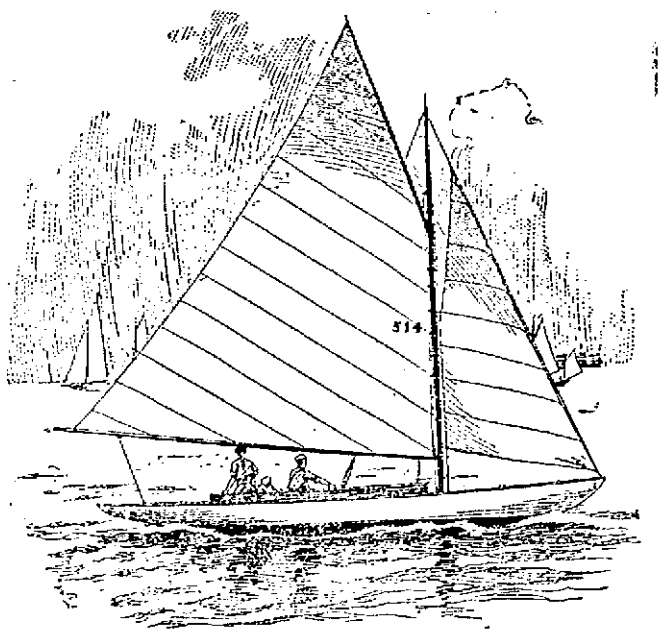
The Temple Cup Series.

It will not be surprising if the League magnates at their annual meeting next November vote to abolish the Temple cup series. Several of them believe that the receipts from the exhibition games played between Oct. 2 and Oct. 15 and that they will also get a percentage of the Temple cup receipts, but this is not generally believed.

The Lucky Colonels.

The Louisvilles have a reward in store for them if they continue their good playing. Before the season opened they signed an agreement with their club officials to the effect that if they finish ninth $1,000 will be divided among them. For eighth place they will receive $2,000, and for seventh notch they will get $3,000. As they stand a chance of coming in sixth and pocketing $4,000, they may fare better than the Temple cup teams.

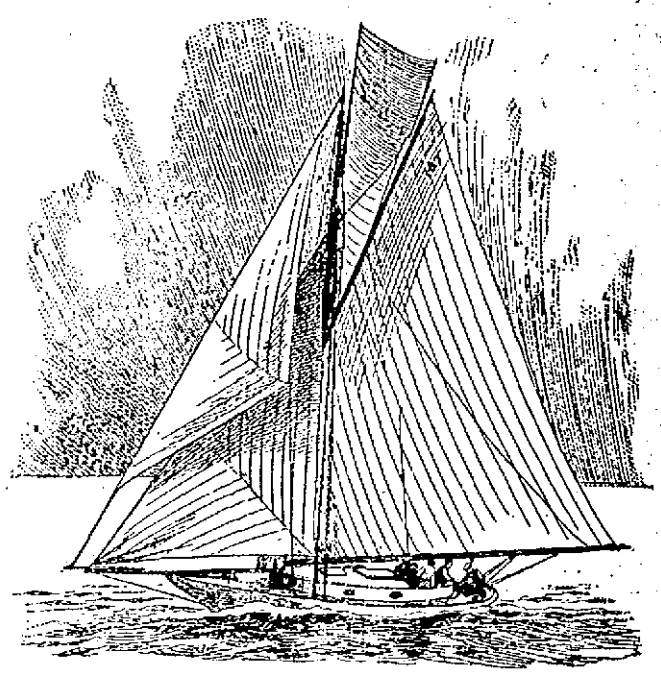
THE HERRESHOFF YACHT FLY.



THE YACHT FLY.

The yacht Fly is one of the boats turned out by Nat Herreshoff this year to beat the Cock Robin. Up to date she has not done the trick once, yet she has sailed some very pretty races and may round to all right. She is about the same size as the Cock Robin, and her designer endeavored to follow the same model with a little fining down of the lines, yet she is not the "sweet" boat that the latter is. She is owned by one of the knockabout cranks, W. O. Gay of Boston.

THE CRACK YACHT IDA J.



THE YACHT IDA J.

The yacht Ida J is perhaps the best all around and the most consistent performer in the first class of any boat around Boston. She has good lines, although a bit heavy, and can stand any amount of rough weather. She carries an immense sail plan and is better in a breeze. She is owned by F. B. Beckman of Lynn and has held her own for three years. She was designed and built by William G. Bowen of Newburyport, is a centerboard, 40 feet 8 inches over all, 27 feet water line, has a beam of 12 feet and draws 3 feet.

Four Big Riders.

There are four very big men following circuit now. Sanger of Milwaukee weighs 200 pounds. Randall, Rochester, 187; Wells, California, 185; and McFarland, California, 178. These men average nearly six feet in height, and all are great riders. They will take part in several prominent events this season.

Rowdy Ball Playing.

Rowdy ball playing and kicking at the umpire are due principally to the desire of the players to get into the series and pocket the receipts. This year, for the first time on record, the players who will contest for the cup will be still under contract, as their services to their respective clubs do not legally end until Oct. 15. It has been said in certain quarters that the magnates will take all

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THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.

Labor Day brings up the discussion of industrial problems and foremost of all, the one which engages the attention of the country, and shocks the susceptibilities of every humane citizen of the United States—the miners' strike.

It may be said that the miners are ignorant men, that many of them are foreigners who never received sufficient remuneration for their labor. In short, there is a tendency to talk of the miners as a species of lower animals little better than beasts of burden, while they are treated much worse than any of the mine operators would dare to treat his horses.

"They receive enough for men of their intelligence," say the operators; but the miners strike for wages sufficient to provide the scantiest subsistence, the bare necessities for their families, not for the wherewithal to procure luxuries or to build up a bank account.

Harry Lloyd of Boston, who has just returned from the scene of the strike, gives a most heartrending account of the condition of the miners, the hardships under which they have to toil, for starvation wages; the frauds practiced upon them in measuring their labor, frauds which take from them about one-fourth of their earnings. Then what is set down to their credit is not, as a rule, sufficient to pay the bills at the company's stores. Hundreds and hundreds of miners, Mr. Lloyd asserts, toil in these gloomy, deathlike mines year in and year out, and never receive a dollar above what goes into the company's store for the bare necessaries of life for their families.

Under such circumstances, what can be the conditions of the families? Is it any wonder that even when the miners are at work, their families are half-starved? But with the miners on strike for over six weeks, what can be the condition of those families? It must be pitiable, it must be bordering on the horrors of death from hunger unless, indeed, relief is furnished by a charitable world.

When to the sufferings caused by the strike are added the outrages perpetrated by the courts in the name of justice, the curtailment of the strikers' freedom, so that they cannot hold public meetings, cannot approach the mines even on public highways, cannot speak to the miners or the families of miners at work—when all these indignities are superadded, how it may be asked can the miners restrain themselves from acts of violence and revenge?

On last Monday there was a labor congress at St. Louis which astonished the world by its conservatism under the circumstances. Nearly everybody thought it was called for the purpose of inaugurating a sympathetic strike, but no. Calmly the acts of injustice were recounted; it was shown that the fear of the fathers of the republic has been justified; that the judiciary has become supreme; that we witness a political phenomenon absolutely new in the history of the world, a republic prostrate at the feet of judges appointed to administer its laws, yet in spite of all this the congress merely adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, First, that we set apart Friday, the third day of September, 1897, as a "Good Friday," for the cause of suffering labor in America, and contribute the earnings of that day to the support of our struggling brothers, the miners, and appeal to every union man and every friend of labor throughout the country to do likewise.

"Resolved, second, if the strike of the miners is not settled by the 20th day of September, 1897, and announcement made to that effect by the President of the United Mine Workers, a General Convention will be held at Chicago on Monday, September 27, 1897, by the representatives of all unions, sections, branches, lodges and kindred organizations of laboring men and friends of their cause, for the purpose of considering further measures in the interests of the striking miners and labor in general."

It is to be hoped that the proceeds of the "Good Friday" when collected will tide the strikers over their period of idleness and enable them to beat the heartless operators led by De Armitt. Monopoly has called to its aid the judicial despots and all the machinery of the law to uphold oppression in the worst form as practised upon the miners. They have destroyed respect for the law and for the judges who administer it throughout the entire country. There is a heavy sentence for contempt, but each sentence for violation of injunction in the miners' case fills the breast of every fair minded citizen with supreme contempt for these petty tyrants who usurp the sovereign power and give their outrageous edicts all the power of law, regardless of the constitution that guarantees to every man, life, liberty and freedom in the pursuit of happiness.

First class printing done at this office.

PURE BLOOD is the foundation of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and nourishing and gives and maintains good **HEALTH.**

SUNBEAMS

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow.



Fritzy—Yell, Heggenheimer, vy ain't you making me dose frankfurters I ortered yesterday instead of sitting dere blaying mit your dogs?

Heggenheimer—I ain't blaying mit 'em, Fritzy. I'm bitting dem goodby.—New York Journal.

THEY BOTH RECKONED.

And That Was the Reason the Train Was Stopped.

The train was bounding along at the rate of 40 miles an hour toward Big creek when the air brakes were suddenly applied, and we came to a stop in a way that made every passenger understand there was danger ahead. A number of us got down with the conductor and ran ahead of the engine just as an old man with a lantern came up from the opposite direction.

"Hello! Did you signal the train?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, it was me," replied the old man.

"Well, what's the row?"

"Reckon the bridge over the creek has gone down."

"It has, eh? Well, if that's the case, you've done a thing which the company won't soon forget. When did the bridge go down?"

"Dunno 'zactly."

"When did you find it gone?"

"I didn't dun find it gone at all, sah, but I reckon it ain't thar no mo'. Yo' see, sah, I was sittin in the cabin with the ole woman 'bout an hour ago, an it was rainin an blowin, when we heard a crash, an she calls out:

"'O Lord, Jim, but what was that?'

"'Reckon it was that big sycamore tree,' sez I.

"'Couldn't be. Must be the railroad bridge.'

"'Reckon it wasn't.'

"'Reckon it was.'

"But what about the bridge?" asked the impatient conductor.

"Reckon it's gone, sah."

"But why do you reckon?"

"Why, at first I didn't reckon. Then the ole woman she reckoned, an I had to reckon with her or hev a row. When I reckoned as she reckoned, she reckoned that I'd better run out an swing a lantern an stop the train, an that's what I did."

"You haven't been down to the creek?"

"No, sah."

"And you don't know that the bridge is gone?"

"No, sah. Yo' see, the ole woman she reckoned it was, an I had to reckon"—

"Get out of the way, you old idiot!" interrupted the conductor as he gave the signal to go ahead.

"But the ole woman reckoned"—

"And she's another."

"Both of us idiots, eh?" shouted the old man as the train began to move. "Waal, I reckon we are—that is, if she reckons so I'll reckon so too, but if she reckons we ain't then I'm goin to reckon 'long with her an keep out of a fuss."

We found the bridge all right and "reckoned" it must have been the sycamore tree which went down with a crash.—Chicago News.

The Modern Servant.

Servant—Can I see me bedroom, ma'am?

Mistress—Certainly. Just come up stairs.

Servant—If it's in the attic, you needn't trouble, ma'am.

Mistress—Oh, no. This is the room. On the first floor, you see. We use the attic ourselves.

Servant—Won't do. Quite out of the question.

Mistress—I'm very sorry.

Servant—Don't mention it, but there's no place for me pianny, and I allus likes to have the north light for me ile paintins.—New York Journal.

Using Him.

She—And you say you would die for me?

Mr. Boresome—A thousand times.

She—Would you mind doing it just once—straightway? You know papa has been appointed coroner, and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Boston Traveler.

A Call For Help.

Bilger—Where are all those deputy sheriffs and policemen going in such a hurry?

Parrlow—The home team lost today, and the umpire has telephoned that he wants to go to his hotel.—Cleveland Leader.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"I hab notice," said Uncle Eben, "dat er man kin allus fin' people ter buy liquor for 'im ontel he gits so run down dat his system actually feels de need ob it. Den dey tells 'im he orter be ershamed ob his-so'f."—Washington Star.

A Hard Fact.

Yeast—That man Boughton is very skeptical. Unless he sees a thing he won't believe it exists.

Crimsonbeak—He never ran into a rocking chair in the dark, then?—Yonkers Statesman.

Shot Silk.

Bobby—Popper, what sort of silk is "shot silk?"

Mr. Ferry—It was the kind they made plug hats of when I was in the west.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew Whereof He Spoke.

Visitor—That landscape looks familiar.

Artist—Why, that's the portrait of my uncle.

Visitor—Ah, that's it! I know him too.—Fliegende Blatter.

Made Four of Them.

DePotts (the artist)—I drew a picture last night that made me $36 richer.

Palett—What was it?

DePotts—A king.—Up to Date.

What the Girls Said.

"Mr. von Dobbs called me a peach."

"I suppose he meant that you look better under a red yell."—Chicago Record.

A PIRATE UNDONE.

Captain Kidd and the Strange Man That He Overhauled.

"Sail ho!" shouted a lusty voice from the crosstrees.

"Where away?" yelled Captain Kidd from the quarter deck.

"Two points off the weather bow, sir!"

The Terror of the Seas expanded his telescope and looked in the direction indicated. Then he gave vent to a Svengali laugh.

"Hurrah, my bullies!" he cried. "I can't make out whether she belongs to the Prince of Wales or to the Sugar trust, but I can tell she's a prize by the cut of her jib. Run up the black flag! Clear the decks for action! Keel haul the marlin spike! Shiver the mainstay! Take two reefs in the spanker and cast the rudder adrift. Luff, you lubber, luff! There you are now! Steady!"

The long, black, rakish looking craft rounded gracefully on the port tack and rapidly overhauled the ship which the pirate lookout had sighted. As they drew near Captain Kidd saw that the white sails were of silk, the bulwarks of mahogany and all the brasswork gold plated. Under an awning on the after deck sat a fat man richly appareled and smoking a dollar perfecto.

As soon as the black flag, with its skull and crossbones, fluttered from the pirate's peak, a raw silk emblem bearing a device that looked like a coiled snake was run up by the other boat.

"It's the yacht of some merchant prince," mused Kidd, rubbing his hands, "and methinks he has doubloons galore in some strong box snugly tucked away between decks. But why"—and the visage of the corsair grew troubled—"why does he not pay some attention to us?"

The fat man continued to smoke lazily, and even a solid shot which Kidd sent across his bows did not alarm him. He gave orders, however, to have his boat slowed down and the pirate drew along side and made ship fast to ship by means of grappling irons.

With a bound Captain Kidd sprang on the deck of the yacht. Another bound and he had reached the side of the fat man.

"Yield!" shouted the pirate, flourishing his cutlass.

The fat man arose calmly and folded his arms.

"I am Kidd, the pirate!" yelled the freebooter, gnashing his teeth.

"And I am Lamb, the plumber!" replied the other.

Kidd was amazed. The cutlass fell from his hand and he staggered back with ashen face and trembling limbs.

"'Tis well," went on Lamb, with a cutting smile. "This is the year 1897 and you are committing a slight anachronism by appearing at this time. This is my private yacht and I am taking my summer outing. Did you not notice the device of a coiled gas pipe on my standard?"

"I failed to recognize it," returned the pirate huskily, dropping on his knees. "Quarter! Quarter!"

"I have nothing less than a dollar," replied the plumber haughtily, "and I wouldn't give it to you if I had. Get up! I trust that it is hardly necessary to remind you that lamb is an improvement on kid"—

"And a plumber an improvement on a"—

"Exactly. Now go your way and don't bother me."

Captain Kidd was completely cowed. Sneaking aboard his own ship he cast off from the plumber's craft and was soon hull down on the horizon. And from this rencontre came the following verse of a pleasing and well known ditty:

My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed.
Oh, my name was Captain Kidd, and not a thing I did
To the plumber when I met him, but I sailed away instid.

—New York Truth.

No Astrologer Needed.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

He—Why?

She—I could have told you the same thing myself.—Brooklyn Life.

Lost No Time.

"Miss Grabbs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight."

"That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne. "She saw him first."—Washington Star.

In Statu Quo.

"I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompkyns, glaring fiercely at his wife.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompkyns sweetly. "It couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?"—Tit-Bits.

It Was Weary Willie.

"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door.

"Yes, mum. I'm what dey call a pioneer. I struck 30 years ago and I've never give in yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Washlady.

"I hope, Ophelia, that you are not so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash lady.'"

"'Deed I don't, Miss May. I calls myself a laundry lady."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tit For Tat.

Doctor—You're a long time paying my account, sir.

Hardup—Well, you were a long time curing me.—Boston Traveler.

Evidently Not.

Eugenie—You say the same thing to every girl you meet.

Dasherly—And yet you say I'm changeable.—New York Journal.

Her View.

Ten Eycke—A man can be a good Christian even if he doesn't belong to the church.

Maud—Yes, but what credit do you get for it?—New York Truth.

His Business.

Timms—What are you doing, Stuttersen?

Stuttersen—Teaching e-e-elocution in a d-d-deaf and d-d-dumb asylum.—Brooklyn Life.

To the Point.

Jones—Have you got any ready cash?

Hones—Well—er—ready for whom?—New York Journal.

"There Are Others."

As the waiting wife at two in the morning
Heard his stumbling step out on the walk,
"It is not widows only," she muttered,
"Who of their late husbands can talk."
—Up to Date.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A NEW YORK MAN GETS A CHECK CERTIFIED IN PHILADELPHIA.

This Is Apparently a Momentous Transaction In the City of Brotherly Love. Points Raised by the Bank Teller and Argued by the Applicant.

In giving some information about the peculiarities of the city of Philadelphia a Chicago newspaper recently asserted that "Philadelphia was open to the public on Wednesday and Saturday of each week." If that is true, a reason is at once afforded why Mr. C. O. Baker had an experience in Philadelphia banking methods last week. He was over there on Thursday, one of the days presumably when the city was closed to outlanders. In the course of his business dealings that day he received a check running into four figures which was not made payable to his order. The check was drawn by a Philadelphia house of high commercial standing on one of the most prominent banks in the city. After receiving the check it occurred to Mr. Baker to have it certified. So he called at the bank and went to the paying teller's window.

"Will you kindly certify this?" he requested.

The teller, a gentleman perhaps 60 years old, who looked as if he had spent half a century in the banking business, politely returned the check to Mr. Baker and said, "I cannot certify this without the permission of the drawer of the check or at his request."

Mr. Baker was almost dazed for a second, but immediately asked "Why not?"

"A rule of the banks prevents me, sir," replied the teller.

"Well," said Mr. Baker, "this is a brand new experience for me. Of course I don't want you to break a rule. There must be an excellent reason for such a rule. In my pursuit of knowledge will you kindly inform me why that rule is in force?"

"I don't know, sir."

"But my business experience has taught me that I am not demanding anything unusual in asking a certification on a check drawn by one of your depositors. Surely I have the right to know that this check is good."

"Oh, my, sir, the check is good. It is drawn by one of our largest depositors," hurriedly answered the teller.

"That may be, my friend," suavely remarked Mr. Baker. "You assure me that the check is good. You ought to know, and consequently I believe you, but the next man I pass this check to may not have the same confidence in my assertion that I have in yours."

"Why, I couldn't certify this check anyway," answered the teller. "I haven't the authority, and besides if I did I'd have to charge it up right away to the account on which it is drawn."

"Wh-wh-why, certainly you would," said Mr. Baker, gasping in amazement. "That's just what I supposed you'd do."

"But suppose there are other checks out on this account? I couldn't give yours the preference over them."

While Mr. Baker was trying to intelligently digest this line of argument the teller remarked that he would see the president of the bank and ask him if he would break the rule and allow the check to be certified. After a whispered consultation the teller returned to Mr. Baker and announced that he had secured permission to break the rule and certify the check, which he proceeded to do.

"Imagine the business of Wall street being carried on under such banking rules," observed Mr. Baker to a friend to whom he related his experience. "And I understand that the rule the teller quoted to me is observed by all the Philadelphia banks. Phew!"—Electrical Review.

The New Product "Aerine."

"Compressing air until it will remain compressed without any pressure upon it" are the few words with which a writer in The Electrical Engineer describes the new product "aerine," or liquefied air, remarking that, though requiring an enormous pressure to get it in such a form, it will remain there for some time in the open air—that is, until it gets heat enough from the surrounding air to turn again into its natural state. It will turn mercury into a solid form as soon as it is poured into it and freeze up a thermometer rapidly. Such is the assumed prospective usefulness of this liquid that predictions are made of distant water powers now running to waste being soon employed compressing the very air we breathe into a liquid form and shipping it to all parts of the globe for industrial purposes.

Judges Doffed Their Wigs.

The unusual heat which has prevailed in London has produced a revolution in manners on the bench. A few days ago the lord chief justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, after ordering all the doors and windows to be opened, took off his peruke and his robe and authorized the advocates to follow his example. For three or four centuries, it is said, no English judge has ever sat on the bench without his wig.

The Costermonger on Klondike.

Come ter the plice where they've got it right; come where the treasure's 'id,
Where a 'andful of mud is a five pun note an the sled on yer 'eel is a quid,
Where yer scratches the soil an it tumbles art as much as yer 'ands can 'old,
Where the 'ills above an the plince beneath is bulgin an crackin with gold.

Klondike! Klondike! Libel yer luggidge Klondike!
There's no chawnce in the street terdye,
There's no luck darn Shoreditch wye,
Pack up yer traps an be orf, I sye,
An orf an awye ter Klondike!

Lots o' chaps they 'as stawtid small an arterwards struck it rich,
Barght their kerridges, siled their yachts—mattlunk's too good for sich—
Awnin's o' servants, miles o' land, cultin the topplcal art,
Bran noo palace ter knock park line, then—whart was I thinkin abart?

Klondike! Klondike! Chinge the subject ter Klondike!
There's no chawnce in the street terdye,
There's no luck darn Shoreditch wye,
Pack up yer traps an be orf, I sye,
An orf an awye ter Klondike.

Lots o' chaps they 'as stawtid small an finished it smaller yet,
An the gold as yer warnts ain't got for nix 'twixt 'ere an 'ell, yer bet.
Froze ter death or stewed ter death or shot in yer tracks yer'll lie,
For one 'ull pick an come 'ome agen, but twenty 'ull pick an die.

Klondike! Klondike! It sticks ter its own, does Klondike.
There's no chawnce in the street terdye,
There's no luck darn Shoreditch wye,
An fur all yer cats yer 'as ter pye,
An ye'll find it the sime in Klondike!
—London Chronicle.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

THE STORY TELLER

RHODY KIRBY.

I think fate must have decreed it. One day I wrote thus:

"To Let.—A frame cottage, containing nine rooms, subdivided into parlor, reception and dining room, library, kitchen and four bed chambers, with broad halls. The house is encircled by a veranda and situated in a grove of about three acres extent. Well and cistern on the premises; stable and outhouses. Three squares to station and about half a mile to electric car line, now in course of construction, and which will pass place. Rent $55 per month. Apply on the premises, Cloversyde, St. Louis county."

I am not a college bred man, just a plain "readin, writin, 'rithmetic" sort of a mortal, not given to beating about the bush, but trying with all my heart to speak and write so as to be plainly understood. And so, when, after writing this advertisement, I looked it over, it seemed to express in a fairly intelligent way the desire that moved me to its composition and the subsequent expenditure of coin necessary to secure its publication. I desired to secure a tenant for my property. The premises and the location were described with sufficient attention to detail and accuracy to enable the reader to arrive at a decision as to whether that was such a place as he or she might have in view for residential purposes. The rental was set out as distinctly as my knowledge of the English language would permit me to state it in words or figures. These preliminaries disposed of, there remained for me nothing to do but reflect upon the bereavement by which I, a confirmed bachelor, found myself in possession of something for which I had no earthly use, and to trust to the power of the press for a measure of assistance in the preservation of that possession or its disposition in a manner satisfactory from a financial and personal standpoint.

It was plain that, city raised as I had been, I could not reside contentedly in such a place. I was ignorant of the management of a house and the control and guidance of a corps of servants. The location was against my taking up my abode there. It was too retired and quiet, decidedly. The ten days I had spent there while the carpenters, painters and decorators were putting the place in shipshape were the most lonesome and dismal in all my experience. The nearest neighbor was about two blocks distant, but had he been next door it would not have relieved the isolation, for he and his family extinguished the lights and retired at 9 o'clock, "leaving the world to darkness and to me."

In an old fashioned rocker, with that solace of solitude the pipe, I would sit for hours, my reverie only disturbed by the rattle and roar of a passing train and the accompanying bark of every dog in the circuit, these dying away and intensifying the solitude and loneliness.

I have said that I was a plain speaking man and a plain writing one. Perhaps in the interest of truth I should qualify that statement by adding that I thought I was until the results of my rushing into the want columns of a metropolitan newspaper disabused my mind of the idea. My appeal to house hunters met with a generous response. They came singly, in pairs and quartets, in crowds. Every train bore a delegation of them. Not all house hunters are demented, not by any manner of means, but a goodly percentage of those who favored Cloversyde with their presence on that beautiful Sunday just a year ago today were, I am bound to think, weak mentally. Either this or there was a gigantic conspiracy among the guild to harass and annoy me, and thus add to the embarrassment of the predicament in which I found myself through this sudden acquisition of landed property. To particularize: The first person to call was a pudgy, red faced gentleman, who, after he had toiled up the hill and relieved himself of a snort or two, requested to be shown over the place. When we had returned from the inspection, my caller protested that there was no sewer connection.

How under the shining sun there should be such a thing with the nearest sewer five miles away is beyond my feeble comprehension, but that he did expect it, and came out there purposely to realize his expectations, the manner in which he mopped his bald head and grunted left no margin for doubt. As he bade me good day and waddled down the hill to take the next train cityward I fancied I could detect phantom sewer connections in the heated atmosphere above his head. The next train landed half a dozen cranks, who jostled each other in their anxiety to reach me. As they wedged their way through the gate and along the gravel walk there was fire in their eyes.

The place was decidedly objectionable because the rent was too high; there were no speaking tubes in the house; the cellar was not cemented; the house had been built to be heated by furnace, and was therefore beyond the reach of those of moderate means; there was not room enough; there was too much room; the rooms were too large and would require acres of carpet to cover the floors; the grounds were so extensive that the employment of a man to care for them would be necessary; there was no sidewalk; trains were not sufficiently numerous. It would all be nice enough for summer, but when winter comes what's a body to do, and so forth. Of course the advertisement expressly described this as a frame house of nine rooms, the grounds of about three acres in extent, the water supply as coming from a well and cistern, the railway station as three blocks away and the rental as $55 a month. And yet scores of men and women who were in search of a brick house of six rooms, with city water, sewer connections, speaking tubes, gas and bath, on the line of a street railway, came out to inspect my property and annihilate me with their objections to it. I thought I was a plain speaking, plain writing man. I am not.

The week passed and the house was still on my hands. It was Saturday, and I had reached the conclusion that I would lock up the place that evening, return to my bachelor apartments in the city and let some agent sell the property to the first bidder and relieve me from a strain that was fast putting gray hairs in my head and thoughts of hock and soda or something more desperate in my brain. To enable me to elaborate the details of my plan I had filled my pipe, disposed myself in the rocker on the veranda and was slowly and deliberately incensing the air with the fragrance of my favorite blend when I noticed that the early afternoon train deposited three persons on the station platform, who immediately took the path leading up to the stretch of grassy hillside and terminating at my gate. As they drew nearer I was able to distinguish that one was an elderly gentleman with snowy hair and mustache, another a man in middle life with a sandy beard and mustache and the third a lady of about 20. They came direct to the gate, passed through it and were moving slowly up the walk when I put aside my comforter and advanced to meet them. The young lady was the spokesman—at least she opened the interview by referring to the advertisement as the moving cause of their visit. I cannot for the life of me explain why I thought so, but instantly it fixed itself in my mind that my tenants stood before me.

I was just a bit nervous and half regretted laying aside my pipe, but I gathered myself together, and in five minutes' time we were walking together through the house and talking pleasantly about its arrangement, conveniences and such like, and then made a tour of the grounds. When we returned to the veranda, I tendered the rocker to the young woman, while the gentlemen—one, as I learned, her father, the other her brother—and myself sat on the steps. There would be no train to the city for an hour, and we had ample time to discuss the object of their visit and incidentally such personal affairs as are wont to develop under such circumstances.

It was thus that I learned that the old gentleman was a Virginian upon whom the results of the war had fallen rather disastrously, and whose troubles from this source had been augmented by the death of his wife. His son was a member of one of the professions and amply equipped mentally and financially to provide for the family, while the daughter, reared in true Virginia fashion, was to be housekeeper or general charge d'affaires. We agreed upon terms, and it was arranged that Colonel Kirby was to assume possession on the following Monday. I accompanied the party to the station, gave them a cordial goodby (I confess it was a reluctant goodby I gave the young woman), the train sped away toward the smoke wreathed spires of the city and left me to my rocker, my pipe and my reflections.

Bright and early Monday morning a procession of vans invaded Cloversyde, and while the sturdy help was busily engaged in the work of transferring the contents to the house the colonel and his daughter reached the place by train. An exchange of a few compliments pertinent to such an occasion ensued, when I abdicated and left the quiet country cottage to resume life in town. At the end of a month I made my debut as a landlord. There was a noticeable improvement in the appearance of the place. The grounds looked clean, and flower beds at odd places and bordering the walk gave evidence of womanly attention. The house wore a homelike, hospitable air, and just where I had left it sat the old rocker. These things I noticed at that first call, a brief one. Subsequent visits gave opportunity for more extended observations, which only emphasized my first impression that a model housekeeper was directing matters in a certain habitation in Cloversyde. Gradually I became conscious that a change had taken place in myself.

Town life was fast losing its attractiveness. My thoughts turned with an indefinable longing to woods crowning the uplands through whose leafy branches the southern breezes played, to rivulets springing from groves, playing along the slopes awhile, prattling into groves again and dancing away in the shaded distance. And I philosophized too. No man is a bachelor from choice. Either his lonely condition is a case of it might have been, or he has not yet looked into eyes that have answered his heart. Love is magnetism. The eyes have it. When the ordained eyes meet, then and there the bachelor ceases to exist and one more township is added to paradise. I made this discovery when my eyes met those of Rhody Kirby, and though I have looked into these same dear eyes thousands of times, and though they have been my inspiration, my very life, yet to save me from perdition I cannot describe them. I know the regal rose, the modest violet, the loyal sunflower, but to attempt a description of either would be a task entirely beyond me. And so with Rhody's eyes. I only know they are the most beautiful this side the shining stars; that she herself fills up the gracious mold of modesty, and that I am desperately—But I anticipate a little.

I developed an extraordinary interest in my property in Cloversyde, so that it was not unusual for me to drive out there every week. My pretext was that the place needed looking after, the fences and buildings requiring a deal of attention to save them from falling into decay. Miss Rhody was my companion over the grounds, making suggestions here and there and filling me with a fear that I should one day drop dead at her feet from an attack of heart palpitation, but all things must have an end, and I resolved to talk seriously with Rhody when next I put foot on the place. It was the first day of June and early morning. The budding roses were bathed in dew, the birds twitted tunefully in the trees, the air was soft and deliciously fragrant, and Miss Rhody was as delightfully sweet and captivating as it is given to any mortal to be. We walked about the place, our conversation confined to matters commonplace, and my stay had been prolonged to a length where I could find no propriety in longer detaining her. As I was about to take my leave I said:

"I am not going to call any more for the rent." There was an enormous lump in my throat.

"Have you placed the property in an agent's hands?" she inquired.

"No, Rho—Miss Kirby."

"Then you have disposed of it?"

"Not exactly. I think I am on the point of doing so, however."

"We shall feel very grateful," she said, "if it passes into the possession of so kindly and considerate an owner as yourself."

"I am satisfied," I said slowly, "that the new owner will prove my superior in that regard. In fact, Rhody, that person is to be no other than your own sweet self.

"Since I first saw you every day has increased my admiration until I find love takes the place of admiration. I have discovered that it is possible for a woman to possess sense without vanity and beauty without affectation." I had taken her hand in mine while I spoke. "May I ask you to take this place and with it me into your dear keeping for life?"

She was a sensible woman. Observation had impressed me with that idea, and my numerous visits confirmed that impression.

"I cannot pretend to indifference," she said, "and therefore own that what you have told me makes me extremely happy."

That settled it. I was in an ecstasy of joy. Did I kiss her? I am a man given to plain speaking, plain writing. I did. Could I have done otherwise?

She said other things. So did I, but it is not necessary to repeat them here. She is today the owner of the place in Cloversyde, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including myself, and as I sit in the old rocker on the veranda and write these lines I am the happiest man on this whizzing ball.—St. Louis Republic.

Bats That Eat Fruit.

Fruit eating bats eat fruit only, and are confined to Asia, the islands of the East Indian archipelago being one of their principal habitats. They cover the trees in daytime in vast multitudes, looking like a large flock of crows.

LANTERNS

OF ALL KINDS FOR

MILL, SHOP, STREET, STABLE AND CARRIAGE USE.

Oil Lanterns and Signal Oil

for use where insurance forbids the use of kerosene.

Lantern Globes, Burners, Wicks and parts of Lanterns lost or destroyed furnished.

C. B. COBURN & CO.,

63-67 MARKET STREET.

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137 Central St., Opp. American House.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

COURTNEY & COURTNEY,
Mansur Block.
Counsellors-at-Law.
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Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work guaranteed.

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(Successor to Strout & Kingsbury.)

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Low Prices. Easy Terms.

INVESTIGATE.

A. J. RYAN, Agent

Room 25A Hildreth Building (Old Post Office)
Fifth floor, take elevator.
On the land every afternoon.



Trunk Manufactory, 72 Middlesex Street,

(Old Wooden Building.) All orders promptly attended to and work delivered to all parts of the city.

P. F. DEVINE Prop.

Lowell High Grade

FERTILIZERS

Lowest in Price,
Highest in Standard.

FOR SALE BY

E. N. Wood & Co.,

70-83 Market St., Lowell, Mass.

IF YOU WANT A CASE
Of the Leading Brands of
LAGER, JONES' ALE, Or PORTER
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PRICE OF GAS

WITH THE DISCOUNT OFF FOR PROMPT PAYMENT IS

$1.00 ONE THOUSAND FEET.

FIRST CLASS COOKING STOVES SET UP AND RENTED AT A LOW RATE PER YEAR, PIPING INCLUDED. COKE, BROKEN, SCREENED, AND DELIVERED, AT $4.50 PER CHALDRON; $2.25 PER HALF CHALDRON, CASH.

NO CHARGE MADE FOR THE USE OF METERS.

NO CHARGE MADE FOR RUNNING SUPPLY PIPES FROM STREET MAINS TO CONSUMER'S CELLAR.

ORDERS WHEN LEFT AT OFFICE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

MARVELS OF CREWE.

SUCCESS OF A RAILROAD IN OPERATING A CITY.

GIVES MANY ADVANTAGES.

Has Built Churches, Schools, Baths and Makes Everything From Engines to Artificial Limbs for Disabled Workmen.

CREWE, England, Aug. 25.—This is perhaps the greatest railroad city in the world. It is a town absolutely built up and maintained by a railroad corporation, and its counterpart is not to be found anywhere. Fifty-four years ago, or in 1843, when the Northwestern Railroad selected Crewe as the location of its works, it amounted to practically nothing, industrially or in population. In fact, it had just thirty inhabitants; to-day it has more than 30,000.

Everything in the city is dominated by the railroad, but the rule is a beneficent one. The directors of the company pay as much attention to the progressive development of the city as they do to the railroad. In fact, the fortunes of both are so intimately mingled that the welfare of the one is necessary to the other.

The directors have assumed the responsibilities of being landlords of the entire city. They supply it with gas and with water; they have given it baths and have built churches and schools, and so support them that though there are over 6,500 school children in the city there are abundant educational facilities for all.

One of their most notable gifts is the Mechanics' Institute. Like everything else at Crewe, the institute is not remarkable for its architectural features; but it is a large and roomy place, with every convenience for work. It has a good lecture hall, and, curiously enough, one large room which is used as Crewe Town Hall or Council Chamber, the Corporation offices being in the next street, in what seems to have been a two-story beerhouse with its front unaltered.

Crewe became a corporation twenty years ago. The town arms, like the town offices, are enough to give a herald the nightmare. They are, quarterly, a man and woman on a pillion, complaceat, a laden pack-horse, esurient, a canal with a boat and tug-horse, passant, a four-in-hand, trippant, with a railway engine for a crest and "Never Behind" for a motto.

Connected with the Institute are a chess club and a scientific society. Crewe is a great place for societies. Seven of the general Friendly Societies have flourishing branches here, besides the special societies connected with the works and the railway. And in addition to the chess club and chess associations, there are cricket clubs, football clubs; cycling clubs, angling societies, athletic clubs, harriers' clubs, and the inevitable golf clubs, most of them under the patronage of the railway company, who have, in some cases, allotted them enclosed grounds.

There are 2,802 engines at Crewe. These engines last year ran 64,181,475 miles, so that the Northwestern runs a couple of miles every second; they consumed during the year 1,107,464 tons of fuel and 8,607,607 tons of water, hauling after them 39,200,000 tons of goods and minerals and 76,000,000 passengers, whose tickets alone weighed 60 tons.

The works are a mile and a half long, and give employment to 7,500 men and apprentices, to which may fairly be added the 700 engine drivers, firemen and others at the running sheds at the stations.

Such are the capabilities of the place that the company purchase the raw materials and are the actual manufacturers of every part of the engines and machinery except the brass tubes, copper plates and firebricks. Crewe is the headquarters of the locomotive department, and it makes everything it can for that department; but it also makes the whole of the signalling apparatus used on the line, and the ironwork for the carriage works and wagon works, besides doing a lot of miscellaneous engineering and sundries for the other departments.

Its business is consequently unexpectedly varied. For instance, the locomotive department wants engine sheds, and cannot build them without bricks and mortar. Crewe makes both the bricks and the mortar; the mortar in so many mills, for the demand is large owing to the loco department of the whole line having to be supplied; the bricks, to the amount of over six millions a year, in machines and a circular kiln, in which the waste gases from the main firing are utilized, and which is of such size and so regulated that, while full firing is going on in one chamber, other chambers may be open to the air for newly made bricks to be stacked in them, or finished bricks removed. Crewe makes not only bricks, but tiles and drain-pipes, some of them ten inches in diameter. The bricks for engine fire-box arches are new, but when they are condemned they are ground up and mixed with the stuff for other bricks.

Crewe wastes nothing it can save. Among the odds and ends is a steam laundry with all the latest improvements, that does nothing else but wash the dirty engine cloths that come to it from all parts of the system, and which could not be taken more care of if they were pocket handkerchiefs. And in this direction the saving of waste goes further, the grease extracted from the cloths, like that from the engines under repair, not being thrown away, but collected and sent on to the soapworks a few yards off, where it is made into soap for scrubbing loco department floors.

Again, a stretch of the line may require to be fenced in, and Crewe makes the iron fencing and the hurdles. Or an accident may happen and a man loses his arm or leg; Crewe makes the artificial limb. It makes buckets, it makes pumps and cranes, it makes hops, it repairs crank-shafts for packet-boats, it makes harness-chains and ship's cables; there is one shop in which there is such a miscellaneous collection that it seems to repair everything in metal work. These, however, are what we may call the side-shows of Crewe, like the breaking up of old tires for scrap by dropping the leaden monkey on to them.

Through the mile and a half of works runs a pigmy railway of 18-inch gauge, worked by ancient engines with 16-inch wheels. This winds in and out of the shops in such a way that its length is more than five miles.

A peculiar fact connected with the immense boiler shops is that the men who have worked there for several years are the next thing to deaf, and when they converse with each other after hours they can be heard half a mile away. Even in talking with an outsider the habit is so strong that they yell at the top of their voices. The boiler seams are closed by compressed air, and the riveting is nearly all done by hydraulic power, but even then the noise is frightful.

Here they have built an engine complete in three weeks and the average time is less than four weeks. Nearly 4,000 engines have been built in the past fifty years, an average of eighty a year.

Nearly 000 houses are owned by the railroad and are rented at an average price of five shillings a week, but more than double that number are owned by employes, who receive every encouragement from the company to purchase their own homes.

BERNARD HARRETT.

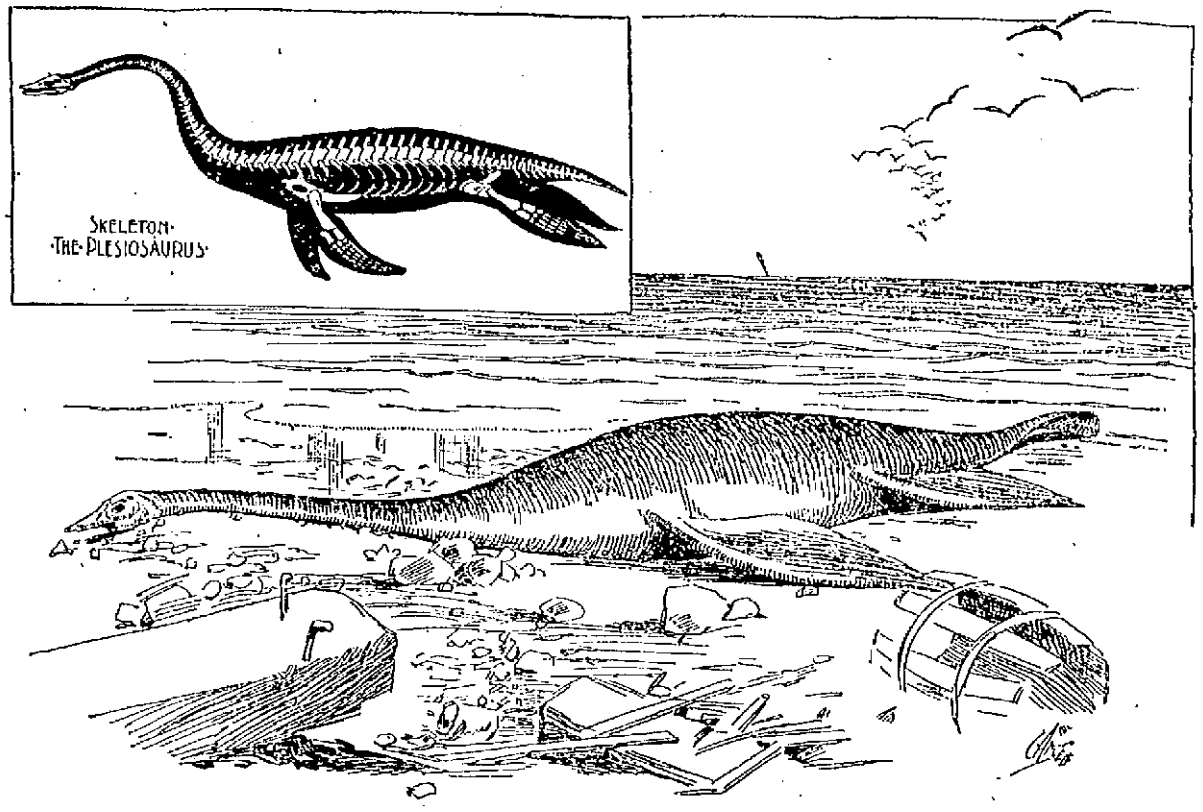
In the Hawaiian Islands, where pumpkins and other like plants have been introduced, and where they have no bees or other insects of that kind to do all the flower fertilizing, it is done by the natives. These plants were found to flower profusely, though bearing no fruit, and when they finally solved the mystery they found it necessary to carry by hand the pollen from one plant to the pistils of another.

Amelia—Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.

Augustus—Then what shall I swear by?

Amelia—Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something that you cannot live without.

Augustus—Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by my bicycle.—Tit-Bits.



THE STRANGE SAURIAN WASHED ASHORE AT HYANNIS AND BELIEVED TO BE A DESCENDANT OF THE PREHISTORIC PLESIOSAURUS.

RELIC OF LOST AGES.

HYANNIS HAS A SURE-ENOUGH PLESIOSAURUS.

WASHED UP BY THE SEA.

Was Abundant Thousands of Years Ago in the Jurassic Period of the Earth's Formation.

HYANNIS, Mass., Sept. 4.—Tens of thousands of years ago, long before the creation of the first man, and during the Mesozoic epoch of the earth's formation, the sea was peopled by a peculiar reptile called the plesiosaurus. Paleontologists have from time to time discovered quantities of the remains of this saurian, and there is scarcely a museum of note in the world which has not got in its collection of fossils a part or all of the skeleton of the strange reptile.

Buckland, in his description of the plesiosaurus, says: "To the head of the lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon and the paddles of a whale."

Just what Hyannis has to do with the plesiosaurus may seem a mystery to the outsider unacquainted with the events about here the past fortnight, but the bond of interest between the two is really very close, for the ocean selected Hyannis from the whole world as a fitting place to deposit the body of a recently deceased plesiosaurus.

Scientists have figured that the last one of the species expired 20,000 years ago, and some have estimated it as far back as 100,000 years. Yet, here, at the mouth of Mill Creek, the strong tide running through Vineyard Sound washed ashore an eight foot plesiosaurus, which could not have been dead more than a week or ten days at the most.

Of the hundreds who first examined the body none could identify it, although every man, woman and child about the town is thoroughly familiar with the sea and all of its product. It remained for Mr. Theodore W. Drew of West Yarmouth to name the animal, and now he has the skeleton, which is to be carefully mounted.

The reptile is totally unlike anything ever seen before on sea or land. In color it is grayish on the back, gradually shading to white on the sides and stomach. Its total length is eight feet, but of this there is only two and a half feet of body, while there is three feet of neck and head and two and a half feet of tail. The body is duck shaped, and at the thickest part is about a foot in diameter. The long neck, which looks for all the world like a big snake, averages about six inches in thickness, while the head is long and flat, being eight inches wide at the broadest point.

The tail is most peculiar, and differs slightly from the scientific idea of the prehistoric plesiosaurus, which was supposed to have a tail tapering to a fine point. This idea was, of course, based upon fossil remains which had rested for countless centuries many feet below the earth's surface. The Hyannis reptile's tail terminates in a fleshy paddle nearly a foot long and about six inches broad. It is very probable that the prehistoric saurian had a similar appendage, which, being wholly of flesh, would have entirely disappeared by the natural dissolution of the perishable body and leave no trace for the guidance of paleontologists.

On the under surface of the body there are four flippers situated like the legs of a quadruped, but shaped somewhat like the paddles of the seal. They are united across the body by a strip of flesh, and the hind flippers are covered with a coarse, hairy fringe.

The lower jaw is the only section missing, but in the upper there are no traces of teeth, which in the eyes of experienced seamen is regarded as sure evidence that the saurian was a very young one of immature development.

When the flesh was stripped off and the skeleton exposed, it was found that the breast bone was shaped like that of a water fowl, the breast itself resembling in contour that of a duck. There are no scales, the skin being as smooth as that of an eel. The skull was found to be of one piece, with a very small brain cavity, and from the location of the eyes and nostrils it is figured that the saurian was an air breathing animal, accustomed to swim on the surface of the sea with its long neck reared high in the air.

The backbone was found to resemble that of the shark, the ribs, however, being only rudimentary. Many of the bones are tipped with a cartilage, another evidence of thereptile's youth.

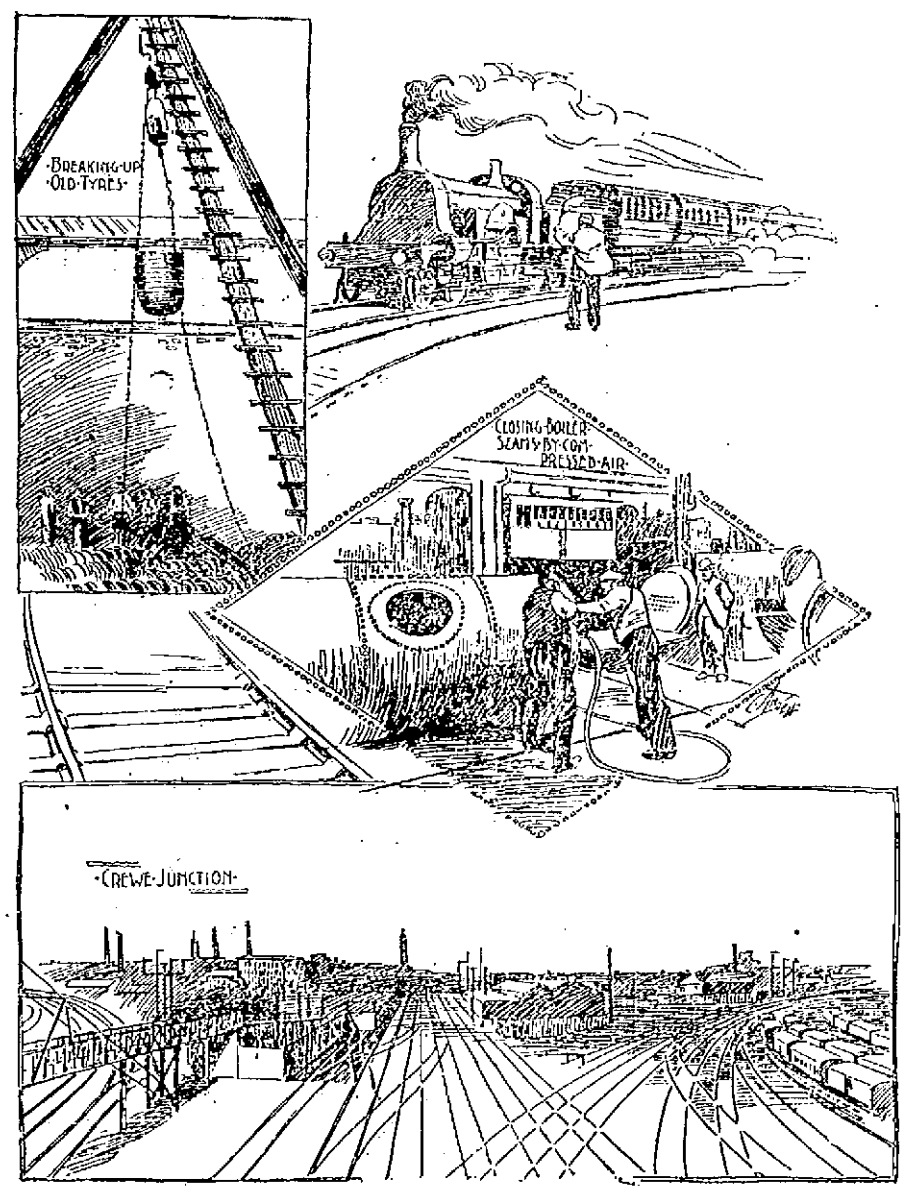
Most of the fossil remains of the plesiosaurus have been found in the Oolite stage of the Jurassic period in the Mesozoic epoch, or Reptilian age. Oolite is a variety of limestone and formed an important series of strata of the Secondary Age, underlying the chalk formation and resting on sandstone.

Cuvier considered the plesiosaurus to be the most singular and its character the most anomalous of any fossil discovered amid the ruins of former worlds.

In the Jurassic period, when the plesiosaurus was most abundant, there were other giant sea saurians, notably the ichthyosaurus and the flying pterosaurs, with bat-like wings and large heads armed with long lizard-like teeth. There were also immense land reptiles, the dinosaurs and megalosaurs, twenty and thirty feet in length, and the iguanodon, thirty feet in length, of massive build like the hippopotamus of to-day. In this period was reached the culmination of the gigantic race of reptilian species, the savage tyrants of the land, sea and air.

There seems little doubt that the animal washed ashore here is a member of the plesiosaurus family, and as he was young his parents or brothers and sisters may still be roving about in the deep. At any rate his appearance furnishes abundant food for scientific reflection and research.

HAYWARD J. McKINLEY.



VIEWS OF CREWE.

"John," she said thoughtfully, "tomorrow is the birthday of that little Jones boy next door."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," she replied; "Only I happened to recall that Mr. Jones gave our Willie a drum on his birthday."

"Well, do you think I feel under any obligations to him for that?" he asked irritably. "If you do you are mistaken. If I owe him anything it's a grudge."

"Of course," she answered sweetly. "That is why I thought that perhaps you might want to give the Jones boy a big brass trumpet."

"The most resourceful woman in the world!" he exclaimed, delightedly. And the Jones boy got the trumpet.

A story was told by a gentleman of New York of an experience that a brother of his, a blind man, had while he was in the city from a small town in Jersey, where he resides. On the day mentioned the blind man was without a guide and stood on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, wishing to cross the street. While debating with himself as to whether he would try it alone or call a policeman, a woman came up and addressed him, saying: "Mister, would you be kind enough to help me across the street? There is such a jam of trucks and carts that I am afraid to try to cross alone." "Certainly, with pleasure, madam," he responded and offering her his arm, they started across Broadway, crossing in safety. "Thank you, very much," said the woman. "No, madam. It is I who am thankful, for I am blind and you helped me to avoid that dangerous crossing very nicely," said the man. "Oh!" said the woman in reproachful tones. "You horrid man! Why, I might have been run over."

"He is one of the leading lawyers of the town."

"Gets big fees, eh?"

"I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the grand jury as to hire him.—Truth.

ODDEST IN HEADGEAR.

THE FADDISTS WORE COUNTERPARTS OF FAVORITE DISHES.

LOBSTER HAT THE BEST.

But the Cauliflower Toque Was the Daintiest and the Pheasant Bonnet the Most Gorgeous — Newest Wrinkle in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 24.—Within the inner circle of the fashionables there is a little set known as the faddists. It numbers not more than two score of men and women, but it has originated more queer things of the kind that interest the smart world than all the rest of European society together.

It first earned the title by its devotion to the pleasures of the table, and the fundamental requisite for membership is that the newcomer must be an epicure of the first water. Long ago the faddists discovered that the summum bonum of life is a harmonious dinner, and they act in stern accord with their principles. Each course must harmonize with its neighbors, and if any member gave a dinner to the others which was marred by the smallest discord that member's day as a faddist would be over. What is more, the foods must come from the localities where their flavors are the richest and the wines must be natives of certain soils famous for the product.

Perfection in these matters was reached long ago, but the struggle for more harmony continued, and last week one young matron eclipsed all of her fellow-faddists in a manner which makes her, for the time being at least, the premier faddist of them all.

It occurred to her to give a dinner at which the feminine guests should flaunt the philosophy of their peculiar coterie in their hats. In other words, each woman to whom an invitation was extended was asked to wear a headdress representing her favorite dish.

There were ten women, and each wore a hat as different from her neighbor's as day is from night. Moreover, each guest had confided to the hostess in advance the peculiarity of her headgear, the result being that as the dinner progressed there appeared on the table counterparts of the bonnets and hats. It is needless to say that the feast was adjudged flawless, the realized dream of the gourmet.

Five of the most astonishing of the headdresses are pictured here. The Paris milliner who first conceived them contrived to make them becoming as well as eccentric. It has been conceded that the most striking headdress of the group was that patterned to represent a lobster. The headdress was the exact counterpart of a lobster, and seemed to be engaged fastening its claws in its victim's hair. It was difficult to believe that it was not dangerous.

The pheasant headdress represented another young woman's favorite dish. The color scheme of this was unusually striking, as the purple, green and gold of the pheasant's plumage was represented in lavish profusion. The hat itself was of green, though little was visible except the gorgeously colored bird.

A fish headdress was less conspicuous as to color, but more striking in design and form. The silvery-scaled fish was not fluertastic, and, indeed, harmonized charmingly with the silver-gray costume of the wearer. But a fish's head is not a particularly graceful climax of a headdress, and in this case the head was so little idealized as to be almost too suggestive of submarine depths.

Almost the only vegetable represented in this strange group of headdresses was the cauliflower. Imitation of a cauliflower doesn't allow much scope for the imagination, but in this case the milliner succeeded in making a very pretty and chic little hat. The delicate green and white made it, perhaps, the daintiest of the entire group. It was made of soft silk, finely crinkled.

By no means the least extraordinary was the pate de foie gras cap. The young woman who wore it had so persistently expressed her overweening preference for this delicacy that there was nothing to do but fashion her headdress that should be the counterpart of a good sized jar of the pate. This was promptly done, and the addition of a little visor in front made it not unbecoming, while the projecting heads of three geese helped to identify it.

The woman whose chief pleasure in life lies in the consumption of the oyster wore a very cleverly constructed counterpart of the luscious bivalve, but it was not as dainty as the cauliflower hat or as striking as the lobster headdress.

Another guest, who has a superior fondness for terrapin, evidently had her troublesome time of it in adapting it to ornamental purposes, but the milliner conquered the difficulties by creating a saucer like hat, edged with blades of green silk in representation of foliage, and in the centre reposed a miniature turtle, very neatly made out of dull colored silks.

The other three guests, being fond of birds, experienced no difficulty in fashioning their headdress to the tune of their palates.

Not the least interesting matter in connection with the dinner is the fact that the ten hats cost in the aggregate 3,000 francs. In each instance the milliner worked from live models and exercised minute care in using materials of a color true to life.

Now it is said that at the next dinner of the faddists the ladies will be requested to appear in gowns corresponding with the hats, and if this proves true a fortune awaits the modiste who can contrive a becoming evening costume which at the same time will show off the wearer to advantage, yet be fashioned on the lines of a lobster, a cauliflower or a pheasant.

NANETTE DU BIGNON.



QUEER HEADGEAR WORN AT A PARIS FEAST.

Miss Oldbird (affianced, somewhat sadly)—Ah, Count, you love me now, but will you after our union?

The Count (ecstatically)—Loaf! Why, mein tarling, I vill be vun g-r-r-and loafer all my life!—Judge.

Mrs. Eastlake—"You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter?"

Mrs. Trotter.—"Yes, indeed, and we were rowed about by one of the chandeliers for which that city is noted."—Harper's Bazar.

After announcing that a baboon had learned to ride a bicycle, a Western paper remarked, "And there are others," which somehow or other seems a true and good thing to say, in spite of its flavor of slang.

FOR MAID AND MATRON



WHERE MY LADY SLEEPETH.

Bab Tells About the Luxury of Beds and the Beauty of Bedrooms--Lillian Russell's Swanlike Couch. Mrs. Langtry's Downy Bed and Mrs. Vanderbilt's Gorgeous Bedroom.

[Copyright, 1897.]

The country idea of a bed is strange. It is always taken for granted that you can sleep anywhere and that what the bed or its trappings are like makes no difference to you. That anybody may be restless, find it difficult to close one's eyes and go to dreamland never enters the heads of the wives of the sons of the soil.

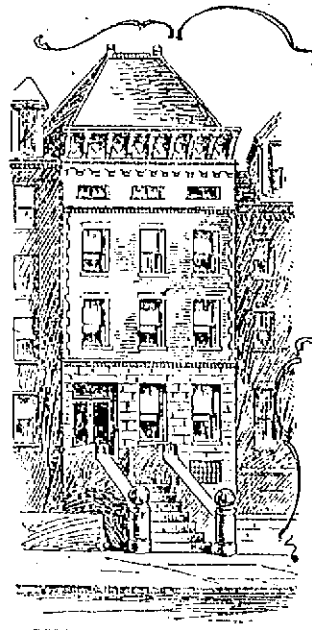
The country bed is high and large. Sometimes you have steps by which to reach it, but oftener, unless you are long of limb, you run from one side of the room, make a jump when you reach the bed and chance getting on it. If unfortunate enough to miss it, you scrape your knees and bump your head and then try getting on by means of a chair, which you realize was what you ought to have done in the first place.

The most luxurious of country beds begins by having a mattress made of husks. On top of this comes the feather bed that "mother gave me when I was married and which belonged to her grandmother." It smells like it. It has the odor peculiar to musty feathers and makes you think of the dead and gone grandmother in her tomb. On this come new cotton sheets, quilts and—great magnificence!—one of those horrible heavy marseilles counterpanes. Everything on this bed is calculated to keep out the air.

The value of a blanket is not appreciated in the country. That a blanket should be at once light and warm and allow circulation of the air is not understood. So, unless you want to feel as if the weight of ages were resting upon you, you throw off the quilts and the coverlid and sleep under your traveling rug. After a little while you realize how hot that bed is. You didn't know that feathers were so warm. You get up, nearly set the house on fire trying to light a lamp that's out of order, and then you pull the feather bed off and rest your weary bones on the husks. Before another hour has elapsed you wish you had the feathers back. The husks have a nasty way of getting into bunches, and the bunches feel as if they were hard sticks of wood, while each one shoves against your most sensitive bone.

Take the advice of one who knows, and when you go to the country pack in with the bathtub a decent lamp and a few other necessaries of life—that is, of comfortable life—two pillows, a summer blanket and a rather heavy but soft traveling rug. The rug can be laid over the husks, and a fairly decent bed will be the result.

I am told that in some parts of the world, even in summer, there are people who sleep between feather beds. I wonder what those people look like. Probably that was the way Queen Elizabeth slept. Whenever I think of her I remember that her favorite nightgown was of purple velvet, with gold lace! How, in case of fire, the laddies would guy her in these days! Thank goodness, the sensible bed is at the fore nowadays! It is commanded that your bed must be of brass for health, and it must be properly draped with whatever you can afford, though the inexpensive is the most costly. That sounds like a "bull," but it's the truth. The reason is that a young girl has her bed draped with white muslin—this pretty white dotted muslin. It doesn't cost much by the yard, but it takes an immense quantity to make the draperies, and as they must be kept as immaculate as lilies the laundry adds to their expense, so that in the end they cost more than brocade curtains.



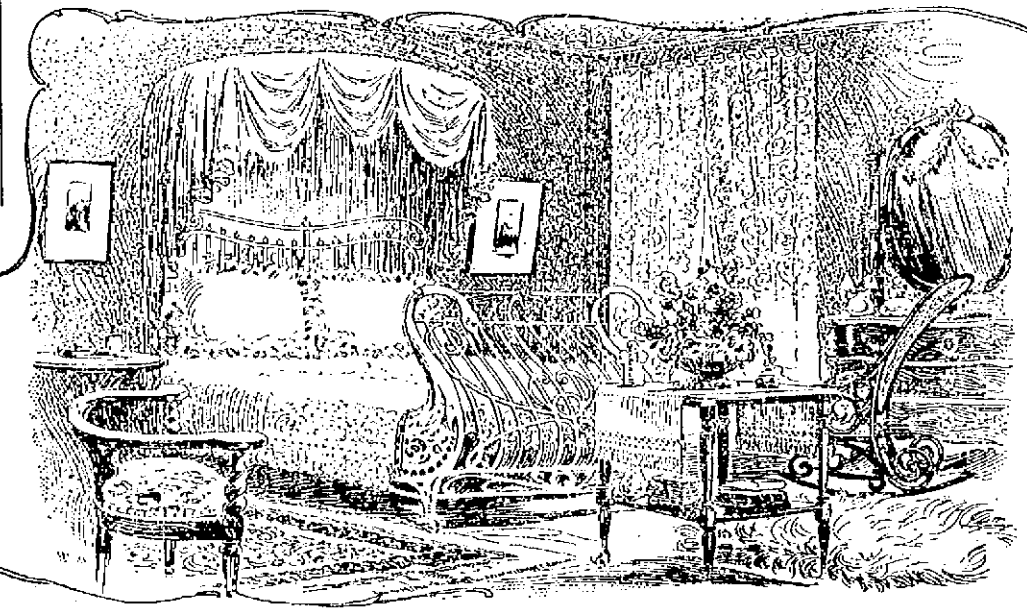
LILLIAN RUSSELL'S HOME.

One is always curious to know how the bedrooms of well known women look. Gossip says that a fashionable divorcee who has remarried has a bed that looks like a huge hearse. It is of some wonderful wood and stands in the center of the room on a raised platform, and you walk up four steps to get into it. When this was bought in Paris, the interior was entirely lined with enormous plate glass mirrors. The purchaser did not know and had not been told that French ladies did not use this style of bed, that it was dedicated to the ladies of the lake, but her mistake was discovered, and rose colored satin took the place of the various reflectors. This room is said to be bare and cold looking notwithstanding its costly furniture, all that it suggests being the opinion given by Carlyle's maid of Raphael's "Madonna," "It's expensive."

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's bed is said to be of dainty whitewood, with draperies of fine real lace and faint rose brocades about it until it looks like a great pink rose inviting you to slumber in its heart. Her room has a delightful individuality, the favorite pictures, the loved books and the thousand and one little belongings that a woman likes being here, there and everywhere about it. The room tells of the popularity of the woman, for Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is undoubtedly the best liked of any of the women of the Vanderbilt family.

A beautiful bed of most artistic white rattan, swan shaped, is that of Lillian Russell. Its coverlid is magnificent point lace over blue satin, while pale blue satin draperies are at each side of the head. The room itself is in blue and white, with here and there a touch of pink, looking like the proper abode for a beautiful woman who is as delicate in her tints as any Dresden statuette.

Mrs. Langtry's bed is a wonderful one. The draperies, which were made in New York by a famous woman decorator, are of pale dove colored brocade. The upper curtains are of fine bolting cloth, those at the top being embroidered in poppies, as if to induce sleep, and those at the foot in morning glories, as if to welcome wakefulness. The dressing table is draped with bolting cloth, embroidered in many delicate hued flowers, and the curtains on each side of the mirror have, after the French fashion, a trailing vine of artificial lilies, so that when the beauty looks into her mirror she sees one Lily framed by many more.



THE RUSSELL BEDROOM.

I have never been able to understand the type of woman who didn't care how her bedroom looked, who was satisfied to have a bare, cold, uninviting room, lacking any individuality. Most women, certainly all nice women, long to have their bedrooms look as pretty as possible, and now, when so many dainty things can be made by oneself, so many good results achieved by oneself, she is to blame who does not arrange her room so that it is a bower of beauty. It may be taken for granted that either in the winter or the summer one cannot have too many fancy cushions or too many fur rugs.

A most artistic effect is achieved by having the floor covered with matting and white or brown fur rugs thrown here and there upon it. During the winter a few women cast aside their pretty blankets or dainty silk quilts and sleep under sable or ermine skins. Unhealthy? I suppose they are, but the effect from an artistic standpoint is decidedly good.

The emerald has just now a great vogue given to it, and as it is said to bring good health it would seem worth while for one to save up one's ducats that one might possess the beautiful green gem. After all, since we can look at them, we possess them, for she who owns them can get no greater pleasure out of them. Oftentimes we don't realize that. We let the mean desire of possession control us, and we make ourselves unhappy because we can't own everything. Think what a bother it would be to have to take care of everything!

The wealthiest woman I know is the most unhappy. She is always expecting something to happen to her house or her yacht or her diamonds or her fine pictures. Her bonds trouble her, because tomorrow they may go down in value. Bonds, yachts, wonderful bric-a-brac, great pictures and fine jewels don't trouble you or me, but we can enjoy the best of everything either through the courtesy of those who possess it or the civility of those who have it for sale.

We want to learn, every one of us, to get the most out of life in the best way. That is being a woman of the world. Most people think that to be



LILLIAN RUSSELL.

eager to be a woman of the world is a poor ambition, but it is not. It is a good one, since she is the woman who makes most happy the greatest number of people. The woman of the world is the one who considers what you like and attempts, for her own comfort as well as for yours, to give it to you.

She is the one whose manners are always perfect and who does not offend you by gushing over you one day and by freezing you the next.

She is the one whose gowns attract no notice unless by their absolute suitability.

She is the one who can be friendly without being familiar and who can repel without being rude.

She is the one who refrains from saying malicious things not only because it will ruin the shape of her mouth, but because they are in as bad taste as swearing.

She is the one who always makes you feel at ease with yourself and the rest of the world.

She is the one who if stewed puppy were served at your dinner table would praise its flavor and talk of the civilization of the Chinese.

She is the one who can make order come where disorder has reigned and who can put everything just where it should be.

She is the one with whom it is a delight to associate and who, after all, may be governed not only by her own desire to make life smoother and easier, but by greater and higher beliefs than are credited to her.

She is the one whom it would be well for all women to imitate.

Bab

BOOK COVERS.

Diaries and calendars may be covered satisfactorily with turquoise blue linen, embroidered with a cluster of purple pansies in one corner and below, worked in irregular lines, one or other of these quotations, "'Tis a Chronicle of Day to Day," "I'll Call For Pen and Ink and Write My Mind," "Fill Up Chronicles For Time to Come," "Le Temps Passe, l'Amitie Reste," "C'est l'Heure de Bien Faire," worked in stem stitch with silk of the deepest shade of purple, the capitals being accentuated with an outlining of gold. A notion for the cover of one of the all but indispensable cycling record books is to make it of stout, hand woven gray linen and to border it with a row of tiny wheels, carefully worked in black filoselle, with gold thread for tires and hubs. "My Cycling Records" is then embroidered in the center in black outlined with gold, with or without a monogram below, or, if the popular fancy for a motto demands it, something appropriate, such as "A Merry Heart Goes All the Way," or "Ride On, Ride Fast, Ride Merrily," may take the place of the title.

Reading cases for popular periodicals are always acceptable presents. A charming case, for example, might be made of pale corn hand woven linen, with the title at the top, the monogram of the owner in the center and the quotation, "Read O'er These Articles," below, the whole being worked in pale green outlined with gold and encircled by a wreath of roses, shamrocks and thistles, embroidered in what is known as "half solid" style, in delicate shades of their natural coloring, or the ground might be turquoise blue and the whole of the embroidery carried out in two shades of sepia brown silk and fine gold thread, the flower outlined only. Pale green linen, with the title of the journal in tiny iridescent green sequins on a scroll outlined with gold thread, makes an exceedingly pretty reading case, or if something more elaborate is wanted nothing is nicer than ivory satin sheeting, on which the letters of the title are formed of tiny blue forgetmenots in china ribbon embroidery, with gold spangles for centers and Louis XVI knots of blue ribbon occupying the four corners. On the other hand, a plainer, cheaper, but effective cover may be made of cream twill cotton sheeting, on which the title of the journal is outlined with twisted chain stitch in deep yellow flax, the background being either darned or powdered with some tiny motif in a paler shade.

Wrap For Cool Evenings.

The most recent addition to the summer girl's outfit is a cape which possesses the additional virtue of having sleeves when sleeves are wanted. These sleeves are inside and are entirely hidden when not in use by the lapels which decorate the side fronts of the cape. For driving, fishing, cycling or, in fact, any out of door pursuit where one needs to have the use of one's arms and yet have them protected from the elements this cape would be invaluable.

HOW TO BUY AND WEAR GLOVES.

The Frenchwoman's idea of dress is, of course, perfect in all its details, but if she must practice economy she never neglects her shoes and her gloves. "Bien chause et bien gantee" is her motto, and she lives up to it. Her gloves are proverbial. She chooses them with art, she puts them on with art, she carries them with art, and she mends them with art.

She always puts on her gloves in the house and buttons them as carefully as any other article of dress. She never would be guilty of pulling on her gloves rudely in the street or in a street car or of squeezing her hands into gloves several sizes too small and buttoning them with a hairpin. This would be considered a great impropriety. Many people cram their hands into gloves which are so small that the gloves look stuffed, and a yellow kid on a pudgy hand reminds one of nothing more poetic than ham in its yellow bag. People, especially ladies with large hands, ought to buy gloves which are larger than seems necessary, for tight gloves always make the hands swell and increase in size by reason of such injudicious treatment.

Tight gloves are always responsible for redness of the hands and also for wrinkles. Women who care to preserve the whiteness and beauty of their hands and arms always wear loose gloves. Ellen Terry, for example, who has large hands, so large that they are somewhat masculine, never compresses them in tight gloves, but selects a comfortable size, which gives her hands ease and full play.

Now, after selecting gloves—nice, stout, loose ones for street wear and others a little closer in fit for calling and for evening wear—there is a way to put them on. If there is anything that mars a woman's appearance, it is a glove with the seams twisted and all the fingers awry.

The first trying on of a glove is the most important, because this gives the glove its set. First shake some powder into each finger of the glove. Then place your elbow firmly on a table, with the hand upright and the thumb extended toward the palm. Draw the body of the glove over the fingers and after seeing that each seam of the glove is straight with the line of the finger coax each finger into the finger of the glove. Be sure in the meantime that the stitching on the back of the glove is also straight. Now insert the thumb and look once again to see if the seams are all straight. If not, pull the glove off and begin again. The seam at the tip of the thumb should be in line with the middle of the thumb nail. Smooth the wrist neatly and fasten the second button first.

All of this may seem tiresome, but an expensive and well fitting glove is worth the trouble of putting it on carefully, for it will wear twice as long. In removing a glove skin it off quickly, turn the fingers, put a little powder in them, smooth them neatly and place them in a glove case. They will keep much nicer in this way than if tossed in a drawer.

Never throw old kid gloves away. They are nice to use, for they save the hands in many ways—for example, in gardening and dusting—and indeed if one moistens the hands with glycerin or cold cream and draws on a pair of easy old gloves for an hour the hand is made astonishingly white, smooth, soft and flexible. Another use for old gloves is to cut the backs for penwipers and to keep the fingers for finger stalls.

There is also a proper way to mend a glove. Glove needles can be procured at any shop where ordinary needles are sold, and, unlike the latter, they do not split the kid. If the seams break or rip, sew up the seam on the right side of the glove, as much like the rest of the stitching as possible, and if the seam breaks between the thumb and palm a little network made in the buttonhole stitch will replace the little kid hinge, if one may so call the three cornered piece of kid.

If the buttonholes break away, it is easy enough to replace the binding if you examine the method by which it was originally put on. Gloves may be cleaned at home. Of course the white chamois skin gloves that are worn in summer are easy enough to wash by slipping them on the hands and rubbing them in lukewarm water filled with suds made from soap. White kid and suede may be cleaned by gently rubbing them all over with pumice stone powder.

Fad Parties.

If you are invited to a fad party, you are expected to take with you some object that represents your pet fad, and after you have exhibited it you are to talk about it, tell how you acquired it and why and anything of interest that pertains to it. Until you have attended one of these affairs you can have no idea of the interesting peep it gives you into a hitherto unsuspected side of your friend's life. The man whom you had known only as a thoughtful student reluctantly confesses to a passion for scarfpins, and marvelous may be the stories attached to the getting of some of these. With another it may be weapons, modern and ancient, and doubtless he will prove to be the most peaceful one among you. With one it is photographs, with another snuff-boxes or stamps or old engravings. Almost every one will have some interesting hobby. Among women one will bring a priceless plate and tell you of her Washington plates and other rare and interesting china. Another collects pewter mugs and candle bowls or fans or laces.

Perfect Fitting Skirt.

The best cut skirts are perfectly fitting over the hips, all the fullness being drawn to the back. They have only one seam up the back, suggesting the idea that the wearer has stepped into the wide, circular piece of material and has had it drawn up and fitted to her. All the thin fabric skirts are made separate from the silk foundations, with a frilling outside as well as in to keep them from shrinking in at the bottom. A favorite method of decoration for the thinner materials is a return to a dear old style, three tiny ruffles, the top one being finished by a narrow heading.

How to Wash Chintz.

Chintz may be washed in the same way as any good print, only adding a little ammonia—about a teaspoonful to the gallon of water—to the last rinsing water. Dry in the open air, in a good wind, if possible. Then when quite dry put it into rather thick hot water starch and hang it up again indoors till nearly dry, when it must be well stretched, laid out very smoothly on the ironing table and ironed on the right side with a hot iron. To insure the proper glaze either add half an ounce of white wax to each quarter pound of starch when making the starch or else rub the hot iron on a little pure beeswax each time of using. This will give a very nice glaze, especially if the ironer is generous with elbow grease. Remember, once the material has been starched it is better to dry it indoors, as the wind would take too much of the stiffness out of it, though for the first drying a good high wind is best. If you are at all afraid of the color running in the first instance, you will find it a good plan to let the chintz soak for a little time in cold salted water, a handful of salt to the gallon of water. Then wash it in tepid soapsuds, for which purpose you will find boiled soap the best, as it obviates any rubbing, which, with a many colored material, is pretty safe to be dangerous.

THIS NEW WOMAN DRIVES A TROTTING HORSE.



There was a trotting horse race at Waterville, Me., recently, in which women were the drivers. Miss Lotta Elliott, a young woman of Danforth, Me., drove the winning horse. She handled the reins in a most creditable manner.

BUFF COLORED CYCLING COSTUME.



THE LATEST CYCLING SKIRT.

Here is a pretty cycling costume direct from Paris. It is a light tan or buff color linnage, strapped down the seams—which are double—with black. The divided skirt, which hangs so well as to conceal its subdivisions, whether walking or bicycling, is its chief attraction. Three black pearl buttons are sewed on at the upper part of each side of the seams. The dainty little jacket, fitting quite closely, has a narrow, rounded basque and is decorated likewise with double seams. Three black pearl buttons fasten it up, and the turned down collar forms scalloped revers in front, opening heart shaped over a plastron of fine batiste, with narrow frillings of valenciennes thereon.

BICYCLE JEWELRY.

With the ever increasing popularity of the wheel bicycle jewelry has come into vogue, says an exchange, and it promises to be a busy fall and winter with the silver and gold smiths in designing and making up small and dainty novelties of adornment for cyclers. In London and Paris there has been for some time a considerable demand for trifles in the precious metals that would indicate from their design that the wearer was a cyclist. Now the fashion is beginning to take root here.

Bicycle jewelry had its beginning in the fad among well to do wheelwomen of having a silver bell and a silver name plate upon their machines. While this plan has never become general, there are plenty of wheels adorned with these ornaments, prettily finished and in the name plates often of elaborate pattern and design. Next came the whistle bangle, a silver trinket from London, like the bell and name plate, useful as well as ornamental, yet a distinct piece of jewelry.

Gradually this bangle has come to be popular, and it now is to be bought in many shops in gold or in silver, according to taste. In design it is a narrow band that snaps around the wrist, a link chain to which the whistle is attached and three rings. These rings fasten on the hand, and in them the whistle is slipped to prevent its dangling. It is the work of only a second to slip the whistle out of the rings and raise it to the lips with either hand.

From these beginnings cyclists' jewelry has been evolved until now most of the novelties on the market are for ornaments, pure and simple, and have no use beyond decoration. The newest things out are the stickpins for bicycle riders. Though these are chiefly worn by girls, they make just as good scarfpins and are frequently used in that way by men. The tiny silver or gold bicycle set on a pin about two inches long was one of the first pieces of jewelry devised. This new pin is much more elaborate. On top of the tiny wheel the figure of a rider done in bright enamel is placed. Wheel and rider together are so minute that they hardly cover more than a thumb nail, yet every detail is complete.

Palatable Dish of Jelly.

Green gooseberry jelly is not common, but it is a dish both palatable and pretty. To make it pour three-quarters of a pint of water on each pound of fruit and let simmer till the gooseberries are quite broken. Turn the whole into a jelly bag and drain out the juice. Weigh it and boil hard for 15 minutes. Take it from the fire and stir in until dissolved an equal weight of lump sugar which has been crushed to a powder. Boil the whole for 20 minutes, clear off the scum and pour into glasses.

Five hundred horseless cabs were placed on the streets of Paris early in July.

FROM KLONDYKE REGION

The Accomplished Ruler of Sweden and Norway.

[Special Correspondence.]

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 19.—There was once a man who resolved to pass a certain saloon without going in to drink, and he did it, but after getting past it he turned back and went in to take his customary morning "snifter," in order, as he said, to "treat resolution."

I am in somewhat the position of the man who treated his resolution, for, having resolutely resolved not to be drawn into the current now setting so strongly toward Alaska, yet I cannot wholly turn my back upon it and depart from this region without another glance at the argosies it is bearing northward.

It is easier, however, to keep from going now since many of the erstwhile gold seekers are returning, and without the stock of courage and provisions with which they started. Second thought is best, after all, even though it cost them dear. Better to wait till early spring, they all say now, than to brave the terrors of the wild passes, the mosquitoes and the deep snows of coming winter.

Still, they are richer in experience than when they started, and this experience they are very ready to give to others gratis. I have met several who regard their trip in the nature of a pleasure jaunt, and who are merely postponing their assault upon the golden banks of the Yukon and the Klondike. Some of them have been there before, and from these I gather the facts herewith presented. While it is asserted that the stories of loss and privation are inventions of interested parties who wish to secure all the claims for themselves, yet I do not so regard it. There has set in a reaction, reason has resumed its sway and common sense returned.

A Miner's Experience.

The following is one of the first letters that have been received directly from the mines. It was written by Joseph N. Frost of Chicago, who left for the goldfields last February. The former letter of which he speaks never reached its destination:

"In my former letter I gave a detailed account of our journey hither, the very thought of which now makes me shudder. In this one I will tell you how we located and other items of interest that come to my mind. There is no comfort in writing or in doing anything else in this strange region, because of a pest of gnats such as you in the States cannot even imagine. They fill your nose, eyes, ears and prey on every square inch of flesh they can get at until they drive us half mad. The only prevention is to keep face and hands always covered with oil or grease of some sort, as this smeared paper bears witness.

"I'm tired. I think I shall never again be rested until back in a civilized country with my gold safely banked. Life here is one continuous round of rush, hustle and nervous excitement that is wearing to the strongest.

"At Dawson we joined forces with another party, so that when we started on we numbered 16. We paid $100 apiece for two boats—rude, hewn plank affairs, but strongly made and only drawing a few inches of water when heavily loaded.

"We followed the main stream for miles between high rocky walls that discouraged us not a little. Where were the creeks and side ravines of which we had heard so much? we asked each other as we rowed and poled our cumbrous craft along.

"When everybody was tired out, we tied up and slept. We lost track of time completely in this perpetual light, this long day, and used to eat when hungry and sleep when tired completely out. Now, however, we divide things up with regularity, as better for our health.

An Expectant Moment.

"After a long sleep we started on, tying the boats to projecting rocks while we ate our dinner, for pushing against the current was hard, wearing work. It was then that one of the boys discovered a volume of water pouring into the main stream from under a bank of moss and tangled bushes.

"Two or three of the fellows instantly set out to scale the bluff to see what lay beyond. I was one of them and the first to reach the top. One glance, and, swinging my cap aloft, I gave a wild cheer, for just ahead was the object of our search—a wide ravine through whose center flowed the stream whose exit we had so providentially discovered, and which was choked and hidden for several yards by the moss of which I wrote before and which is the curse of the Klondike miner.

"Quickly descending we related what we had seen, and all hands attacked the blockade with a will. It was hard work, but no one shirked, so eager were we to explore the ravine so skillfully hidden by nature from the sight of men. And we could not help laughing as we thought of the hundreds who had passed it on their way to the diggings and what wealth they had perhaps thus missed so near at hand.

"It took six hours of mortal hard work to clear a passage for the boats. Then we only poled them around a bend to hide them from view of passersby. How quickly the search for gold develops avarice and suspicion! Selecting a barren level about 50 feet up the slope under some umbrella shaped trees, we prepared a temporary encampment to be a shelter till we should discover if there were gold in the ravine or not.

"No one could eat or sleep until the question should be settled. Accordingly, as soon as the tents were set up and came in shape, all attacked the moss, which there covered every foot of ground to the water's edge and was from 4 to 6 feet deep. Soon a strip of soil was laid bare, still half frozen, and old Jose Gomez, a Mexican gold hunter, filled a pan or sieve, as you would call it, and, holding it in the stream, gave us our first lesson in gold washing.

"That was a scene for a painter. Each face was a study in itself. Suspense, hope, fear and growing greed were on one and all. But we had not long to wait. Presently the old man lifted the pan from the water, picked out a quantity of pebbles and bits of moss, then, lifting his cap with a reverent gesture, held the pan toward us for inspection.

The Gleam of Gold.

"There was no mistaking the dull gleam of the precious metal. It was gold—ye gods!—as much as a cupful of lumps and scales. We all went mad for a time and shouted and stamped and hugged each other, swinging our hats and behaving like idiots in general.

"All the perils and privations we had gone through were forgotten, or at least no longer grudged, for under our feet was the object of our search. Gold was ours for the taking, and our thoughts went no further just then.

"When our excitement died out, we were weak and spent, and with one accord ascended the slope to the camp. After ten hours' sleep we ate breakfast and then proceeded systematically to work, staking out a claim for each man according to law and in whatsoever place he selected.

"Mine by choice was near the mouth of the ravine, and there was not so much as a foot of it but was covered deep with debris and moss. As I dug this away I flung it in the stream, and so was rid of it, for it floated away. This was in the middle of June and the mercury ranged from 60 degrees to 64 degrees, but the ground as I uncovered it was still frozen as hard as stone. There was still snow in places and lots of ice under the moss. The soil soon loosened up, however, when the air could reach it, and we were soon each man washing gold for himself by the panful.

"For it is here on Bonanza creek, as we have named it, in quantities passing belief. For days we lived in a state of continual excitement, but now we have steadied down to business.

"Some natives drifted in a week ago, and I have three at work at $18 a day, but that is nothing when each takes out a week's wages from two pans of dirt. With what I accomplish myself—and we lose no time—you can see I am growing rich. Whether I ever reach the States with my pile is a question not easy to answer.

"I saw a party of late arrivals three days ago when I was at Dawson after provisions, and they had a great story to tell of the action Canada is going to take in the way of collecting revenues on all gold mined in this region. If true, it means murder and bloodshed, for there's a rough crowd congregated along the Klondike, and few will quietly give up a large per cent of their hard earned gold.



YUKON MINERS AND NATURE AT SUMMIT OF CHILKAT PASS.



YUKON MINERS SLEDDING OVER ROUTE.

Suffering and Reward.

"There's enough here to pave the streets of the New Jerusalem, but every man must mine his own, even Canadian officials. Anyway, the men are none of them losing any time, and, if the story is true, we may, perchance, get away before the matter is settled.

"We shall start for home by the middle of September, for they tell us the Yukon freezes over as early as October, and we must ship our gold as freight by steamer. There's too much of it to think of packing it overland. The thought of being caught here by winter is appalling, for the tales told of cold and snow and starvation all along the Yukon last winter are enough to daunt the bravest heart.

"We don't mean to have all our sufferings and hard work go for naught, but instead hope to enjoy the results in a civilized land. There will be suffering untold here when the short summer is over, and no more provisions can be packed in. Tell the boys the gold is here for all who have grit and strength to come for it, but not to attempt it till early in the spring, so as to get here, make their pile and get away in safety. I do not know if I shall return to Chicago or settle in California. You shall hear from me as to that later on."

This is indeed an interesting experience and it proves that it is not in the larger rivers, like the Yukon, that gold in paying quantities has been found, but in the tributary streams, where it has been washed down from the mountains. There are doubtless immensely rich quartz ledges, from the disintegration of which the precious metal has been obtained by glacial and aqueous action, but the working of them will follow later, after the placers have all been exhausted. The surface dirt of the frozen creeks and smaller rivers contains little or nothing, but after that is removed the rich "pay dirt" is found, near and lying upon the bedrock.

The problem before the miner is to get at this pay dirt, and he does it in the winter, by building a fire over a certain area and thawing the earth at the rate of perhaps half a foot in 24 hours. Scooping out this earth, he then builds another fire, and thus, by successive firings and shovelings, sinks a shaft to the bedrock, along the exposed surface of which he "drifts," or tunnels, through the auriferous layer. The earth removed is banked up till warm weather sets in and the streams are again running, when it is panned and cradled, and the hard labor of the miner rewarded by rich results.

It is this necessity for working during the winter season, when the streams are frozen, and their beds can be exploited, that causes all the gold seekers to aim at getting in before the coldest weather sets in, as otherwise they will have to wait till the summer is over.

The Best Paying Property.

Although perhaps $3,000,000 has been taken out of the Alaska placer diggings, and many individuals have been enriched after a short term of labor, yet the aggregate is not large, when we reflect that this amount is credited to a territory half a million miles in area. The greater portion, to be sure, was taken from a comparatively restricted region along the Klondike and some of the Yukon tributaries, but the largest amount brought out by any one person was only $135,000, the next highest being $112,000, and so on down to $5,000 and less.

As is now well known, the richest placers have been found along the Klondike creek on British territory, but we have every reason to believe that equally rich deposits will yet be discovered on the Alaskan side of the line. In fact, the first discovery of gold in 1873 was in our territory, near Sitka, and outcroppings of rich veins have been found all along the mainland and islands of the southeastern coast.

FRED A. OBER.

CONNECTICUT MOSQUITOES.

This Year They Are Quite as Malignant and Numerous as New Jersey's.

[Special Correspondence.]

HARTFORD, Aug. 31.—This has been a great season for the festive mosquito all along the Atlantic coast, owing to the heavy rains in July and part of August. New Jersey has been reviled as never before, for in that state the birds, always able, have displayed both power and venom surpassing all previous records, but the mosquitoes of Connecticut, I believe—and I am a fair judge of such birds—have this year outdone those of New Jersey.

A few days ago I paid a visit to the state prison at Wethersfield, two or three miles to the south of here. In front of the buildings I noticed a number of convicts at work trimming the grass, cultivating flower borders, and the like. Over his head each laborer wore a sort of wire cage, covered with a close black netting—altogether the most extraordinary headgear I have ever seen. I couldn't imagine at first what those queer contrivances were for, but it became quite clear to me that they were intended to protect the wearer from mosquitoes even before I had passed within the institution's walls, for the vicious little insects were buzzing about so thickly as actually to produce a sound not unlike the hum of a swarm of bees, though, of course, not nearly so loud. Both myself and a friend, who was with me, were forced to fight vigorously to avoid being very badly bitten, and we found the situation almost as bad as outside the portals, though this was true only on the ground floors of the various buildings.

"The prisoners in the lower tiers of cells," said Warden Woodbridge, "have suffered most. Mosquitoes have the power of rising high in the air, though for some reason they don't seem to exercise this power here this year, rarely ascending more than five or six feet, and the upper floors of the prison building are comparatively free from the little pests. They are undoubtedly smaller this year than usual, since they are able to pass through the meshes of the finest netting we can buy, and no matter how carefully we screen the doors and windows we cannot keep them out."

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

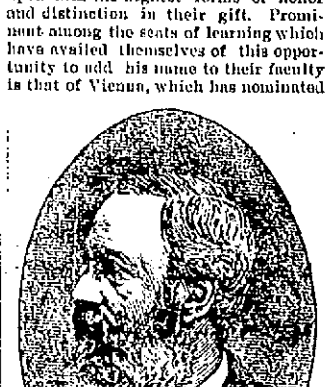
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ABOUT ACTIVE KING OSCAR

Letter From a Miner Now in the Diggings.

[Special Correspondence.]

STOCKHOLM, Aug. 19.—Inasmuch as King Oscar of Sweden and of Norway is assuredly the most intellectual and accomplished of monarchs, it is particularly appropriate that the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, which occurs on Sept. 18 next, should be signalized by all the leading universities of the old world conferring upon him the highest forms of honor and distinction in their gift. Prominent among the seats of learning which have availed themselves of this opportunity to add his name to their faculty is that of Vienna, which has nominated



THE KING OF SWEDEN.

him "doctor quadruplex"—that is to say, doctor of all the four branches of science taught at this university, which is one of the most ancient in Europe. It is the first case in its entire history that such a degree as this has been conceded to any one, and in accordance with the statutes of the institution the diploma has had to be countersigned by the emperor himself. The only other instance of the rank of "doctor quadruplex" being conferred within the last 300 years was when, in the beginning of the present century, the German University of Jena granted it to the great poet Goethe. Most of the remaining universities of the continent, notably that of Bologna, have contented themselves with investing the Swedish king with the degree of "doctor of philosophy," and indeed he will from henceforth be rated among the faculty of that particular branch of learning in so many countries that he may lay fair claim to that title of "the philosopher king" of which Frederick the Great of Prussia was infinitely more proud than of his victories during the Seven Years' war.

While philosophy is a useful quality for kings to possess at the close of this nineteenth century, when the wave of democracy engendered by popular progress and enlightenment is rapidly sapping the foundations of thrones, no matter how firmly established in the past, it is not so much therein that Oscar has shone as in the realms of literature, music and political economy. He has translated "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, as well as the masterpieces of many a great German, French and English bard, into Swedish, bringing thereby these works within the intellectual range of those of his subjects who are ignorant of foreign languages. He has likewise written several plays, historical monographs and likewise half a dozen novels, the most recent one of them actually dealing with the romance connected with the accession to the throne and marriage of his peasant born grandfather, who figured so prominently in the Napoleonic wars under the name of Marshal Bernadotte. Indeed, he is to such an extent considered as a member of the literary profession by the brethren of the craft that when, some time ago, he had occasion to criticise one of the least happy dramas of the popular Norwegian poet Bjornsen, the latter insisted upon regarding the royal strictures as a piece of professional jealousy on the part of a brother author, and actually went so far as to challenge Oscar to a duel, much to the entertainment of the fellow sovereigns of the Swedish king. Equally amused were they when, a short time ago, the latter found it necessary to publish a royal announcement in The Official Gazette at Stockholm to the effect that he was not the author of a very sensational novel entitled "En Drottling," in which all the leading personages of the court and society of Stockholm are portrayed under the most transparent of pseudonyms and held up to public ridicule, attention being drawn to all their pet vices and weaknesses with a sarcastic and relentless hand.

Oscar possesses a superb voice as well as a remarkable talent for music, and it is entirely owing to his influence that the services of the Reformed church in Sweden and Norway have now become so largely choral, music having been almost entirely unknown in connection with divine worship until he took the matter in hand.

Oscar's youth was spent in the navy, and it was then that he circumnavigated the globe, visiting many foreign climes and countries, and thus equipping himself for the duties of rulership to an extent enjoyed by none of the now reigning sovereigns, excepting perhaps Emperor Nicholas of Russia. It is probably due to the training he received that he is so exceedingly democratic and unaffected. He never attempts to conceal the humble origin of his family, and rarely visits the south of France without making a species of pilgrimage to the small, gray, one storied house at Pau where his grandfather was born, and over the door of which there is an inscription to the effect that "the peasant Charles Bernadotte, who subsequently rose to be a field marshal of France, and ultimately King Charles XIV of Sweden and Norway, was born in this cottage in 1763." It may be added that the Swedish nobility, which is very proud and has an immense idea of its own importance and lineage, looks down upon the king as a parvenu and attends his court with more or less evident reluctance. Its members still revere the memory of their Vasa line of monarchs, of whose blood Oscar has not one drop in his veins, and there is scarcely one of them who when traveling through Germany does not make a point of calling at Dresden to pay homage to Queen Carola of Saxony, the only surviving daughter of the late royal prince Vasa.

Yet there is in all Europe no royal personage more stately and majestic looking than King Oscar, who, in a country where nearly all men are Anaks in stature, surpasses them all in height. In appearance he is every inch a king, and under the circumstances it is astonishing that his children should have inherited so little of his good looks.

Few people are aware that King Oscar wears upon his breast a medal for saving life. It was conferred upon him by the French government as far back as 1801, long before he ascended the throne, for two feats of courage performed in the neighborhood of Nice. The first consisted in checking at the peril of his life the runaway horses hitched to a carriage that were on the point of dashing themselves and the vehicle with its occupants over a precipice. Five days afterward he jumped into the water and saved a child from drowning.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that Oscar possesses none of the old fashioned royal prejudices against trade and is himself interested in a great number of commercial undertakings, manufactures, etc., and is not ashamed of praising either the Grand hotel at Stockholm or the excellent beer of the brewery of St. Eric, both of which enterprises are his property. Americans as good republicans cannot be expected to admire royalty. But they cannot deny that as kings go Oscar is far and away the best of his kind, and an up to date monarch in every sense of the word.

OWEN LEFELLE.

STRANGE CHAMBERMAIDS.

One of the Tidings to Which Eastern Travelers Must Get Accustomed.

[Special Correspondence.]

ATHENS, Aug. 20.—Throughout all the east, where the prevailing notions of the seclusion of women would prevent their accepting such employment, and even as far west as Greece, most of the chambermaids in the hotels are men.

A lady who has just returned from Cairo speaks of the difficulty of becoming accustomed to this feature of hotel life. "In theory," she says, "one rings the bell twice for the chambermaid, once for the boy and three times for the 'domestique Arabe,' but in practice whether one rings once, twice or thrice it is the latter who responds. Like Aphra, you know. 'And if he called another, Aphra came.'

"The first time one needs the chambermaid and finds the call answered by a coal black man 6 feet 4 inches high, and looking even taller in his high cap and narrow, long white gown, it is quite a surprise, but one soon gets used to it and has to admit that the black man is a model servant. The very tall, black man of whom I speak is named Zahrour. He learned to be a good Mohammedan from his Arab captors, with whom he was once a slave, and knows only their language, not one word of either English or French. I tried to direct him by signs until I found that he needed no direction. He kept the rooms exquisitely neat. I'm not very orderly myself, but I never left the room in such a litter that he failed to 'clear it up,' not once a day, but twice or thrice. And he never threw away or lost anything, however valueless, until I told him 'not want.' Zahrour was an untiring foe of dusty boots. Not only did he polish all that were put out of doors overnight, but during lunch and again while I was at dinner he would concentrate his mighty intellect upon a minute search of the rooms for more shoes that could be polished. He would brush and fold clothing of the most feminine complexity with the same skill.

"Zahrour had a side partner named Abdul, who was just like him in every way, except that he was only half as big and half as black and knew a very little English and German. Abdul was every whit as industrious as Zahrour, however, in spite of never having been a slave. Just before I came away I had them lined up for me in the garden of the hotel, beautiful in January with the green of palms and the purple bloom of the bougainvillia, and took a photograph of the two best chambermaids I ever saw."

JOHN L. HEATON.



THE SHORT AND THE TALL CHAMBERMAIDS.

Rosy Cheeks and Sparkling Eyes.

Follow the use of Utah Kidney Beans.

The Turners' great discovery. The warning notes from the kidneys are, backache, urinary trouble, frequent thirst, rheumatism, burning urine, dropsical swellings, irregular heart action. Heed the warning at once. Your life is in danger. Utah Kidney Beans regulate the kidneys, cure all urinary and bladder troubles surely and quickly. Utah Kidney Beans, discovered and perfected by The Turners, of Philadelphia. THE TURNERS also make

PO-ME-DA—The infant's Friend, the Invalid's Benefactor. A perfect food. A new discovery for the little ones and for the weak.

TURNERS' LITTLE GIANT TURNERS—A very small pill. Tones your liver.

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The Peerless Irish Comedienne, in the 4-act Comedy Entitled,

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Steamer Merrimac Leaves Haverhill daily at 9:30 a. m. Two trips Sunday and Monday (Labor Day), and Saturday and Sunday following. Cars leave Lowell to connect with steamer at 7 and 7:30 a. m. and 12 m. for the second trip.

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LOST, $10.—ON COBURN STREET SATURDAY. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to 75 Coburn street.

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WANTED—EVERYBODY TO KNOW that we are first class carpenters at 462 Market street. John W. Hinkin, carpenter and general jobber. All orders promptly attended to.

BARN TO LET IN BELVIDERE. APPLY at 5 Everett street.

TO LET—A FOUR-ROOM TENEMENT, 73 Chestnut street.

LADY WITH GOOD REFERENCE TO work at home in spare time. Can make $8 to $12 a week. No books or canvassing. Work light and respectable. Permanent position to right party. We furnish work and teach you free. Send 10c for sample and instructions. The Parker Chemical Co., 120 So. Second St., Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN—REMEMBER THE CHEAPest place to have your clothing cleaned and repaired is at L. W. Baldwin's, Room 9, Associate Building, cor. Merrimack and Worthen streets.

JUST THINK OF IT, YOU CAN BUY A house for $775, and easy terms, or any kind of a place you want. Very cheap. G. L. HUBBARD, 44 Central Street.

TO LET—A NICE LARGE BASEMENT, well lighted, can be used for eating or light manufacturing purposes. Apply at Tennant & Co., One Price Jewelers, 70 Central street.

FOR SALE NEAR MILLS, COTTAGE HOUSE and barn, large lot of land. Price $1000. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

ROOMS TO LET—IN THE SUN BUILDING Inquire at Sun office.

LADIES—CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS (Diamond Brand) are the best. Safe, reliable. Take no other. Send 4c in stamps for particulars, "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return mail. At druggists. Chichester Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE, ONE OF THE BEST RESTAURANT and lunching houses in Lowell. Rooms always rented, lots of boarders and transient. This is a good place. Price $700. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central street.

WANTED—500 YOUNG AND OLD MEN TO bring their old clothes to Fred R. Low's Dye House and Clothes Cleaning establishment at 17 Merrimack street, where he can make your old suit as good as new for a small sum.

FOR SALE, SMALL FARM OF 16 ACRES, cottage house, barn, some fruits, wood for home use. Price $600. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

I CAN'T SLEEP—CONFOUND THE BUGS. You can if you use Koehler's Sure Death to Bugs. "Sic 'em Dows". Central street. A. Moore, Gorham street, pharmacists.

FOR SALE ON HAMPSHIRE STREET, A good cottage house, good location, good repair. Price only $1350. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

MENTHOL CREAM SHAMPOO IS USED in all the leading hair dressing and bath parlors in New England. Menthol Cream Shampoo removes Dandruff and all humors of the scalp. It contains alcohol, glycerine, and menthol. It gives a rich, creamy lather and when used in the bath will remove pimples, etc., leaving the skin clear and soft. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by leading druggists.

FOUND—A BROWN CHECKED COAT cor. of Hewett and Hildreth streets. Owner can have by calling at No. 6 Albion street.

AGENTS WANTED. GREATEST OFFER out. We furnish everything; no experience required; liberal terms. Write for full information, showing actual results. Mutual Manufacturing Co., 120 Chambers street, New York.

HELP WANTED, FEMALE—LADIES DO you need Hunyon's and sewing home; $1.50 day; no canvassing; two months' work guaranteed; send stamp for particulars. Whitby & Hutchinson Co., Box 1, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—A WIDOW LADY LIVING TWO miles from post office on line of electrics to take care, small like middle aged gentlemen or gentleman to board on reasonable terms. For particulars address Mrs. F., 1163 Lakeview avenue.

LOST—A LARGE VELVET CAPE AT MERrimack Square Sunday about 4 p. m. Please return to 131 Worthen street and get reward.

TO LET—LARGE HOUSE, BATH ROOM, new furnace, in thorough repair, suitable for boarding or lodging house. Apply at 125 Bridge street.

FOR SALE IN CENTRALVILLE, NEAR Bridge street, 8 room cottage house and wood barn, large lot of land. Price $1700. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

WANTED—A COMPETANT GIRL TO DO general housework. Reference Required. Apply at this office.

WANTED—A KITCHEN GIRL AT 46 MERrimack Square.

FOUND—A WHITE BULLDOG IN THE Highlands. Call at No. 1 Summer street, Moller's Court. M. Sousy.

FOR SALE NEAR BRANCH STREET, TWO tenement house, pays 15 per cent. Price $1400 and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

WANTED—A MAN WHO IS WILLING TO learn a paying business. Steady work. Good pay. No canvassing. 49 Middlesex street, room 70.

WANTED — AN EXPERIENCED BASQUE trimmer and finisher, 407 Merrimack street, room 4, Miss Cook.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, singularly or in suites at 52 Tyler street.

LOST—AN ENGLISH LIGHT COLORED bull dog on Central street. Collar marked "J. S. Peters, Prince—Holton, Me." Return to 197 Appleton street.

WANTED—EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT shorthand and typewriting are thoroughly taught by most competent instructors at Miss Hall's school. Hundreds of graduates employed. Call for catalogue, 31 Hildreth Building.

MONEY TO LOAN ON PERSONAL PROPerty. Address P, Lock Box 785. Will call if necessary.

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WANTED—PARTY LOOKING FOR BUSIness where small capital safe as a government, will bring large returns. Call and investigate at 169 Middlesex street.

TO LET—FLAT IN THE NEW "BELLEvue" apartment house, No. 137 Stackpole street, fitted with all modern conveniences. Finest location in the city.

$15 A MONTH

Will buy this splendid 2½ story hip-roof house of 8 rooms, pantry and bath rooms, with tub, marble wash bowls, &c., maple floors in kitchen, dining room, pantry and bath room, hot and cold water. Piazza and balcony, nice lot of land, high and dry, very slightly, near cars and schools. Small payment down secures this bargain. Quick or you lose it. A. J. RYAN, No. 29 A, Hildreth Building, (old Post Office.)

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"Aha, false creeter! Jest wait till I gits back from der Klondike wid a cartiful of gold and yer won't do a ting but kick yerself for scorning der love of Jimmy Jones!"

BALLAD OF YE SUMMER GIRL.

I went to a summer resort for a stay
And found that the price was three dollars a day.
I staid for a week, and of fun had my fill,
But forty-two dollars was asked in my bill.

"How's this?" I inquired of the clerk. "Don't you see
My bill is just double the price it should be?"
"My dear sir," he answered, "our charges are right;
Three dollars a day doesn't count in the night."
—New York Journal.

WOMAN'S EGOTISM.

She—Why do you get so profane? Why can't you content yourself with "good gracious me," as I do?

He—I couldn't be so egotistical as to talk that way about myself.—Boston Journal.

THE VANISHING POINT.

"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths and the eighths into sixteenths, into what could the sixteenths be cut?"

"Hush," responded Tommy, whose mother kept a boarding house.

And the class in fractions was dismissed.—Tit-Bits.

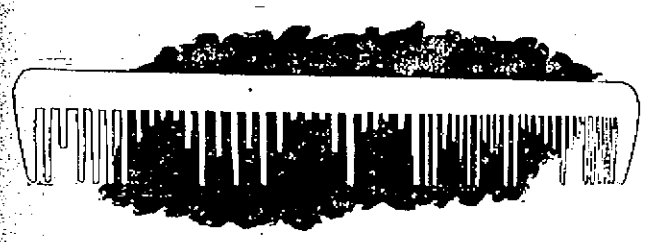
UNCLE EBEN SPEAKS.

"Dah's only one passon," said Uncle Eben, "dat I has my doubts of mo' dan de man dat keeps talkin 'bout how good he is, and dat's de man dat fleurishes a razzer an tells how bad he is."—Washington Star.

THE WAY TO RECKON IT.

Ned—How much do you think that fisherman's story was exaggerated?

Ted—How much was there left in his flask?—New York Journal.



HARD TO PART WITH.

A COLORED ECONOMIST.

"John," said a Georgia farmer to one of his colored fieldhands, "you ought to be laying up something now. I pay you 50 cents a day."

"Yes, suh."

Well, how much do you save out of it?"

"Forty-five cents, suh."

"Is that all?"

"Good God, Marse Tom, I got to live on de balance!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SEASHORE ATTACHMENTS.

Most lasting of attachments
That the great resorts afford
Are those where trunks are taken
For the gay resorter's board.
—Detroit News.

MAKING IT WORSE.

The two young persons were looking in moody silence out over the waves when Mr. Blunderheels happened upon them.

"Ah!" he said, pleasantly. "Lovers' quarrel, is it?"

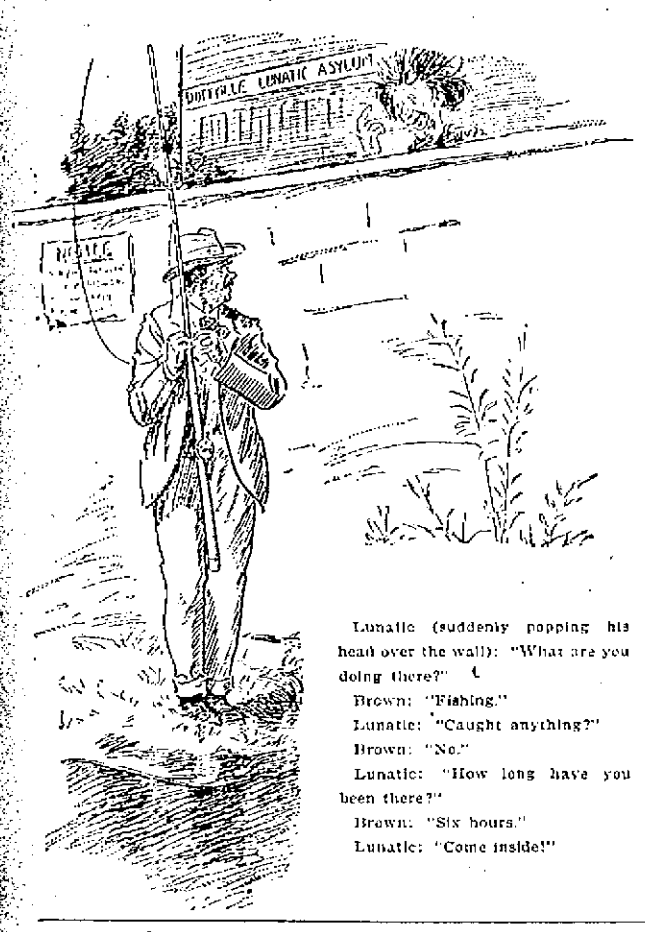
"Sir!" exclaimed the young woman in great wrath. "How dare you!"

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Blunderheels, strolling complacently on. "Then you are not quarreling. So glad."—Chicago Tribune.

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Clergyman—St. Paul made one error, my dear children.

Juvenile—Did it fet in a run?—New York Truth.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the wall): "What are you doing there?"

Brown: "Fishing."

Lunatic: "Caught anything?"

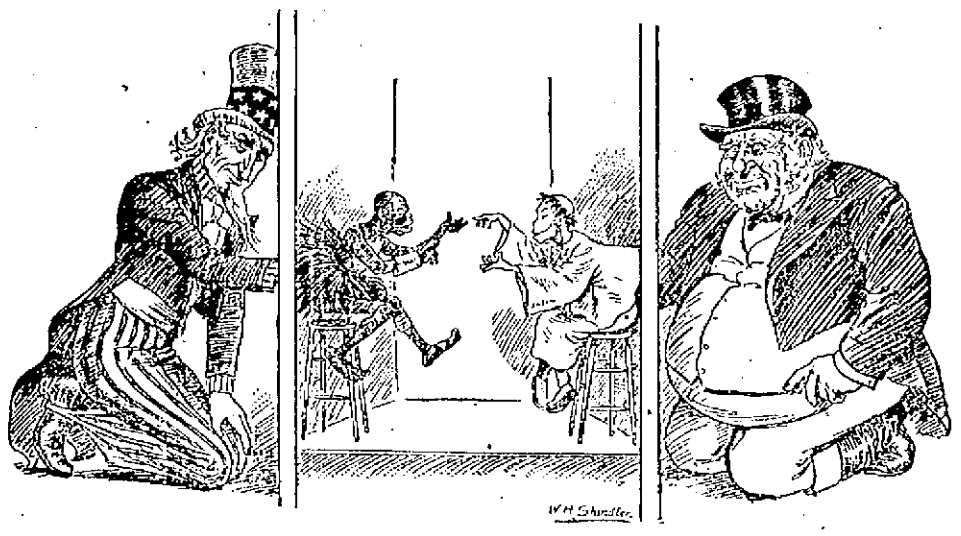
Brown: "No."

Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"

Brown: "Six hours."

Lunatic: "Come inside!"

The Merry World.



IS THIS THE WAY JAPAN AND HAWAII WILL ARBITRATE?

FATE FOOLED BY A FAT MAN;



The youth was heavy, and he weighed the boat way down,
Still neither had the slightest fear there was a chance to drown.

WHY I DID NOT GO.

When I heard how tons and tons of gold were dug out of the ground,
How the Klondike country teemed with wealth for miles and miles around;
When I heard how men who went there poor came back with loads of pelf,
Then I got the mining fever, and I said unto myself:
Sell every stock and bond, Ike,
The Chilkat pass beyond, Ike,
There lies the golden Klondike:
That's where you ought to go.

But my friends all said 'twas foolishness to go so far away,
And that if I ever reached the place I'd find it did not pay.
They said the climate was too cold, the journey much too long,
And they all chimed in together, and they sang to me this song:
Of wealth you're far too fond, Ike,
You surely will get con'd, Ike,
If ever you go to Klondike,
You'd better stay at home.
—Isaac Anderson in New York Journal.

HANG THE SUPREME COURT!

In a case in a rural justice court in Georgia the justice was informed that the supreme court had decided a similar case in a certain way. The justice replied: "Hang the supreme court! I'll reverse its decision and decide it as I want to."—Atlanta Constitution.

ETHEL'S RETORT.

Mamma—Oh, Ethel, you never saw me behave like that.

Ethel (aged 4)—Well, I haven't knowed you so very long.—New York Truth.

A FABLE FOR TODAY.

A shark once invited an old mackerel to call at his house. "We have a nice little game of dollar limit up there nearly every night," he said. "Some of the best people in town drop in occasionally. A number of very nice suckers are there regularly. Drop in any time. Bring a few dollars with you, and you will enjoy yourself. May I expect you?"

"Well, hardly," said the wise old mackerel. "I have noticed that the suckers who visit your place go there in carriages, but they all walk away, and many do not wear so fine clothes on departing as they did when they arrived."

Moral.—You can stay in the game longer if you save cab hire by walking.—New York Truth.

OR, SAVED FROM A GRAVE



But, oh, it could not stand the weight! The boat succumbed at last
And to their horror they perceived that they were sinking fast!

THE DEAN WAS DEAF.

One day, at the late dean of Ely's table, a legal gentleman was lamenting the gaps which death had recently made in his profession.

"We have lost," he said solemnly, "not less than six eminent lawyers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, at once rose and repeated grace, "For this and all his mercies," etc.—Tit-Bits.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TRIP.

Wallace—What do you think of the projects for going to the Klondike in balloons?

Ferry—They will none of them work. All the wind is headed this way. At least, up there is where all the blowing comes from.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GO 'LONG CHILE!

Say yo' lak t' marry me,
Dat I'se got de style,
An am sweet as sweet kin be?
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Doan' yo' lie a-talkin so.
Yo's a-foolin me, I know.
Dis byar nigga'h ain't so slow.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Say we'll hab a brownstone front?
Dat yer meks me smile,
Meks dis niggah sorter grunt.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Brownstone front yo's t'inkin 'bout
'S jus' a cave yo's holler'd out
Down de quarry, frontin sout'!
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Say dat yo' has got some money
Comin aftah while?
Say yo' wants me for yo' honey?
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Dat ole ship's a-gwine t' sink,
She'm gwine t' sink an spill de chink;
Cain't fool dis niggah, needn't t'ink—
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Den yo's in lub wid Lizer Jane
I know'd it allide while.
Yo' said she's sweet as sugah cane.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
She tole me so dis aftahnoon;
So yo' jus' masey mighty soon
An quit yo're trifflin wid dis coon.
Now go 'long, go 'long, chile!
—James Courtney Challis in New York Truth.

NOT ON THE STONE.

A loving Hackensack nephew, charged with the duty of preparing an epitaph for a disagreeable old uncle just dead, suggested the following: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."—New York Tribune.

IN THE CRUEL DEEP.



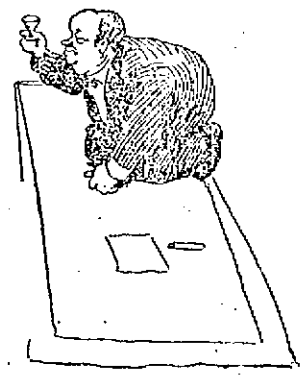
And were they drowned? Oh, no! Oh, no! Their lives are not yet o'er,
For, rigging up this quaint device, they got themselves ashore.—New York Journal.

A PORCINE PAEAN.



The pig's a lovely animal
That through my vision pops,
Composed of spicy sausage meat
And apple sauce and chops.

Inside he is the luscious feast
That makes the winter hum,
Outside he is the stuff that makes
The football and the drum.



HANDICAPPED.

"That man," remarked an admiring friend, "has the faculty of saying clearly in a few words what others would require pages to express."

"Too bad," said Senator Sorghum. "He'll never get along in politics, not unless he learns to filibuster better than that."—Washington Evening Star.

THE PLURAL.

Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.

Edith (promptly) — Twins.—Tit-Bits.

PROFESSIONAL PLEASANTRY.

First Soubrette (on a Rialto corner)—What are you doing now, Flossy?

Second Soubrette (accompanied by Teddy Thoughtless)—Nothing.

First Soubrette (glancing at Teddy)—Is that him?—New York Journal.

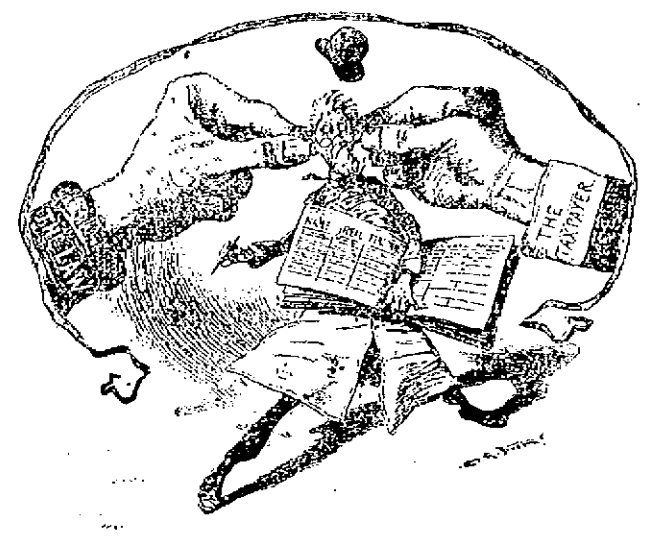
COMPENSATION.

"Sedgeley's marriage wasn't a happy one, was it?"

"Well, that depends on the point of view."

"The point of view?"

"Yes, the neighbors had no end of fun out of it."—Detroit News.



THE WAY OF THE ASSESSOR IS HARD.

DEFINING IT.

"I think I understand what your Democrats and Republicans are getting at," said the foreign statesman on a visit, "but what is the elemental principle of Mugwumpery?"

"As near as I have been able to determine," replied the student of political science, "a Mugwump believes that whatever is is wrong."—Detroit News.

ONE ON DR. JOHNSON.

The following anecdote is carefully preserved by a family whose Scotch ancestors took a rise out of the great lexicographer:

Hostess—Dr. Johnson, what do you think of our Scotch broth?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, in my opinion it's only fit for pigs.

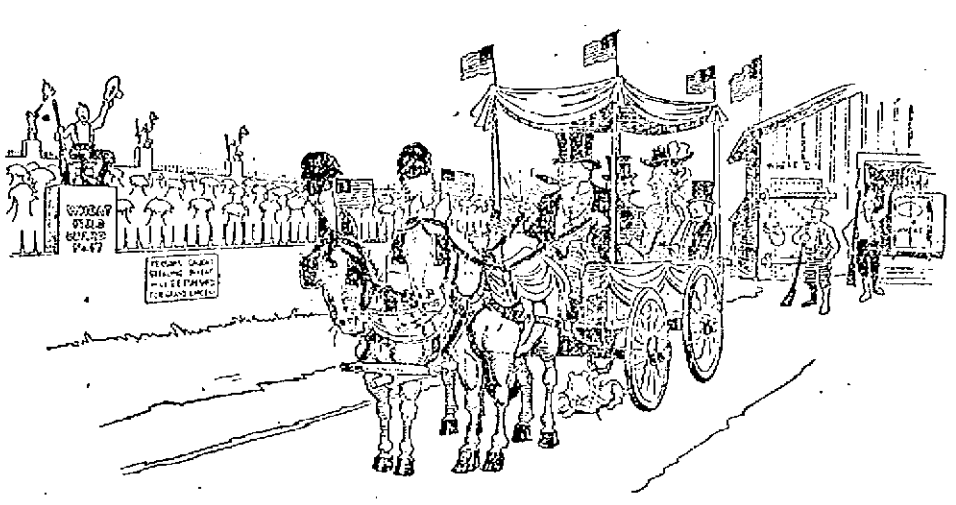
Hostess—Then have some more.—Argonaut.

A SAD FACT.

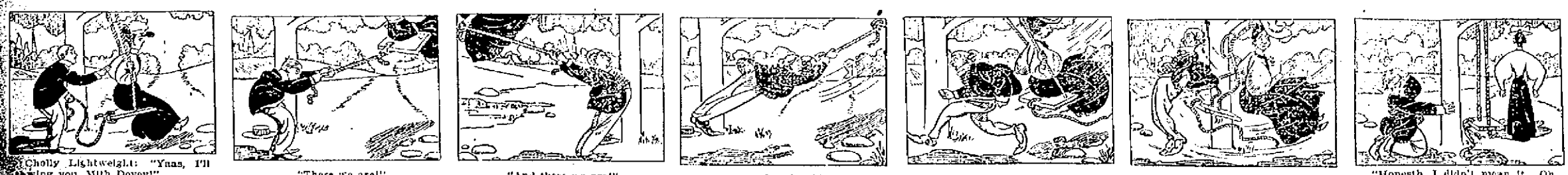


Impudent Choir Boy (to minister, who is "teaching himself"): "Here endeth the first lesson!"

THE FARMER SELLS HIS WHEAT AND GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR.



CHOLLY LIGHTWEIGHT, MISS DOVEY AND THE TRAGEDY OF THE SWING.



Cholly Lightweight: "Yaas, I'll swing you, Mith Dovey!"

"There we are!"

"And there we are!"

"Gwacious!"

"Heaventh! I'd better look out!"

"Oh, dear me!"

"Honesth, I didn't mean it. Oh, she goeth!"—New York Journal.

ODD - MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE FORM - UNIQUE.

GLEANINGS.

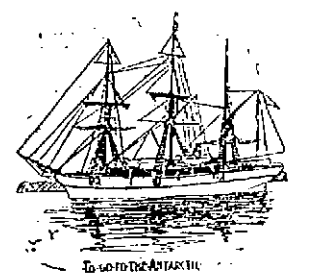
ON TO THE ANTARCTIC.

During the past few years, whilst public attention has been directed to North Polar exploration and its counterpart in the Antipodes, without any practical results as regards the latter, a Belgian Antarctic Expedition has been quietly fitted out at Sandefjord, Norway, under the able superintendence of Captain Adrient de Gerlache, its promoter, and Lieutenant Danco, of the Belgian Artillery, one of the scientific members of the expedition. The object of the enterprise is to penetrate those waters of Antarctica which have hitherto proved impenetrable to the unsuitable craft which endeavored



LIEUTENANT DE GERLACHE.

to navigate them, chart the coast line, if any be found, effect a landing at Cape Adare, where a house and observatory will be erected and left in charge of the above-named officers, together with a suitable number of men, who, during the course of their sojourn, will traverse the ice cap, or interior of the continent, as far as possible, endeavor to discover the true position of the south magnetic pole, make constant records of the climatic magnetic and astronomical conditions, etc., and add considerably to our present very slight and unsatisfactory knowledge of those regions. For this purpose the ship Belgica will, after completing her coal supply at Punta Arenas, touch at Graham's Land, work through Waddell Sea to Enderby Land, continuing her way along the shores of Wilkes Land to Cape Adare to Victoria Land, where the shore-going party will land and winter, the Belgica

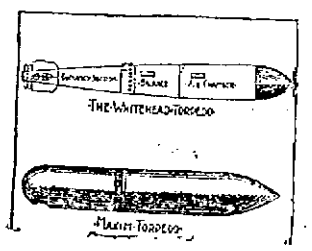


THE BELGICA IN THE ANTARCTIC.

herself, unless compelled by circumstances to remain, proceeding to Melbourne for a time, returning in the following year either to re-ship or revictual the explorers at Cape Adare. The Belgica is a Norwegian-built steam whaler, which is sufficient guarantee of her fitness for ice navigation, but she has been still further strengthened and prepared for her present purpose by her purchaser, Captain de Gerlache. She measures 263 tons, steams seven knots, is barque rigged, and appears to be a fine seaworthy vessel. The outfit is of the very best, comprising deep sea trawls for dredging, worked by special steam winches, patent sounding lines, whale guns, and, in fact, every kind of instrument and appliance necessary for marine, terrestrial, atmospheric and astronomic investigation. This well-equipped expedition is the only one that has ever sailed for the Antarctic in a steamship especially built for ice navigation.

THE MAXIM TORPEDO.

Mr. Hudson Maxim is a brother of Mr. Hiram Maxim, and he, too, is not innocent of designs upon the warlike strength of the world. He has invented a new instrument of destruction, than which we have seen nothing more terribly effective. It is an "aerial torpedo." This is practically a huge



shell filled with gun-cotton—a ton of gun-cotton! Mr. Hudson Maxim has also devised a special gun, with a range of five miles, for sending this messenger of death on its journey. Compared with the Whitehead torpedo, which carries a charge of 200 lbs. of gun-cotton, and has a range of less than a mile, the "air torpedo" is claimed to have an efficiency of fifty-five times greater, and to cost less. The illustration given above shows the relative size of the Whitehead and the Hudson Maxim "air torpedo."

Mrs. Humbugg (whose husband manufactures patent medicines)—Scientists have just discovered a new disease!

Mr. Humbugg (aghast)—The deuce! That will cost me dear.

Mrs. Humbugg—How so?

Mr. Humbugg—Why, I've just had 1,000,000 circulars printed advertising my new "Cureall." Now I'll have to have them all reprinted so as to get that confounded new disease into the list of certified cures.—Puck.

Jack—Is it true that Tom Dashing and Dollie Newrich are engaged?

Harry—Well, her people speak of it as an engagement, while his relatives call it an entanglement.—New York Journal.

THE TRANSVAAL EXPOSITION.

The great friendship existing between the little Boer republic ruled over by President Krueger and Germany, has been a matter of continual comment in European political circles. The most important features of this quietly-forming alliance, however, is the Transvaal exposition which is now in progress in Berlin, while its industrial purpose is, of course, of immense importance. The political motive underlying it all is a matter of no little concern to England. Thousands upon thousands have visited this Boer exposition, have marveled at its peculiarities and have ended in becoming firm friends with the Africans. The most interesting feature of the exposition is the Kraal, of which a picture is given herewith.

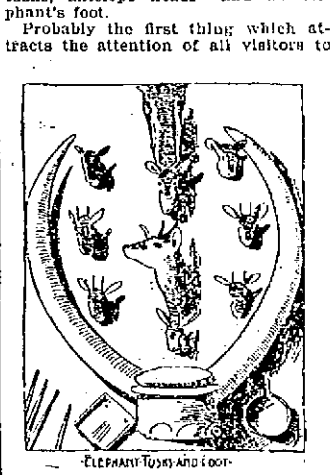


A TRANSVAAL KRAAL.

AN ELEPHANTINE WALL PIECE.

One of the most unique exhibitions in England is that collected by Mr. Selous, the great African hunter. The picture shows only a small portion of the elephants exhibit, a group of tusks, antelope heads and an elephant's foot.

Probably the first thing which attracts the attention of all visitors to



ELEPHANT TUSKS AND FOOT.

the museum is the group of lion's heads and skins which monopolize almost all the wall space at one end of the room. There is one corner in which there are eight heads, five of lions, two of lionesses, and one—that at the top—of a cheetah or hunting leopard. The opposite corner is similarly decorated, one of the lion's skins there shown being a gift from King Lo Bengula to Mr. Selous. While upon the subject of lions it may be noted that there are in the collection no fewer than sixteen heads and skins, but these by no means represent all the havoc the great African hunter has wrought among this the most terrible of all game to encounter. Mr. Selous has himself accounted for no fewer than twenty-five, and he has taken part in killing ten others.

If the members of the Texas Cotton Choppers' Association can manipulate the hoe like they can dispense genuine old-time hospitality they are what Col. Hogg is pleased to term blown daisies. They gave their first annual celebration recently. President Tipton delivered the opening address, welcoming all in the heartiest manner possible. The young ladies, he said, were welcome to the young men and everything else in the town.

At this juncture Colonel Hogg, who was the orator of the day and occupied a seat on the platform, made a swipe at a molasses haired baby which was standing near him. He kissed the baby on the head and it sounded like a Missouri mule pulling his foot out of the mud. The child glared at him and passed on, when the Hillsboro military band discoursed some excellent music. Turning to the News corresponding Col. Hogg nonchalantly observed, that he loved the little kid angels like a pup did politicker.

At the conclusion of Ex-Gov. Hogg's address Miss Burton presented him with a hand-painted hoe, and spoke a piece. In accepting the hoe the tempest-tossed executive spoke feelingly as follows:

"By this simple act you have placed me under still deeper obligations to you for many valued and appreciated kindnesses. The hoe is the first implement of commerce, the emblem of high civilization. The man who uses a hoe and lives by the sweat of his brow is too honest to steal, too industrious and independent to be a vag or a criminal. He is the man who makes and maintains good government. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this assurance of your friendship and esteem," and the ex-Governor grabbed the young lady and kissed her full in the mouth, while the great crowd applauded wildly.—Galveston News.

Strangely enough, the Queen of Italy has no ladies of the bedchamber and of the wardrobe, such as are to be found at the British court, and is very much at the mercy of slipshod, inexperienced girls for assistance in her toilet. Once a servant is engaged for the royal palace she is never dismissed, and this, perhaps, is the reason that Her Majesty is so poorly served. Court etiquette demands many elaborate toilets, being made each day by the Queen, and it is said that Her Majesty suffers much from this regulation, combined with the inefficiency of her maids.

Alice—What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is. He never addresses me without beginning "Fair miss."

Dorothy—Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street-car conductor.—Cleveland Leader.

GEN. SIR BINDON BLOOD.

General Sir Bindon Blood, K. C. B., who is in command of the Malakand Relief Force, was born 1842, and is the eldest son of Mr. William Bindon Blood, of Cranagher, County Clare, Ireland. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1860, became Captain in 1873, Major in 1879, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1882, and Colonel in 1886. He has seen much active service, having served with the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-78 in the Zulu War of 1879, in the Afghan War in 1879-80 with the Egyptian Expedition, 1882, and with the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, as Chief Staff Officer. For services in the last mentioned campaign Colonel Blood was made K.C.B. Last year he was appointed to command a second-class district in India, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

THE ASIATIC UPRISING.

All eyes are centered on Central Asia where the British Punitive expedition is now trying to quell what must be termed a religious war. Thus far the bulk of the fighting in the Malakand district has been in the Tochi Valley which lies east and west between Afghanistan and Waziristan; the river of that name which drains it is a shallow stream of varying breadth according to the season of the year; when the snows melt in the hills the river comes down in a torrent, a mile or more broad in some places, but, more often than not, the bed is almost dry except for a narrow stream running down the centre. The entrance to the valley from the Tochi Fort, one of the outposts from Bannu, is narrow and the aspect, as one approaches is that of a series of bare, low-lying hills rising to higher eminences in the background, the river winding its way in and out between them. The lower extremity of the valley is but little cultivated, but farther up the land on both banks is irrigated and fairly fertile, though this only applies to the actual parts close to the riverside, the hills being for the most part barren and bleak, and only cultivated so far as they are amenable to the primitive methods of irrigation which the Dawaris understand. The Tochi country thus generally outlined consists of the main valley and a labyrinth block of hills and smaller valleys running into it. The inhabitants, the Dawaris, are, to a certain extent, nomadic and pastoral, though they have some few large villages dotted here and there.

They are not a fighting race so much as their neighbors the Afridis; on the



AN AFRIDIS SCARE.



GEN. SIR BINDON BLOOD.

NATIVE ARTILLERY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

contrary, their chief characteristic seems to be cowardice. The Dawari is full of treachery, fanaticism, and cruelty. Though rarely willing to risk his life in open fight, he will lie in wait for his enemy to take him at a disadvantage if he can. In appearance he somewhat resembles the Waziri, but the latter does not dye his face, as is the custom in the Tochi. The Dawaris, like the Waziris, Momands, whose countries have only recently been taken over, were formerly subject to the Amir of Afghanistan, though could they but recognize the fact, they are infinitely better off under British rule.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The visitor to the island of Santa Catalina, or he who goes out on the launches from Long Beach or San Pedro, is always entertained by the remarkable flights of flying-fish, which in these waters attain a length of eighteen inches and a weight of two pounds. Alarmed by the boat or steamer, they dash out of the water by a vigorous movement of the screw-like tail and dash away in headlong flight, skimming over the waves like birds, presenting so remarkable an appearance that the tourist who has never seen so extraordinary a performance takes them for birds. The flying-fish is not flying, but it has four very wing-like fins which serve it a similar purpose; that is, it hurls itself out of the water by the aid of its tail, and then using the four winglike fins as parachutes, goes soaring away, covering a distance of an eighth of a mile; when the inertia fails, the tail of the fish drops, and the moment it strikes the water it begins a violent twisting, which sends the fish into the air again, and by repeating this the fish is enabled to cover the long distance. The wings or fins are not flapped, the only motion being a tremulous one imparted to them when the tail is twisted in the water. As the boat glides along these fish dart from the water and go soaring away on either side, and it is then that the sportsman, sitting in the bow, has an opportunity for some novel sport.

The fish move like some quail, very low, not more than two feet from the surface, and are not the easy shots one might imagine. They move rapidly and appear to rise and fall over the waves, and go sweeping away in graceful curves. Sometimes four or five are in the air at the same time, and the good shot can bring them down to the right and left. All that is needed to carry out the idea of quail shooting would be to have a dog, but there is a sea dog that flushes this attractive game, the agile tuna, a fierce creature known on the Atlantic seaboard as the horse mackerel. The flying-fish is its legitimate prey, and big schools come sweeping in from the deep sea, driving the schools of flying-fish before them, chasing them into the air, six, eight, ten feet, giving marvelous exhibitions of lofty tumbling. At such times the flying-fishes are crazed with terror, and leave the water by scores and hundreds. They fly into boats, out upon the dry beaches, strike boatmen who happen to be in the way of their headlong flight, and present a most attractive appearance to those who have never seen a flock of ocean flyers in the air with fish six or seven feet long pursuing in a series of leaps or jumps. Sometimes the tuna chases the flyer along just below the surface, catching it as it drops—a cloud of foam alone telling the story.—From Santa Catalina.

The downtown sights of New York are a joy to the New Yorker, who has a rural visitor on his hands, and with the Brooklyn Bridge, the exchanges, the Battery Park, the various high buildings, the churches and the crowds that ebb and flow through the congested thoroughfares, the man from the country is usually an animated exclamation point by the time the show is over. Still, his guide has usually omitted to point out to him one of the most remarkable things in that part of the great city. It can be seen only between noon and 1 o'clock, but if it happens to be on the list of the sightseer the recollection of the place will outlive some of the more conspicuous points on the tour. It is the business men's noon prayer-meeting in the old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The edifice is the oldest of that denomination on the island, and it looks its age. It is queer, quaint and old-fashioned, standing crowded in between business houses. In a commercial centre it looks strangely out of place, and yet its plain, sturdy exterior seems to look defiance at those who would have it replaced by a house reared for the acquirement of dollars and cents.

A few minutes before noon every day in the year the door is thrown wide open, and then the place seems to grin open-mouthed at the people who look at it askance. Men and women enter the open door and descend to the classroom, a few feet below the street level, and sit on old-fashioned settees, placed closely together. A musical instrument stands near the platform, and the walls, yellow with age, are decorated with old prints representing scenes from the Scripture and portraits of men prominent in the church. Noiselessly and reverently the people come, and by the time the prayer-meeting is opened the seats are well filled by two hundred men and women who, in the heart of the business part of New York, with the hum and buzz of metropolitan traffic coming in through the open doors, forget the world, lose sight of dollars and cents, and interest and discount, and with prayer and song commune with God. "When does the prayer-meeting season close?" a stranger asked one of the members of the congregation recently. "When do you have your vacation?"

"There is no such thing here," was the reply. "In the uptown churches business ceases during the hot weather, but we know that the devil is just as hard at work in summer as in winter, and we keep our prayer-meetings going through the summer on that account. Come here any day and you will find men and women who are anxious to find God and who, having found Him, know no greater pleasure than to serve Him."

It is an odd crowd that one sees in the little chapel. There are old men who lead in prayer in uptown churches and who have always gone to church and taken every opportunity to attend religious services, but there are men also to whom going to church was a thing unknown until they wandered into the John Street place. Then they became interested, came again, and were finally numbered among the regular attendants. To those who have noted the audiences at similar gatherings, the large number of young men becomes remarkable. Clerks who have only an hour for their noon meal spend the greater part of it there; young women came in from neighboring commercial houses, mechanics going from work sit on the benches beside the men who give them employment, and men in the uniforms of the Fire and Police departments, and sometimes one conspicuous in the white uniform of the Street Cleaning Department, form a part of the mixed audience. When the hymn is given out, one can see by the way in which they all sing that the visit of these people is not their first, and that the music is familiar to them. Sailor men, brawny fellows, whose looks and clothes stamp them as "tough citizens" and men of refinement elbow one another in the little room.

"Funny how I drifted in here," said a middle-aged man. "I am a New Englander, and I left the farm, like many other boys, to make a fortune in the city. Also, like many other boys, I didn't make it. Doing jobs downtown was my fortune, and one day, while I was helping to load a piece of machinery on a truck in this street, I got a reminder of home. Over the noise of the street, I heard the chorus: 'Oh, Boulnk Land!' and it seemed as if I had never heard it sung so well before. The men who were working with me must have thought me silly, but the old tune took me back home. I felt a lump in my throat, and I don't think I lifted an ounce when the word came: 'Now, all together!' I wished they'd sing it again. They didn't, but they sang another tune I know just as well, and I vowed I'd go there next day. I did; and I have gone whenever I could since then."—New York Tribune.

First and last there have been many different kinds of dollars in the United States—silver dollars, gold dollars and multifarious paper dollars of sometimes dubious value; and in other countries, iron, platinum, brass, bone, ivory, and even wheat and cotton goods have done duty as money. But the oddest "dollar" ever seen thus far, perhaps, is that coined, or rather quarried, by the chiefs of the island of Yap, one of the group of Caroline Islands in the South Pacific.

These Yap coins are even more cumbersome to carry about than the great silver "daddy dollar" of our own land. Vastly more cumbersome, indeed, since they weigh eighty pounds apiece and are over two feet in diameter! A defaulting cashier would certainly have difficulty in absconding with many of them!

Two of these strange pieces of money may now be seen in the National Museum at Washington. They are circular disks of coralline rock, dull white in color, yet apparently crystalline, twenty-six inches in diameter and from three to four inches thick. At the centre of each there is a round hole two inches and a half in diameter.

The Yap chief enjoys a monopoly in this singular sort of coinage. When in want of money, he has but to send his slaves to the quarry to fashion as many flat "dollars" as he needs.

His treasury is a number of long poles set on support in front of the royal hut. The dollars are struck on the poles like beads in a necklace; and the number of strings of these great stone dollars possessed by a chief is the gage of his wealth and respectability.

But if utility should be a characteristic of money, a dozen grindstones piled on a pole would be of more value than the whole of it.—Youth's Companion.

Some interesting experiments with the Gathmann high-explosive shell have been made at the Indian Head proving grounds. One of the Gathmann shells exploded in a big 12-inch gun at Indian Head recently and burst the valuable piece of ordnance. The naval officers did not accept this accident as proving the shell to be valueless. They have given it some practical tests without any trouble resulting.

In order to test the effect of the concussion produced by the explosion of the shell, four live chickens were placed in the rear of the target, 17-inch plate, with a backing two feet thick. The 200 pounds of gun cotton contained in the shell were exploded against the plate. One chicken, tied immediately behind the backing, was made crazy by the explosion. Another, confined in an air-tight cofferdam containing sufficient air to keep it alive, and placed fifteen feet from the target, was killed. The idea of having the cofferdam air-tight was to prevent the chicken from experiencing the concussion. The head of a chicken tied in the open air thirty-five feet from the plate was blown off and all its feathers removed, showing the terrible effect of the concussion, while the fourth fowl, placed in an air-tight cofferdam thirty-nine feet distant was dazed, but not unconscious. It died the next day.—New York Sun.

R. L. Elkin, a prominent farmer near Lancaster, N. Y., has devoted several years to raising domestic fowls of different breeds, and has now on hand a few fowls which are attracting the attention of the public on account of their unusual color, size, and form, and their aptitude to imitate, which makes a near approach to intelligence and bids fair to dispense with errand boys, shepherd dogs, and telephones. They are a cross between the Minorca and a fowl which was sent him by his friend, Col. John Mills, now United States Consul at Falkland Islands, which in many respects resembles the parrot, though not so clumsy.

The fowls weigh about three pounds, have sharp claws, a long beak, slightly carved, large yellow eyes, a white crest, dark green plumage, and an intelligent expression. They fly rapidly and although domesticated they have a tendency to roam for hours at a time. He calls them "minims" because of their size. From the time they come from the shell they are easily handled and are fond of human society, always manifesting a disposition to imitate human action and make articulate sounds approximating the language of the parrot. They are non-sitters, but their eggs will hatch in fourteen days. They will only roost in trees or on the roof of a house. On the approach of a stranger they make a shrill clatter like the guinea fowl, and when anything unusual is about to occur they make a loud noise, which sounds like the words "Look out!" Their timely warning is invaluable in many instances. If a dog or any other animal ventures into their inclosure he meets with such a reception as to insure a speedy departure, with no inclination to return. The sharp curved beak and sharp claws have inflicted many wounds on intruders.

Unerring instinct seems to give them an accurate idea of the time of day, and when the regular routine of farm work has been performed in sight of them they seem to realize any delay in the same work on a succeeding day. Mr. Elkin's bluegrass pasture in which his milch cows graze contains about fifty acres and extends up to the barnyard. He asserts positively that the cowboy, who always fed them after milking, was late coming from the field one evening last week, and he saw two of the fowls fly away in the direction of the cows, one of which was lying down. They lighted upon her and induced her to rise by a gentle touch with their claws. The same inducement was applied to the whole herd until they were marched to the milk pen. These acts are the result of observation and the fowls bid fair to become more valuable than the dog to herdsmen.—Louisville Dispatch.

The American rain-making experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the State Department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria, which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rain-making theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions.

The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common, and severe in Austria, especially on the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape the question arose whether some means of preventing the falling of hail could not be devised. The explosion experiment was tried and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each side of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station built of wood, for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station. The neighboring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm fire all the mortars simultaneously. Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder; the report makes no mention of a projectile. The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered and the storm prevented. At the first trial of the system, after a few moments' firing the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared. This process was accompanied by no hail or even rain.

During the summer the firing was undertaken six times, and always with the same result. Thus it appears that while man may not be able to force nature to work at his bidding, he may at least compel her to remain idle for a time.—Washington Star.

A story was told by a gentleman of New York of an experience that a brother of his, a blind man, had while he was in the city from a small town in Jersey, where he resides. On the day mentioned the blind man was without a guide and stood on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, wishing to cross the street. While debating with himself as to whether he would try it alone or call a policeman, a woman came up and addressed him, saying: "Mister, would you be kind enough to help me across the street? There is such a jam of trucks and carts that I am afraid to try to cross alone." "Certainly, with pleasure, madam," he responded and offering her his arm, they started across Broadway, crossing in safety. "Thank you, very much," said the woman. "No, madam. It is I who am thankful, for I am blind and you helped me to avoid that dangerous crossing very nicely," said the man. "Oh!" said the woman in reproachful tones. "You horrid man! Why, I might have been run over."

Willie Smallwitz—I had a hard fall from my wheel, and I tell you it knocked me silly.

Ethel Smartwitz—Too bad, and can't you find a doctor who can help you?

"Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes around the bottom."

"What did they tell him?"

"To wear knickerbockers."

CURIOUS FACTS

THE LAUGHING "JACKASS."

While the famous "Laughing Jackass" of Australia, has found a place in most zoological gardens, it has remained for Mr. Saville-Kent, the great naturalist to discover a new species in North Queensland. The picture shows this peculiar "Laughing Jackass" in the act of having killed and snapped up a mouse, whose delicacy of flavor he is anticipating by meditative contemplation, preparatory to swallowing it whole. This bird is not the true "laughing jackass," so well known to visitors at Zoological Gardens. Indeed, Mr. Saville-Kent is inclined to think its name somewhat

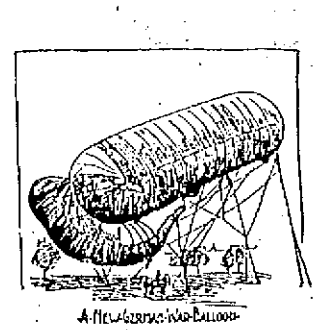


LAUGHING JACKASS.

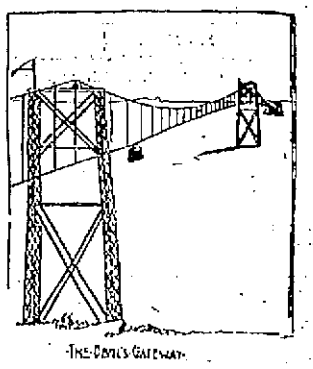
inappropriate, since "it can scarcely be said to laugh, and its 'smile' at close quarters is so loud and ear-piercing that unsympathetic neighbors most uncharitably defined it as a compromise between the shriek of a locomotive engine and a trolley car buzz."

THE DEVIL'S DYKE RAILWAY.

The Devil's Dyke, situated about six miles to the north-west of Brighton, England, is a remarkable chasm, having on one side a table-land over 700 feet above sea-level, from which a splendid panoramic view is obtainable. On its southern side the table-land is easy of access, but the approach from the north is barred by a forbidding escarpment, and can only be achieved by a roundabout route. To do away with this detour, and to make the table-land of the Dyke as easy of access on the north as on the south side, a railway of a novel character has been constructed. The new line descends direct from the top of the hill to the plain below at a point about a quarter of a mile from the village of Poynings. It is only 840 feet long, and claims to be the shortest public railway in England. Two cars are used for the service, one ascending while



A HILL-CLIMBING MOTOR-BALLOON.



THE DEVIL'S GATEWAY.

the other descends. The cars are open, and are fitted with four sets of steel-jaw brakes, possessing grip sufficient to stop and hold the car steady at any point of the line. A three-minutes' exciting ride suffices to convey the car from the top of the hill to the terminus at the bottom. The cars are hauled by stout wire cables, worked by engine. The permanent way is laid on a solid bed of concrete, and throughout, the construction has been modelled on the principle adopted in the mountain railways of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus.

E. C. BREDIN.

E. C. Bredin, the half mile world's champion sprinter, who just conquered Kilpatrick in two great races in England, is expected to compete in America next year and it is believed



CHAMPION BREDIN.

that the title of world's champion will then be wrested from him.

THE NEW GERMAN WAR BALLOON

The aeronants of the German Army have made remarkable advances in the way of military ballooning, and their latest exploit shows a complete revolution in the manufacture of this now so necessary war article. The new style is made in the shape of an immense sausage which it is claimed pierces the air with much more ease than the circular balloon. At one end of this is the ballast balloon, which is also used for steering purposes. The first experiments proved very successful.

It is told that a young farmer of western Burke county wrote to the State Board of Agriculture for information regarding some part of his farm work, and the board replied by a type written letter. This made the young farmer mad, he taking the typewritten letter as an insinuation that he could not read "pen and ink writing." He immediately sent the letter back to the department, with a message to them not to send him any more "printed letters;" that he could "read writin' yit."—Morganton Herald.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 45	9 53	6 00	*7 07
6 25	7 40	8 25	7 51
6 43	7 53	9 40	12 36
*8 05	8 12	7 53	9 10
*7 20	8 38	*8 50	10 10
*7 25	8 18	*9 04	10 38
*7 33	8 50	9 35	*10 23
*1 45	8 37	*9 30	10 07
*7 50	8 53	10 00	11 15
*8 50	9 43	10 45	11 56
9 15	10 35	11 30	*12 02
9 43	10 45	12 00	*12 56
11 00	12 04	*1 00	1 36
*11 42	12 25	*1 15	1 02
*12 16	1 08	4 00	3 04
1 50	2 50	*3 10	*3 40
3 00	4 25	3 47	5 03
*3 47	4 30	4 14	*5 32
*4 02	4 45	4 37	5 55
4 25	6 30	*5 00	6 45
*5 22	6 13	5 33	6 35
5 44	7 10	6 47	6 57
*5 52	7 07	6 14	*7 30
*7 10	9 17	7 30	*8 08
8 40	9 42	*8 00	*8 25
		10 15	11 22
		11 23	12 22

Sunday Trains.

*7 00	8 10	9 15	*9 05
*7 25	8 15	9 00	*10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	*1 57
*9 10	10 10	5 00	*5 57
*4 25	6 30	7 45	*8 15
*5 55	7 05	9 00	*10 05

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
9 00	11 55	6 03	7 30
7 15	9 10	9 23	10 37
9 25	10 39	10 25	11 18
10 50	12 02	11 54	1 05
12 03	1 37	2 15	3 18
12 45	1 58	3 49	4 55
2 30	3 14	4 23	5 13
2 55	4 02	5 01	6 20
4 05	5 23	6 04	7 13
5 10	6 42	6 35	7 48
6 15	7 26	9 40	10 31
7 40	8 56	11 15	12 15
9 25	10 20		

Sunday Trains.

8 15	9 22	8 09	9 17
12 05	1 26	11 45	12 56
4 15	5 28	5 09	6 16
5 50	6 55	8 10	9 43
8 45	9 58		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Middlesex street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway street.

*Express.

†From Middlesex St. station only.

‡ Runs to Lowell Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

Sold on the Cunard, White Star, American, Allan, Anchor, Warren, French, German, and Italian steamship lines to or from Boston, New York, Liverpool, and Queenstown. Drafts issued for £1 and upwards on Ireland, England, Scotland, and all parts of the world. English sovereigns and Canada bills bought at Murphy's steamship agency, 18 Appleton st.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

For a few days, with a pound of Tea, a big grey enamelled tea or coffee pot is given away. Dickson Bros., the big tea dealers, 63 Merrimack st.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smokers enjoy Old Hundred cigars.

T. C. Lee, Fire Ins., 223 Central st.

Lost—A St Bernard pup, about ten months old. Last seen on Middlesex street. Reward at 324 Market street.

If your coal does not suit you, try Mullin, the 1018 Gorham street coal dealer. You can get him by telephone.

A horse-power sawing machine and a light driving horse for sale cheap at Roarke & Sullivan's office, 984 Gorham street.

The Penhodys had their annual outing yesterday at Lakeview. Over 50 of the family attended and ate a chicken dinner in the grove. It was under auspices of the ladies. A good boat ride on the lake was highly enjoyed, as well as the regular sports to be found on the grounds.

NOTICE.

Klondike parties will be interested in John M. Pevoy's ad. which appears in another column.

J. E. CONANT & CO'S

SALES FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11th

WEDNESDAY.

Administrator's sale of the Weaver estate at the corner of Middlesex and Walker streets. Residence, stable, 9000 square feet of land. On Wednesday, September 8th, promptly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I shall sell to the highest bidder the Marin E. Weaver property at the corner of Middlesex and Walker streets, number 1057 Middlesex street. The sale is by virtue of a license issued by the probate court for the county of Middlesex. Modern house of nine rooms, also bath room, pantries, laundry, immense closets, cellar, and store rooms. The house is very convenient excellently arranged, prettily finished, and substantially constructed. It's in splendid repair, is certainly a mighty nice home; possesses a fine location; has lots of room, and will prove upon inspection not only attractive, but unusually desirable. The stable has ample room for four horses; the carriage house is immense and both have gas, city water, and sewerage. The lot has a frontage of 100 feet on Middlesex street, 65 feet on Walker street, and an area of 6372 square feet. Around the lot are many magnificent shade trees, and upon the lot are fruit trees and vines, shrubbery, and flowering bushes. The estate is right up to date in its modern appointments and the necessary features for pleasant housekeeping and comfortable living. After the sale of the realty there are some house furnishings to be sold, including carpets, parlor set, piano, roll-top desk, dining room set, chamber furniture and pictures. Also about six tons of coal. The sale will take place rain or shine; will begin promptly.

—Charles F. Coburn, Adm.

THURSDAY.

Splendid lot of land for improvement on Bridge street. Excellent building lot of 14,000 square feet. Thursday, Sept. 9th, promptly at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we shall sell without limit or reserve to the highest bidder the second lot of land from Tenth street on the easterly side of Bridge street, adjoining the handsome residence of Mr. D. H. Varnum, and one of the most desirable unimproved parcels of real estate on Bridge street today. The frontage is 75 feet; the exact area 14,210 square feet; the chance for a fine residence, AI; the opportunity for a nice double house, first class; plenty of room for stable, garden, and ornamental structures. Bridge street has all the advantages and conveniences of any street in Lowell; is also a main thoroughfare to and from the city; few streets in Lowell have had more improvements or grown to business faster in 15 years than Bridge street. Land on this street, while it may temporarily for a short period hesitate in its growing value, must of necessity in the near future become very valuable; opinions will not hold up against facts. It's the principal street of one of the very largest business and residential sections of the city of Lowell and all streets and parts of Centralville lead to it and are tributary to it. This is the last opportunity for the present generation to purchase at "depressed times" prices. In four months there'll be a good profit over present prices.

—J. E. Conant & Co.
For all parties at interest.

FRIDAY.

Assignees' sale of bicycles at G. N. Crockett's bicycle agency, Concord, N. H.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 31 MERK ST.

DINGLEY'S TALE

Of How Section 22 was Not Smuggled

INTO THE TARIFF BILL IN THE RUSH.

The Amendment was Adopted in Open Senate.

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 4.—The originators of section 22 of the tariff law did not intend it to affect the bonded privilege under which foreign merchandise can be shipped and forwarded through Canada, according to the Lewiston Evening Journal, Nelson Dingley's newspaper. The Journal editorially says of the section:

The controversy which has arisen over section 22 has come entirely over two amendments—one having been made by the senate and another by the conference. The section as framed by the ways and means committee and passed by the house was the same as in all previous tariffs, and if it had not been amended after it left the house no question could have arisen respecting it.

The senate amendment to section 22 amended the house section by striking out the words, "or any act of congress," in the conditional clause, which is the modification of importance that is causing the most controversy. Many papers, in commenting on the section, assume that the conferees inserted this amendment, and proceed to comment on what they call a "trick in the dark," etc. The fact is, however, that this amendment was adopted in open senate.

The other amendment, it now seems, was adopted by the conferees simply to prevent an evasion of the section by the landing of foreign merchandise in Canada by vessels not entitled to equal privileges in our ports, then shipping it to the United States, and was not intended or understood to affect the bonding privilege under which foreign merchandise can be continuously shipped and forwarded through Canada. Undoubtedly, when finally settled, this amendment will be construed as the conferees intended, and therefore all the contention over it fell to the ground.

GRAND SENIOR WOODWARD.

Grand Senior Woodward Stafford exemplified the new ritual at the meeting of Court General Butler, F. of A. last night. At the next meeting there will be initiations under the new ritual Brother McMullen, who was a delegate from Court General Shields to the supreme convention at Denver, gave an interesting talk in description of the trip the convention and the sights seen.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER



Dirt of any kind on any thing quickly yields to the easy effort of the housewife who uses this great cleaner. Largest package—greatest economy. Ask the grocer for it.

NEW GOODS!

LATEST NOVELTIES FOR THE FALL SEASON.

Your inspection cordially invited.

Louis Alexander,

Formerly of Fifth Avenue, New York Importer and Tailor.

NO. 65 CENTRAL STREET.

LOWELL.

Goods Will Never Be As Cheap Again

At least there has been a decided reaction from the downward course of prices that started in 1893. Since the passage of the Dingley tariff bill all kinds of merchandise have advanced from 15 to 50 per cent. Fortunately having anticipated the coming rise of prices, we contracted for our Lowell and Birmingham, Ala., stores more than $300,000 worth of desirable merchandise. Although these goods have now advanced considerably, we will sell them all at the old prices, and thereby save our customers nearly $100,000.

STOCK OF

Men's Fall Suits

NOW OPENED.

The advance guard of our new Men's Fall Suits has arrived. They represent the most attractive styles, the newest shades and combinations, the best milled woolens, the best made and fitting Suits in the city.

Our prices range:

$5, $6, $7, $8, $10, $12, $13, $15 and $18.

J. L. Chalifoux

49 to 59 Central Street.

When you buy Sarsaparilla Ask for the best and you'll Get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get The Best.

APPROPRIATIONS

City Departments Want More Money to Get Along.

COMMITTEE ENDEAVORS TO PIECE OUT FUNDS.

Some Departments are Very Low.

The committee on appropriations held a long conference with the heads of departments to arrive at some conclusion as to the amount required to piece out appropriations. Supt. Bray asked for $19,000 for school houses and Supt. Whitcomb wanted $92,500 for schools.

On streets and bridges the original call was for $100,000 for streets and $25,000 for paving. The amount allowed was $67,500. Of this sum, Supt. Fowler said that he had spent but $51,000.

The present cost of the department is $12,186 a month. This would require $25,000 for two months. For November and December it will cost $16,000 and Charles street will cost $6000 which will make a total of $47,000. Aside from this, the Wilder street bridge needs to be repaired and it will cost money—not less than $3000. If Varnum avenue is finished, according to a vote of the city government a few years ago, $8000 more will be required. This will bring the total to over $62,000. But if Gorham and Chelmsford streets are to be paved $30,000 more will be needed, making a grand total of $92,000.

Supt. Fowler thought that $45,000 was absolutely necessary.

The other amounts asked for are: Cemeteries, $4000; pauper department, $28,500; fire department, $37,000; lighting, $3,459; health, $16,500; military aid, $3,000; state aid, $4000.

After all the departments had been heard from there was a general discussion and an adjournment was taken to Wednesday evening, Sept. 8.

ALDERMEN MEET

AND DRAW JURORS FOR SEPTEMBER TERM.

The aldermen held a special meeting last night and drew the following jurors: James A. Hadley, 204 Tenth street; W. A. Arnold, 75 Fremont street; Theodore E. Parker, 5 James court; J. Clark Glidden, 1 Belmont street; Thomas Curley, 22 Lyons street; Addison Churchill, 74 Dover street.

The mayor then appointed Alderman Howe and Alderman Pierce a committee to designate polling places for the state and city elections.

J. H. Whitely was discharged as a call man from the fire department.

A communication was received from President Charles P. de Langle in behalf of the French Artisans, a new French organization now being formed, in the city, to attend a reception to be given to His Excellency, Sir J. A. Chapleau, Lieut.-Governor of the province of Quebec, at Associate hall Sunday morning.

The invitation was accepted.

The Ladies' Loyal Orange Association initiated two candidates last night and received two applications for membership.

Stick to the Directions,



if you want to get the most good out of Pearline. Otherwise, you'll be putting in too much, and wasting the Pearline, and calling it expensive. Or you won't put in enough, and so you won't get as much help from it as you expected, and you'll have to do more work. Directions on every package for hot and cold water washing, with and without boiling. These simple, easy directions have revolutionized the work of washing.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N.Y.

Any one who suffers from that terrible plague, itching piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that come through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

Splendid Business Opportunity

A CHANCE SELDOM OFFERED IN LOWELL.

Stock and Fixtures of one of the Most Attractive Shoe Stores in Lowell For Sale.

Well established business; fine location; reasonable rent; great corner for shoe repairing and a grand opening for the right man. Apply at Sun Office if you are interested.

NEW COAL YARD

NEW COAL, NEW BUILDINGS, NEW LOCATION, IN SHORT EVERYTHING NEW AT

JOSEPH MULLIN'S

953 GORHAM ST., OPP. MOORE ST.

The business formerly carried on in the old Mollohan coal yard is all removed to our new yard where everything is better than ever before. Coal, Wood and Grain will be delivered promptly and at the lowest prices.

HONEST GOODS
HONEST WEIGHT
HONEST PRICES

We have no middleman to divide profits with and can always give you the advantage of this. You can order Coal, Wood or Grain either in person, or by postal or telephone, and remember the new yard,

953 Gorham St., Opp. Moore St.

JOS. MULLIN, Prop.

COOK, TAYLOR & CO.

CENTRAL STREET.

Fur Collarettes

Are going to be very stylish this coming fall and winter. We have a great variety of them at very reasonable prices.

Electric Seal Collarettes, $5, worth $9.

Electric Seal Collarettes, with star collars, $6.00 worth $10.00.

Electric Seal Collarettes, with fancy collars at $8, worth $12.50.

Elegant Electric Seal Collarettes with Astrachan yoke and collar, $4.50, worth $8. This is the greatest offering of the season.

Astrachan Collarettes, $2.50, worth $4.50.

Electric Seal Collarettes, $2.50, worth $4.50.

JACKETS.

We have just opened up our new line of Fall and Winter Jackets in all the newest fabrics and patterns, prices range from $2.98 to $25.00.

WRAPPERS, 49c.

Closing out about 75 perfect fitting Lawn Wrappers, the regular $1 sort, at only 49c. for choice. Don't think we can give you these at any time, we expect to close the lot out today at 49c. for the regular $1 Ladies' Lawn Wrappers, in sizes 32 to 44.

Balance of our Ladies' 25c. Small Silk Bows to wear with linen collars, only 10c. each.

A lot of Gilt Belts, will not tarnish and will wear all winter, 10c. each, worth 25c.

Cook, Taylor & Co.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.

MERRIMACK, PALMER AND MIDDLE STREETS.

SALE OF BLEACHED "DWIGHT" REMNANTS.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF "DWIGHT"

Bleached Cotton

We are displaying in our large Palmer street window the largest lot of Bleached Cottons of one make ever shown in Lowell, having opened

75,000 Yards of All Widths.

"Dwight Anchor" Cottons rank the highest in quality and finish, and for durability among all other New England cottons.

This sale will include long remnants of all the different widths made by this corporation at about one-quarter less of regular prices as follows:

3-4 wide at 4c. yard. 7-8 wide at 4½c. yard. Yard wide at 5c. yard. 4-4 "Anchor" brand 5½c. yard. 9-8 and 5-4 Pillow Casing 8½c. yard. 48 in. and 50 in. wide "Anchor," 9c. yard. 6-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 10c. yard. 7-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 12½c. yard. 8-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 14c. yard. 9-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 16c. 10-4 Sheeting, 17c.

N. B.—Prices on all Cottons are sure to go up higher before this year is out and it would be the interest of all to provide for future wants of such good cottons as we are selling in this lot.

A. G. Pollard & Co.

FOR WOMEN'S EYES

TUESDAY'S SUN WILL CONTAIN A WHOLE PAGE DEVOTED TO THE ODDS AND ENDS WHICH INTEREST WOMEN. IDEAS WHICH MAKE WOMEN LOOK WELL, FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, THE AMERICAN GIRL, ETC.

THE LOWELL SUN

21ST YEAR | LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897. | 12 PAGES 1 CENT

FOR EVERYBODY'S EYES

THERE IS SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE SUN. BRIGHT SPECIALS, CLEVER PICTURES, SMOKING HOT TELEGRAPHIC NEWS, AND A SOUND EDITORIAL POLICY. THE SUN IS THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

SECOND EDITION

THE WEATHER.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

The weather predictions for the ensuing twenty-four hours are as follows: Fair tonight and Sunday. Slightly warmer during Sunday, with easterly winds.

ALMANAC, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4.

Sun rises—5:13; sets, 6:13.
Length of day—13h.
Moon sets—10:50 p. m.
High water—4:30 a. m.; 5 p. m.

MORE GOLD FIELDS

Discoveries in Michigan on the Increase.

PROSPECTORS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL SIDES.

Indians Claim Richer Finds in Manitou.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 4.—The value of the gold discoveries along the Michepiccoten river increases every day and surprisingly rich showings of gold are found. The region is easily accessible. The prospectors are pouring in from all directions. The Indians claim that still richer deposits lie along the shores of Manitou and Dog lakes, and they say pay dirt can be found along the two hundred streams which pour into the valley.

NEW SUN ARTIST

TO SUCCEED MR. DUNTLEY WHO GOES TO THE BOSTON HERALD.

Today the Sun loses its celebrated artist, Mr. Wilbur L. Duntley, who begins next week as a special turf artist for the Boston Herald. Mr. Duntley during his nine months service in the Sun has made many friends and admirers. The Boston Herald, appreciating his superiority, particularly in the horse line, has offered him full charge of the turf illustrating department at a handsome salary. Mr. Duntley leaves Lowell with the best wishes of a host of friends. He will be succeeded on the Sun by Mr. C. A. Roberts of Rochester, one of the best newspaper artists in the country. In the future Lowell people will find much that is of interest in the sporting pages of the Herald. The Sun illustrating department will be kept up to a high standard under the skilful care of Mr. Roberts, who will, no doubt, win the favor of the Sun readers.

LOWELL MAN PRESENT

AT SEPTEMBER MEETING OF THE IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The September meeting of the Council of the American-Irish Historical society was held at Pawtucket, R. I. Thursday, the council being entertained by the Rhode Island members.

James Heery of Lowell, Mass., was also admitted. He is a brother of Col. Luke Heery of Lowell, who was on the staff of Gov. Waller of Connecticut.

Letters of regret were received from Gov. Dyer and Rear Admiral Belknap U.S.N.

During the meeting Secretary General T. Hamilton Murray exhibited several old documents of interest. They related to early Irish settlers in Rhode Island.

In the evening a banquet was served at the Benedict House and remarks were made by T. H. Murray, Joseph Smith of Lowell, Mass.; Dennis H. Sheahan, Providence; Rev. P. Farrelly of Central Falls, and James Jeffrey Roche of Boston.

GOULD VS. EATON

LOWELL MAN SUES NASHUA'S CHIEF OF POLICE.

The case of Gould vs. Eaton was heard in the supreme court room at Nashua, N. H., Thursday, before Referee J. E. Young of Exeter. It is a suit brought against Chief of Police Eaton by George E. Gould of this city formerly of Nashua, for $5000 damages for assault and kidnapping his child, Belle M. Gould.

Mr. Gould alleges that the assault occurred in the Nashua police court on Oct. 8, 1891. According to the plaintiff, Chief of Police Eaton helped the mother retain possession of the child against the child's and her father's wishes.

John H. Morrison, Esq., of this city appeared for the plaintiff and Messrs. Burns & Hamblett of Nashua for the defendant.

J. P. O'DONNELL
UNDERTAKER,
Market, Corner Worthen Street.
Telephone.

$34 A Fine Piano, seven octaves, made by Lord & Co., I will sell for $34
GEORGE A. GARDNER, 20 Prescott Street.

GOOD SATISFACTION. Our Teas and Coffees give good satisfaction to our patrons. If you are not already one of our many customers we would like to have you begin now. DICKSON BROS. 68 Merrimack Street.



F. G. R. GORDON of Manchester, N. H., One of the Speakers at the Labor Demonstration.

WIGGINVILLE UP IN ARMS

Against Building Committee of the New School House

Big Demonstration and Parade This Afternoon—There Will be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight—Account of the Trouble.

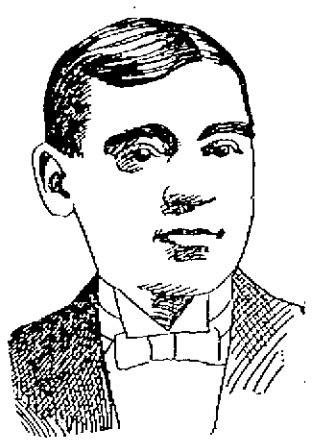
The following is written by a prominent citizen of Wigginville on the great school site question:

A brief account of the cause of the existing school agitation in the Wigginville district will not be out of place at this time. It will be remembered by the readers of the Sun, as its columns have been frequently used, thanks to to its genial editor, for the discussion of this important question. Important because first the question arises "Shall the citizens and taxpayers of the town of Tewksbury designate when and where and how its money shall be expended?" Second, "Shall it be dictated to by men whose interests are apparently other than the interests of those by whom they were elected?"

To the latter I would say "Ten thousand times 'No.' "The time has come when the pepple of Wigginville shall arise from their slumber and shake off the fetters of bull-dozing and stand on their rights as free men in this liberty-loving, God-given land.

To return to the question: It will be remembered by the readers of these columns that the town of Tewksbury at its last annual town meeting, accepted the superintendent's report and the school committee's report which read as follows:

At the present time there are four schools in this section of the town. Two



JOSEPH WILDE.



RICHARD SYKES.

of them are in the school buildings built within ten years. The other two are in a building leased to the town by Mr. William Wiggin in the year 1893-1894, at an expense of $156 per year. When the use of this building was secured, it was realized that it was not a suitable place and that it was expensive, but it seemed the best thing however, as a temporary expedient. Today there are thirty-four pupils actually attending school in each one of the two rooms in this building. The seating capacity—if a chair and a desk be regarded as such—is 34. The air capacity is 157 cubic feet per child, 300 feet being regarded as only a fair allowance when ample provision is made for ventilation. There is practically no system of ventilation in the building. The lighting surface four windows on one side and two on the other, is in area one-tenth of the floor surface, while the minimum approved is one-sixth of floor area. There are no cloak rooms and the school rooms proper have to be used for such ends. The floor area is so small that it requires crowdin g thedesks and reducing the space allowed for aisles, the standing of classes, etc. The building is heated by wood stoves and in the crowded condition of the school, some pupils are subjected to a degree of temperature exceedingly injurious. The above conditions are not conducive to good health or to any flattering educational results. In fact, I believe it a waste of money to conduct schools in such a way and that there is an even question whether positive harm is not done to the child.

—Junius C. Knowlton.

"The additional school in Wigginville has been in use during the whole of this year. The committee desires to call desires to call the attention of the votors of the town and especially of the voters of that district to the conditions under which some of the children of that district are trying to get an education. Several years ago, when the large schoolhouse there became crowded, a small structure, used originally for a little shop, was hired by the community to contain the overflow of scholars. Later, a second room was fitted up in the same building. In this place, with absolutely no ventilation, which is just as fit for a schoolhouse as a pig pen would be for human beings to live, sixty-eight scholars are crowded together. It is a matter of the greatest surprise that under such conditions, an epidemic has not broken out among the children.

—John F. French,
Charles H. Battles,
Emily Pagelsen Howard.

Four thousand dollars was appropriated to acquire land and build a schoolhouse to replace this "slaughter house."

A committee was appointed, composed of John F. French, whose father-in-law is a large land owner in South Lowell; C. H. Battles, who cries out, "Your children have been so used to

(Continued to Page 3.)

THE SUN EXTRA 5 O'CLOCK

FATAL SHOOTING

George S. Harris Kills Mrs. Butters Today.

HE SHOT THE MOTHER AND THE SON.

Then Turned Weapon on Himself.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Concord, Mass., Sept. 4.—George S. Harris of Waltham shot and instantly killed Mrs. George Butters at her home this noon and then shot her son Carleton, twice in the face and turned the pistol on himself, inflicting a dangerous wound in the forehead. Carleton Butters will die. No cause for the crime is known.

MORE MINERS OUT.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Pittsburg, Sept. 4.—The strikers in Camp Desolation, Plum Creek, made a large gain from the ranks of the De Armitt miners during the early morning. Fifty men from Export, Pa., were interviewed while on their way to the pit and the result was that they agreed to quit work in the Plum Creek mine. Most of them have returned to their homes.

OFF FOR THE PROVINCES.

Joseph Smith, clerk of the police board, and wife start today for Nova Scotia and will travel all through that section of the country. They will be gone about three weeks.

EXPENSIVE SCHOOL.

For the past three months, the school department was called upon to pay over $1000 to the County for the support of Lowell boys at the truant school in North Chelmsford.

Misses Maude Riley, Lena Ewing, Annie Conlan Sarah McCaffrey, Jennie Dunham and Etta King have gone to Marblehead Neck to enjoy a week's vacation. In fishing and boating. They hope to bring home a good string of fish to show their luck.

"WILD GOOSE CHASE."

This week on Tuesday, the people engaged for "A Wild Goose Chase" will arrive here and commence rehearsals. Charles M. Goodwin, the manager of the company is an old Lowell resident. They open their season in Lawrence September 23, 24, and 25 and Lowell theatre goers will see them at Music hall at a later date.

BOY DROWNED.

Boston, Sept. 4.—Hobart F. Marsh, the 12-year-old son of George F. Marsh of 13 Blossom street Chelsea, was drowned yesterday afternoon while bathing in Chelsea Creek at a point about 200 yards below the new metropolitan pumping station.

The body was recovered by James Barry of the Mill Stream boat club and Robert Blakeley, who were out in a boat on the creek.

From the Factory to the Foot.

OUR OWN MAKE.

$2 Ladies' Boots

Pay No Tribute to the Jobber.

Always reliable, stylish and comfortable, made in all widths of toe, lace and button.

Our name is stamped on the sole of each pair. We sell to no other dealer.

For School Wear.

We make them of Box Calf and heavy Dongola with medium toes and tips of same. If they wear better than other goods you want them; ask any one who has tried our Shoes—they have stood all kinds of competition for over twenty years, looks as if they had merit.

O'SULLIVAN BROS.
OPP. CITY HALL.



JOSEPH O'ROURKE, Marshal of Labor Parade.

BIG LABOR DEMONSTRATION

Arranged for Tomorrow Evening at Huntington Hall by Trades Council.

Harry Lloyd of Boston to Speak—Labor Day Observance—Sports a Feature—Business Suspended.

The labor demonstration arranged for tomorrow evening is intended mainly to appeal for sympathy for the striking miners who are suffering the utmost hardships and privations under the oppressive injunctions and the persecutions of the mine operators who are endeavoring to starve them into submission. Perhaps there never was a strike in this country in which the cause of labor in general was so completely wound up as in the present strike of the miners in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The operators are taking every advantage in their power, and the miners are so hampered they cannot exercise the rights of free speech or of public meeting in the interest of their cause. Mr. Lloyd who is to address the labor meeting tomorrow evening, has just returned from the scene of this great labor trouble and can give a very interesting account of the wretched condition of the miners and their families.

Of late little has been said of the local labor unions, as they have preferred in these hard times, to work quietly and untiringly for each other and the question has been asked, Is the interest in organized labor on the wane?

Nothing of the kind is the case, happily and the labor unions in Lowell today are better organized and stronger than they have ever been.

Of course the Central Labor Union met with some reverses and at one time was sadly disrupted by the introduction of politics into its deliberations, however, this state of affairs did not last long, as a number of prominent labor men reorganized the shattered forces and collected 15 unions into a central body, which is the old Central Labor Union, without politics.

Ten years ago tomorrow, the career of organized labor in Lowell was begun and to mark the 10th anniversary the Trades and Labor Council have planned a big demonstration which promises to be one of the most successful labor rallies ever held in Lowell. By holding it on Sunday evening the managers of the rally have acted wisely for they leave Labor's holiday free for pleasure and for that reason it will undoubtedly draw a larger attendance.

The meeting will be open to all and workingmen can spend a most enjoyable hour by attending.

The principal speaker of the evening will be Henry Lloyd, one of the foremost labor leaders in the country.

He was seen in Boston yesterday by Mr. Duggan of the Mule Spinners' union and he stated that on Sunday afternoon he will come to Lowell immediately after addressing an open-air meeting on Boston common.

Mr. Alexander Ray, president of the Bricklayer's union, will preside at the meeting and the other speaker will be Mr. F. G. R. Gordon of Manchester, N. H., a prominent member of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union of that place. The meeting will be called at 8 sharp.

The local labor unions that are affiliated in the Central body have voted to parade previous to the meeting and have engaged the Lowell Military band and elected Joseph O'Rourke, president of the Brewery Workers' union, as marshal.

The organizations expected, as previously published are as follows: Cigarmakers, Cotton Spinners, Card Room Help, Bricklayers, Plumbers, Building Laborers, Machinists, Lathers, Plasterers, Brussels Weavers, Iron Moulders, Bakers, Brewery Workers, and Ingrain Weavers. The procession will form on Middle street, and proceed through Palmer to Market, to Central, to Appleton, countermarch on Appleton to Central, to Merrimack to the hall.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

Labor Day will be generally observed by busines firms and the banks, as it is customary on holidays.

The barber shops will be closed at noon down town, and the clothing and dry goods houses likewise, though some will close all day, as is the case of some of the shoe stores.

The banks will be closed all day and all decent newspapers will suspend in the afternoon.

Nearly the entire membership of the Mule Spinners' Union turned out to the meeting last night.

The chief business of the evening was to elect delegates to the convention to be held in Boston the first Tuesday in October. The matter was discussed at length and it was finally decided to send delegates. The men chosen to go were Joseph Ashton, Patrick Connelly, and George Dunlavey.

It was decided to take part in the parade tomorrow evening. The officers reported that the union is in splendid condition.

TWO ACCIDENTS.

David Mason of School street fell from a tree on the premises of Mr. C. O'Donnell yesterday afternoon and broke his left wrist. Dr. M. J. Landers attended him.

James Liston of 366 Concord street, had one of his fingers amputated yesterday by Dr. Landers, assisted by Dr. Leary. Some time ago Mr. Liston lost a portion of his finger and it was found necessary to kill the remaining portion.

DEATHS.

NUGENT—Thomas Nugent, child of John and Mary Nugent died last evening at their home, 15 Pleasant street.

DOYLE—The funeral of James Doyle took place yesterday afternoon from his parents' home, 4 Brown's court, and interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

Other deaths and funerals on Page 3.

No Sun will be published on Monday. Tuesday's paper will have a full account of Labor Day proceedings.

Mr. and Mrs. Neild of ward four arrived home from their wedding tour Thursday and in the evening they gave a reception to their friends. Refreshments were served.

First class printing done at this office.

AFTER SCARLET FEVER

Weak and Delicate—Loss of Appetite—Scrofula Bunches.

"When 18 months old my boy had scarlet fever, which left him weak and delicate. His skin was transparent and blue, his appetite was very poor, and scrofula bunches appeared on his neck. Every winter he contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough until warm weather. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it built him right up. The blue tint left his skin and he is as strong as any boy of his age." MRS. G. M. CLARKE, 522 Chestnut St., Lynn, Mass.



WHATEVER

your clothing notions are this fall, see what Rogers, Peet & Co. have brought out before deciding on your fall suit.

The tailor will have to hustle more than ever if he hopes to keep up.

This good clothing, that's correct even to a button, $15.00 a suit and upward. Money back any time if it isn't right.

Less expensive clothes, but all wool. Young men's winter suits from $4.50, men's from $4.95.

PUTNAM & SON,
No 166 CENTRAL STREET.

LATEST

GOD SAVE IRELAND

Potato, Hay and Corn Crops Fail.

PRICE OF BREAD IS STEADILY RISING.

Thousands Must go the Workhouse.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

London, Sept. 4.—The failure of potato, hay, and corn crops in most districts of Ireland has resulted in the gloomiest outlook for the winter. Ireland is on the verge of an agricultural crisis and thousands will have to go to the workhouse. The price of bread is steadily rising in London and the outlook is very gloomy.

FROST LINE REACHED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The thermometer dropped to a remarkable degree during last night and the frost line was reached in the Adirondack region.

MAY BE LYNCHED.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 4—Fred Moore a negro, ravished a little white girl five years old and was captured last night and put in jail. A great crowd has gathered and the entire police force, military reserve, and a force of deputies are on hand anticipating efforts to lynch Moore.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Toronto, Kan., Sept. 4.—A boiler used in the irrigating plant of the farm of A. H. Cox exploded last night, killing his two children and a man named Carlisle. Mr. Cox was fatally injured.

TRAIN HELD UP.

By Associated Press to The Sun.

Denver, Col., Sept. 4.—A passenger train was held up at Twin Mountain last night by two masked men who robbed the express safe of fifteen thousand dollars and escaped.

POLICE COURT, PICKMAN, J.

There were 13 drunks and several continued cases but one of them took up nearly an hour. It was that of Frank P. Donohue, charged with drunkenness who pleaded not guilty and who had D. J. Donahue as counsel. Officers Maher and Ryder testified that Donahue was drunk, while the latter and a Richard woman testified oppositely. The court, in finding him not guilty, said: "Men should only be arrested when their drunkenness is of a nature that disturbs the public. If every man that takes a drink were arrested, there would be but few left."

First class printing done at this office.

Traders' National Bank.
Safe Deposit Boxes
$5 Per Annum.
Private Rooms for Box Holders.
FOREIGN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.
£ Drafts at Market Rates.
HOURS { Daily, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. / Saturdays 8 a. m. to 1 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m.
30 Middlesex Street, 11 Post Office Avenue.

SOMETHING YOU WANT. A Hood WASH BENCH given away with 1 pound of our 60c. tea. O'Brien Bros., Tea Dealers 177 E. Merrimack street. Telephone 69-3.



SIR J. A. CHAPLEAU, Lieut Governor, of Quebec, Canada.

Sir J. A. Chapleau, lieutenant governor of the province of Quebec, with suite, will be tendered a reception in Lowell Sunday morning. He is on his way from Quebec to Salem, where he will assist Sunday afternoon at a reception to be tendered Lieutenant Governor Pothier of Rhode Island.

He will arrive at the Middlesex street station at 7.15 o'clock Sunday morning. He will be received at the depot by the Canadian Artisans. He will be escorted by the Artisans and a band to the American House, where he will be tendered a banquet.

After breakfast a public reception will be held at Associate hall. The mayor and members of the city government are invited to attend and a general invitation is issued to the citizens of Lowell.

At 9.30 o'clock he will attend high mass at St. Joseph's church. A sermon will be preached by Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O.M.I.

CYCLING NEWS.

The races slated for today's S. C. W. meet will be the best ever held here. The different events will bring out fast men and valuable prizes will be awarded to winners. It will be the last race meet of the season.

One of the speculations now rife on the platform in front of the training quarters at Charles River bank is as to the length of the Barnaby-Elkes match. Some believe that it will last all night; others, with a strong belief in one man or the other, think it will be over inside of five miles. Very few hold this opinion, however, the men are thought to be too evenly matched for that. Manager Ducker is taking no chances in the matter, and so has put this race last on his Labor Day program.

These professional records have been accepted:

Two-mile tandem, competition; time, 4:05 2-5, made by Nat and Frank Butler at Charles River Park June 2, 1897.

Eleven to thirty miles against time, paced, made by Lucien Lesna at Charles River Park, Aug. 14, 1897, time, 11 miles, 21:29 3-5; 12 miles, 23:27 4-5; 13 miles, 25:22 3-5; 14 miles, 27:25 3-5; 15 miles 29:24; 16 miles, 31:25 2-5; 17 miles, 33:26 1-5; 18 miles, 35:24 1-5; 19 miles, 37:21 2-5; 20 miles, 39:18 4-5; 21 miles, 41:16 3-5; 22 miles, 43:14; 23 miles, 45:15; 24 miles, 47:11 4-5; 25 miles, 49:08 2-5; 26 miles, 51:05 1-5; 27 miles, 53:01 1-5; 28 miles, 54:59 2-5; 29 miles, 56:57 4-5; 30 miles, 58:44 4-5.

One hour record against time, paced, made by Lucien Lesna, Aug. 14, distance 30 miles, 3091 feet, 7 inches.

Although the L. A. W. and the A. A. U. have recently formulated new articles of alliance, there seems to be two one-mile amateur champions of America at the present time. Early last month C. M. Ertz defeated all comers at Philadelphia, and received a medal signifying that he was the national champion at that distance. Within a month the A. A. U. held its national championship meeting in New York, and Irwin A. Powell, the two-mile L. A. W. champion, captured the mile national championship. Many persons are wondering which rider is really the champion, and which organization has the more right to hold national championships.

In order to reduce the wind pressure on a tandem as much as possible, an English inventor has turned out a wheel that looks like a "camel back." The seats are placed as close to the common centre of the machine as it is possible to locate them. This arrangement, the inventor claims, reduces the wind resistance to the maximum of single bicycle.

A number of residents in the vicinity of the junction of Stevens and Middlesex streets, have sent a petition to the city government asking that the crossing of flag stones be laid upon Middlesex street at the junction of Stevens street, and that a crossing be laid also at the junction of Stevens with Marginal street. It is signed by Ex-mayor Fifield, Chas. J. Glidden, W. Ingham and others.

James McDermott, the undertaker, is a very large property owner, and is at present engaged in raising and improving the building on Middlesex street adjoining the Odd Fellows' building on the west side. For years this building has been used as a dining room conducted by Hebrews and others, but when completed as designed by Mr. McDermott, it will be one of the best and most attractive buildings on Middlesex street.

Music hall has booked a fine list of shows for the coming season and with the renovated house and excellent management, there is a splendid prospect for the coming winter.

It has been noticed that although there was not a great deal of building this year, yet a very large number of dwellings are unoccupied.

C. T. A. CONVENTION

MATHEWS OF THIS CITY WILL BE REPRESENTED.

Delegates from the Mathews of this city will attend the quarterly convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the archdiocese of Boston, which will be held at Aquinas hall, Norfolk street, Cambridgeport, Sunday, September 5 at 1:30 p. m.

There will be an important meeting of the union. Reports of delegates who attended the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held at Scranton, Aug. 18, 19, and 20, will be made. Election of county directors for the ensuing year will also take place.

The matter of the parade in honor of Fr. Mathew's birthday will also be considered together with many features of vital importance to the movement.

The Rev. Thomas Scully, P. R., the newly elected president of the union, will act as presiding officer, and will deliver an address outlining the policy of the union for the coming year.

The great work accomplished by this indefatigable advocate of sobriety and good citizenship is a sufficient guarantee that the aggressive fight for "God, country and home" will be continued.

The many courtesies extended this gallant old veteran of the late rebellion by people of all creeds while in attendance at the national convention demonstrated the high esteem in which he is held all over the country, not only as a soldier on the battlefield, but as a fighter in the cause of total abstinence.

The convention will be called to order at 1.30 o'clock, and the attendance of delegates will undoubtedly be one of the largest in the history of the union's existence.

BOWLING NEWS

The games in the Lakeview tournament for the next two weeks are: Tuesday, Sept. 7, teams 6 and 1, 7 and 5; Wednesday, teams 3 and 2, 5 and 4; Thursday, teams 6 and 2; 7 and 1; Friday, teams 4 and 3, 5 and 2. Monday, Sept. 13, teams 7 and 3, 6 and 4; Tuesday, teams 4 and 7, 6 and 3; Wednesday, teams 5 and 3; Thursday, teams 4 and 1, 7 and 2. Monday, Sept. 20, teams 5 and 1, 7 and 6; Tuesday, teams 6 and 5.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening, September 15th, there will be a grand complimentary concert, under the auspices of the I.O.O.F., and I.O.O.F., Manchester Unity, to the Rev. Dr. Court, D.D. The following local talent will assist: The Rev. Dr. J. M. Greene, pastor of the Eliot Congregational church will be chairman; Solon W. Stevens, accompanist; Mrs. Jennie Livingston Sherburne, soprano; Mrs. J. V. Pepin, soprano; Mrs. George Burns, contralto; Mr. Joseph Leach, basso; Mr. Osmond Long, tenor. The Apollo quartette will sing and there will be readings by Miss Adelaide E. Noyes. All of these artists and others still to be heard from have kindly tendered their services.

Thorough instruction on the banjo, guitar and mandolin. W. E. Stratton, 14 Hildreth building.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR PRESERVES THE Natural Color of the Hair

Reliable Attendance

No More Use for Midwives,

Do not risk your life in confinement Dr. A. Wilinski, German Physician, having 14 years experience, will give you the most careful attention for which he will not charge you more than $6 00, and you are always saved. Come and make your application.

Dr. A. Willaski, 9 Tyler St. Lowell Mass.

Office hours—8 to 9.30 a. m., 1 to 2.30 and 7 to 8.30 p. m.

CURRENT COMMENT

Springfield Republican—The negro collector of internal revenue at Atlanta is not removing democrats from office fast enough to suit the black republicans, and delegates from thirty-nine Georgia counties have been holding an indignation meeting over the case. They resolved "that we deem it wisdom to remove democrats and place republicans therein, instead of telling them that they must stand a civil service examination which is contradictory to the decison of the attorney-general"—whatever that decision may be. This is the response of the Georgia republicans to all that President McKinley has done for them in the way of office. But with white republicans like Gallinger of New Hampshire and Grosvenor of Ohio howling for a more generous distribution of the spoils, what more could be expected of these poor blacks in Georgia?

New York Journal—In the University of Missouri, a professor now awaits martyrdom for having preached the virtues of protection and the gold standard. The trustees of this institution, which is supported by the state, are antagonistic to these views and are considering the case of the instructor with a view to administering discipline.

Now, according to the principles laid down by more than one of our contemporaries in the Andrews case, this professor should instantly be discharged. It matters not that he believes sincerely in the merits of the gold standard and the protective system. The trustees of his college disagree with him. Missouri is a free silver and free trade state; accordingly this professor must either live a lie or meekly accept dismissal. If he presumes to resign, he is to be ridiculed for posing as a martyr and charged with an ambition to run for office.

Unless our contemporaries who have illuminated the Andrews problem with the light of their wisdom, are prepared to applaud the punishment of the Missouri McKinleyite, they would better prepare to change their line of argument. They will find much comfort in the reflection that after all consistency is the virtue of little minds.

Boston Post—The section of Massachusetts where William C. Whitney has acquired some 12,000 acres for park and other purposes is that in which lies the greater part of the "abandoned farms" which the state has for several years been aiding the owners to dispose of. In a certain way, then, Mr. Whitney appears as a public benefactor. In serving his own luxury, he puts to use a large domain which in the hands of its owners had been mostly given up as useless. And this is a good employment for wealth. It does not take land from the people which the people want, but it promises a better development under individual control, of land that any owners had given up as unprofitable.

Boston Pilot—It is gratifying to national pride to learn of the admiration expressed by the people of Halifax, N. S., for the United States battleship Indiana, now being overhauled at the dry dock in that port. The gratification would be greater if there had been no need of sending a firstclass American warship to a foreign port for that purpose. It is time that this country, with its many splendid ports, should have at least in one of them a dock for the repair of its largest ships.

New York Times—The "vigorous foreign policy" which early summer paragraphs in "Jingo" journals led their readers to look for at once is developing slowly at Washington and elsewhere. This observation is suggested by the fact that the state department will be presently in the charge of Assistant Secretary of State Cridler, with Secretary Sherman in Ohio to make "one speech" for Senator Hanna, Assistant Secretary Day resting at Canton, and Assistant Secretary Adee, the man of largest experience and possibly ripest judgment, enjoying a prolonged bicycle tour of southern France. There does not appear to be occasion for worrying lest the United States shall soon provoke anybody by pernicious activity.

Manchester Union—Colonel Rice of Springfield, who is to preside over the Massachusetts democratic state convention, is the man who was chosen to preside in Music Hall last year, but who was unable to deliver his carefully prepared speech because he was in the contingent that was locked out. With a few slight alterations, the speech will come in pat this year, however, for the party is bound to keep silver to the front, and George Fred Williams is still in the saddle.

Boston Herald—The action taken by the trustees of Brown University on Wednesday is doubly fortunate. It does full justice to President Andrews, and it vindicates the trustees themselves. It puts the university on a right basis before the public, and it removes all doubt as to the disposition of the American public toward independence of thought and of action on the part of its scholars. The nation was not dependent upon Brown to do this. Brown University acquiesces in, rather than establishes, this position. As an incident of the turn affairs have taken for that institution this opinion was brought out and it was practically unanimous. The bigots who would establish tyrannical control over the freedom of thought and its expression are left in a minority as feeble in numbers as it is contemptible in spirit. Such is the outcome of the assault upon President Andrews.

JOHN A. NICHOLLS

CANADIAN PAPER PAYS LOWELL PROHIBITIONIST A TRIBUTE.

The Mail and Empire of Toronto of a recent date has the following to say of a well known and respected resident of Lowell:

Mr. John A. Nicholls, of Lowell Mass., who for the past three seasons has given a series of educational lectures at Grimsby Park, is in the city. Mr. Nicholls was a member of the National committee of the National party, which had a presidental candidate in the field at the late presidential election. Prohibition was one of the planks of the National party. The National party was organized by the minority of the National Prohibition party as a protest against the attempt of the Executive to conduct a reform campaign on a single-plank, moral-issue platform. As respects the Dominion, he strongly favors the course of those Canadian moral reformers who rely on securing the enactment of the laws which they seek by means of the nomination in the regular party conventions of candidates favorable to the issues which such reformers desire. He is of the opinion that a defeat of prohibition at the plebiscite would be a set-back for the movement for twenty-five years. He states that after twenty years of effort the prohibitionists of the United States have failed to make any practical progress with the single issue of temperance towards the attainment of power.

CRISP GOSSIP

The oystermen all agree that this is going to be a good oyster year. There is a good crop and the trade has started in briskly. As yet the oyster is not in his best condition, but he gives promise of first rate flavor and with the first of the cool weather he will be as succulent as ever or a little more so.

The Lowell-Tyngsboro boulevard is nearly all complete. It is now possible to ride from Nashua to Lowell without dismounting. The fences on the boulevard have been taken down for cyclists and the road is a good one except for a very short stretch between the two boulevards. Very soon the connecting link will be in and this fine piece of roadway completed.

There is a new arrival at the home of David H. Sullivan of F. M. Barney & Co.'s. It is a boy and so lively that some members of the family suggest that it be named "John L." The child is now two weeks old, and so robust is he that Mr. Sullivan expects to have is he that Mr. Sullivan expects him to be walking in about three weeks. Mr. Sullivan says the lad came in a new barrel of flour sold by Barney & Co. and he guarantees a babe in every barrel.

A young man in Philadelphia was arrested for "scorching." He did not hire a lawyer, but made his own defense. He said in his plea that it was growing very late and he was en route to see his girl and that he stood upon the declaration in the constitution which guarantees every man the "right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The judge remitted the usual fine and advised the young man to start earlier next time.

A certain young man of my acquaintance received a pair of black eyes by coming in contact with a base ball. He felt badly over the temporary disfigurement and tried every means to remove the discoloration, but his efforts failed. He visited the shop of an artist friend of his and the young artist was putting the finishing touches on a portrait.

"Can't you put a little paint about these eyes of mine and give them a natural color?" he asked.

"I'll try," replied the young artist, and suiting his action to the words, he proceeded to daub over the black and blue spots. In a minute the discoloration disappeared and the young man's appearance was as fine as ever, despite the fact that it was made up.

With a strengthened cast, entire new scenery and costumes, rewritten plot, and a clever company of specialty performers, the outlook for the engagement of the Peck's Bad Boy company which commences this afternoon at Music hall, is very promising. With the exception of the name, scarcely a vestige of the former production remains. For the last ten years this play has been before the public. It was dramatized from the famous Bad Boy sketches by Mr. Chas. F. Pidgin. The sketches were written by the Hon. Geo. W. Peck of Milwaukee, editor of "Peck's Sun," and at one time governor of Wisconsin. Every one who has read this book should profit of the opportunity to see the dramatization of the most laughable of books. The play is moral in every respect, and tends to show that a boy may be mischievous and still not bad. The management have introduced into the comedy some of the strongest metropolitan novelties and made a special feature of the latest and most popular music. Special attention has also been given to the costuming and stage setting, and there may be expected one of the strongest and most enjoyable entertainments of the season.

A man attending a balloon ascension at Wakefield, Vt., a couple of days ago, had a thrilling experience. As the balloon was freed from its anchorage, Eugene McCarthy, who was standing close by, found himself entangled in the ropes, taken by the legs and lifted by the balloon high into the air. The assembled thousands stood amazed, waiting every moment to see McCarthy drop to his death below, but he grappled at the ropes and held on with a deathlike grasp. Higher and higher went the balloon, greater and greater became the horror of the crowd. The aeronaut was to make a parachute jump, but neglected to do so, in order to save McCarthy's life. He sat on a bar some ten feet beneath McCarthy, exhorting the latter to hold on for dear life and no doubt, McCarthy did not need any such advice, for he held with the grasp of death; but his feet became loosened and he was suspended by a single rope which he held with both hands. He was prepared to drop on his feet, if at all, and so he went higher and higher until over 1500 feet in the air. There the balloon struck a current of air, which sent it a considerable distance without increasing its elevation, and finally, as it began to descend, gently, slowly, gradually, the crowd burst forth in a spontaneous cheer, and the next moment when McCarthy reached terra firma without a hair of his head being injured, the crowd vented its gladness and relief in one of the wildest cheers ever heard, and McCarthy was congratulated on his thrilling experience. He is now being asked if he contemplates becoming a professional aeronaut.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines by James Wyman to the memory of his late niece, Della M. Hussey, who was born in Fayette, Me., Sept. 6, 1856, and died in Lowell, Mass., Dec. 2, 1896.

TRADE OUTLOOK

The Month of August was Very Busy.

DUN & CO. MENTION THE GOOD SYMPTOMS.

Prospect of Increasing the Trade for Fall.

New York, Sept. 4.—R. G. Dun company's weekly review of trade says this week: July and August show a lower average of liabilities per failure than has ever been known in any year, or even in any quarter of the 23 years R. G. Dun & Co. have kept quarterly records. The improvement is also well distributed, extending to nearly every important branch of business. With an extraordinary movement in grain, heavy real estate and building transactions, and increased business in iron products, the month was clearly the busiest August ever known.

Cotton speculation made August deliveries costly, spot rising to 8¼ cents, but the market drifted back quickly to 7.62 cents. The opinion gains that the crop will be large, if by lateness not exposed to serious injury. The crop of 1896, according to the New Orleans cotton exchange, was 8,757,964 bales, which may be profitably compared with predictions current eight and 12 months ago. The mills are now turning out great quantities of goods in response to heavy purchases recently made.

Wool sells largely between speculators, 16,665,600 pounds for the week, making reported sales in four months since May 1, 191,069,030 pounds, of which 102,-762,445 were foreign. But when the mills were busy in 1892 sales in the four months were but 111,620,302 pounds. Mills have been buying more freely to replace the wool rapidly consumed, and the goods market has been so large and strong that they are encouraged to purchase even after a rise of 60 per cent in a year. Great quantities are held by dealers at the West above prices yet paid in seaboard markets.

The improvement in the iron and steel industry gains momentum, and a further advance in prices makes 4.5 per cent from the lowest average Aug. 12. The demand increases for sheets and plates, especially for bridge and ship building. Southern and Western dealers have united to advance prices of pig 25 cents, bessemer at Pittsburg has risen 10 cents, and Eastern markets are stronger. The demand for cars is pressing, and work for railways increases. Boot and shoe shipments, not quite 5 per cent smaller than last year in August, nor 4 per cent smaller than in 1895, were 7½ per cent smaller than in '94, but were a little larger than in '92. Buying is still mostly for immediate needs, but is sufficient to keep works well employed.

Failures for the past week have been 191 in the United States, against 334 last year, and 25, against 31 in Canada.

JOS. J. FLYNN

A CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR IN IN THE FIFTH ESSEX DISTRICT.

Representative Joseph J. Flynn of Lawrence is to run for the senate in the 5th Essex district this year. He was a candidate last year and made a very excellent showing having carried Lawrence by 1027 and beating Mr. Knox by twenty votes. His opponents this year will be either Mr. Dow or Mr. Sargent, two republican lawyers, who served with him in the house.

They are making a hard battle for the nomination, and it is quite certain now that one of them will be the nominee. Mr. Flynn would have been elected last year had the people of the country towns known him as well as do the people of Lawrence. He is a man who is deservedly popular on account of his straightforwardness in politics as well as in business. He is a whole souled gentlemen, and when elected to serve his constituency, he never betrays the trust reposed in him. In the legislature he was the leading factor in having the weekly payment bill passed into law, and he had the distinction of being the only member who battled against the Whitney gas bill passed by the house and vetoed by the governor. Mr. Flynn's course in the house, as in Lawrence politics, was above suspicion, so that not even his worst enemies, for the best of men have enemies, could point the finger of suspicion at him. He was defeated by the country towns because they knew him not. This year it is to be hoped that they will make his acquaintance so as to be able to vote intelligently for a candidate for senator. Last year the nearest democratic candidate was 1100 behind Mr. Flynn. The 5th district will honor itself by choosing Mr. Flynn for its senator.

SOCIAL AND FRATERNAL.

At the regular meeting of Lowell Council, No. 8, R. A., Thursday night, there was a very interesting talk by Mr. Frederick Flathers of this city, who spent several weeks on a trip to Egypt in January and February of this year. Mr. Flathers touched on many interesting scenes and incidents of his trip. There was one candidate initiated.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

POLITICAL NOTES

ALDERMAN PIERCE NOT A MAYORALTY CANDIDATE.

Alderman Pierce came up from Haggett's Pond yesterday and after dinner sat in one of Albert O'Heir's chairs and watched the rush of business through Merrimack square. He hailed me as I passed by with "What do you find that is startling?" "Nothing very great," I replied. "What is there new in politics?" he inquired.

"Well, a local paper says that Alderman Pierce may dip into the mayoralty fight," I suggested.

"Is that so? Well, Alderman Pierce will not drop into the mayoralty fight. So much for that," and the alderman started off.

The Bennett-Howe fight will probably be the most bitter fight that the party has ever witnessed. The men represent opposing elements in the party whose desire to square themselves with each other dates back many years. At the last election it was a generally stated fact that Howe and his friends knifed Bennett, so that the latter has a score to settle with the big alderman, and will do his utmost to even up things.

The democratic city committee expects to open its headquarters next Tuesday. There is some discussion going on as to the location of headquarters but it is likely that the wishes of the officers will be respected and rooms will be secured in the Hildreth block.

Alderman Cosgrove announces that he will be a candidate for re-nomination.

THE SEALING DISPUTE.

Halifax, Sept. 4.—Mr. Bodwell continued his argument yesterday in the Behring sea hearing on the question raised by the United States brief concerning the uncertainty of sealing. He went on to show that the captains and crews employed on the British vessels were competent men in every respect and capable of making good catches if they had been permitted to do so. The Indians employed by these captains were intimidated by the United States vessels. Mr. Bodwell claimed that the evidence by Captain McLean on behalf of the United States was taken from a log that was kept by Captain McLean as a private individual and afterwards destroyed. He disputed the claims of the United States that these vessels were too small for the dangers of the Behring sea. He claimed that all the arguments regarding the methods of fishing advanced by the United States are in error. He applied the same new work to the description of the habits of seals as submitted in the United States brief.

BURKES' GALA DAY

BIG LIST OF ATTRACTIONS FOR MONDAY'S CARNIVAL.

The biggest local event on Monday will be the gala day of the Burkes' Temperance Institute on the Fair Grounds.

A program of athletic events has been arranged that should attract all lovers of sport. There will be games of all kinds.

The Mathews and the South Ends will open the games at 1.30 with a base ball game for a purse of $75. Moore and Davis will be the battery for the South Ends and McPherson and Hoyle for the Mathews.

There will be nine teams contesting in the pumping contest. These will include the Burkes, Mathews, Kitson Machine shop, L'Association Catholique, and the Y.M.C.I.

The tug-of-war is exciting great interest and many large wagers have been made on the result.

The Mathews will present the "Big Five" who won fame and progress for several consecutive years. Pitted against them will be the Burkes, Y.M.C.I., L'Association Catholique, Gas house team, and Kitson's team. A platform will be constructed for the event, so that the contest can be seen by every one in the grand stand.

There will be boys' races and a concert all the afternoon by the Lowell Military band. In the evening there will be dancing.

FRUITING VESSEL OVERHAULED.

Boston, Sept. 4.—Captain Kars of the steamer Yumuri, a fruiter from Port Antonio, Jam., states that while on the voyage up and in the Marijauna passage, between the Windward Islands, he was overhauled during a five hours' run by a Spanish cruiser of modern type, mounting many guns. The cruiser apparently had mistaken the fruiter for a filibustering steamer, but in coming alongside discovered the nature of the charter and so dropped astern without demonstration. Captain Kars said that everybody on board expected a shot across her bows to make her lay to, and the excitement was intense while the cruiser was in sight.

It pays to secure the best. Why not use the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, which is imported from Carlsbad, and can be obtained of any reliable druggist? For all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is without equal. It is especially beneficial for chronic constipation, gouty and rheumatic affections. Be sure to obtain the genuine article, which has the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., New York," on every bottle.

DON'T be penny wise and pound foolish by buying the "just-as-good mixtures," "so called White Lead," or other substitutes for Pure White Lead.

In painting, the cost of labor so far exceeds the cost of material that the best only should be used. The *best* is Pure White Lead (see list of brands which are genuine) and Pure Linseed Oil.

SALEM LEAD CO. 100 WARRANTED PURE. SALEM, MASS.

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., BOSTON BRANCH,
Cor. Congress and Purchase Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD AVOID SUBSTITUTES
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK. AGENTS

ADVANCE STYLES
Fall Hats
This may seem a little early, but we guarantee that they are correct.
ARTHUR J. CUMMISKEY,
69 Merrimack Street.

MANLY VIGOR
Restored in young, old or middle-aged men. Night losses, drains and evil signs cease at once. The Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, Atrophy, Underdevelopment, all Diseases and Weaknesses of Man, from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured by the use of CURED The Old Dr. Hallock Electric Pills. This famous medical medicine will do away with the mental tortures patients suffer from, and instead of flabby nerves, will give you nerves of steel and a condition buoyant nature. The pills used by THE OLD Doctor since 1844, and with universal success. Price $1 per box. Pills sent by mail, closely sealed, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price. Full direction showing what to eat and what not to eat and other valuable information sent with each order for pills.
We prepare our Electric Pills on an accumulated medical experience of over 40 years, and we warrant them to cure. We sell them at a price within the reach of all men. We have no free prescriptions, free cures or C. O. D. methods. We employ no agents. Beware of so-called Free cures and prescriptions, for you will be disappointed, but instead, pay $1 for genuine medicine like The Old Dr. Hallock Electric Pills, prepared by a reliable old established institution
Located Over Forty Years at
110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.
To inquiring minds and sincere seekers after health, we will send our valuable medical book of 64 pages. Describes anatomy of the generative organs, gives chapters on blood poison, lost vigor, stricture and all diseases of men; many valuable prescriptions and other information included. Shows you how a cure may be obtained secretly and at home. Sent sealed with list of questions, free, on application to FREE
Hallock Medical Institute,
110 COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

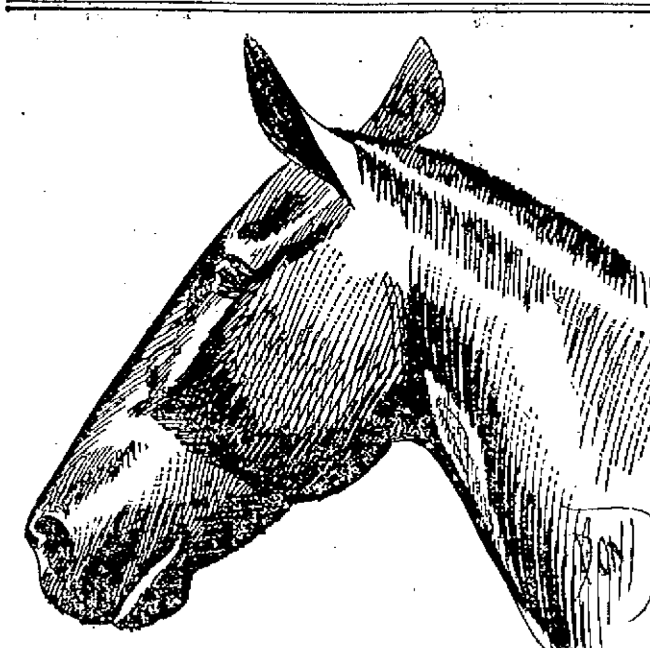
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LEGAULT & CO.,
The One-Price Jewelers,
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ASK FOR COUPONS.

GOOD SPONGE FOR 10c.
Come and see them—They are always needed and at this price you can surely afford one. They come
DIFFERENT SIZES AND QUALITY
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GOODALE'S DRUG STORE,
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No matter what the cause of the ailment, we guarantee a cure in every case. A corps of skilled physicians constantly in attendance.
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Telephone 557-3.



STAR POINTER, 1.59 1-4.

POINTER WON IT

Easily Defeated the Patchen Horse.

EMILY AND THE ABBOTT WIN RACES.

King Egbert and Emily Winners at Dover.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 4.—Ten thousand people went to Charter Oak park yesterday, the unusual attraction being the big Star Pointer-Joe Patchen race.

Star Pointer won with apparent ease. It had been agreed that the horses should alternate at the pole, and the toss of a penny decided which should start in that position. Mr. Murphy, owner of Star Pointer, won the toss. In the second heat, when Patchen had the pole, Star Pointer had to travel faster to get to the wire first, and that heat was done in 2:03¼.

The day's programme was too long to be finished before dark. Two heats were necessary to bring to an end the hard fought 2:30 trot, seven heats in which were trotted Wednesday. Town Lady won the first heat today in 2:14. Emily took the second in 2:13¼, and won first money. Town Lady got second money, Nancy Time third, and Tacomis fourth.

The most stubbornly fought and most uncertain race of the day was the 2:14 pace. Arabulator was expected to win it with Forest Herr and Quick Turn second and third choice. Ambulator finished no heat better than third, while Forest Herr and Quick Turn were distanced in the second heat by Quadriga, who surprised all the knowing ones by going the mile in 2:09¾. Favor then showed the way home in the other three heats in fast time and apparently with speed to spare.

As was expected, The Abbott won the 2:18 trot in straight heats. He seemed winded when he finished the second heat, and many looked for Lucy Carr to take the third but she was not equal to it.

THE DOVER RACES.

Dover, N. H., Sept. 4.—Trotting was resumed today, after one day's respite on a track that was good for conditions. Thursday's downpour was still evident in heavy going at the opening of the day's programme, but an hour's racing found it back in almost its pristine condition. Toward night the horses were on tiptoe. The day's work was lively, and emphasized anew the contentious spirit of the rival stables when once aligned on the track.

2:12 pace; purse $600.
King Egbert, b. g., by King Prince—Weasel, by Egbert (Hudson) 4 1 1 1
Lady Golden, ch. m., by Billy Golden, dam by Ralston Boy (Muller) 1 4 3 2
Dr. Wood, ch. s. (Riley) 2 2 2 2
Fieldmont, blk. g. (Galvin) 3 3 4 4
Sundleland Belle, b. m. (Proctor) .... dl
Jane, br. m. (Lease) .... dl
Time—2:11¾, 2:12¼, 2:14¼, 2:11¾.

2:21 pace; purse $600; (concluded).
Red Elm, ch. g., by Red Wilkes—Flaxy, by Bourbon Wilkes (Haslett) 2 2 3 1 1 1
Miller Boy, b. g., by Nanman (Bowen) 1 1 2 3 2 3
Lucy Stokes, b. m., by Earl Medium, dam by Alcyone (Forshner) 3 3 1 2 2 3
Time—2:14¼, 2:15½, 2:13¾, 2:16½, 2:17¼, 2:17¼.
Philonides, br. s., by King Wilkes—Quartet, by Harold G. Fuller Sr.) 4 7 1 1 2
Squeezer, b. g., by McEwen (Skinner) 1 6 2 6 1
Chazy Boy, b. g., by Candidate (Forshner) 2 1 3 3 4
Tom Boy, b. m. (Marsh) 3 2 5 2 5
Dexter K., ch. s. (Kane) 7 4 4 4 3
Alcee, b. g. (Fifield) 6 3 7 5 6
Dixie, b. g. (Shannon) .... 5 5 6 7 dr
Time—2:14½, 2:15, 2:16½, 2:16½, 2:16½

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY
Boarding and Day School,
LOWELL, MASS.
WILL BEGIN ITS 45TH YEAR SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1897.
This school continues the thorough work in English, Science, Classics, Music and Art, for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. Difference of Religion will not be regarded in admission of Pupils.
For further particulars, apply at the Academy or by letter to the Superior.

WANNALANCIT PARK

LABOR DAY HORSE TROTTING.

Local horses that never won money in any race: Glen Morey, A. L. Roxborough; Direx, Con. Desmond; Black Prince, A. J. Gauthier, Frank K. Wilkes, Frank Harris; King Welch, Ed. Gaudette. Match race, ladies to drive—Nellie H., Clara Beaudette; Etta H., Clara Day; Little Jack, Mrs. Dr. Breton.

Running race—Entries to be made up to Saturday night at the park or at P. E. Beaudette's, 644 Broadway, Lowell.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.

The overseers of the poor met last night and approved a number of bills. The bills amount to $13,000 including one of $7,900 for coal and there remains to the credit of the department only $7,500. Chairman McKinley, Secretary Courtney, and Supt. Pindar were appointed a committee to decide what bills should be paid.

WAMESITS WON.

The Wamesits defeated the Olympics last night by the following scores:

WAMESITS.

Peters	451
McCormack	471
Dunham	505
Hartwell	447
Sub	429
Totals	2303

OLYMPICS.

Campbell	478
Lyons	417
Going	452
Mellen	437
Gair	443
Totals	2227

M. M. A. PORTRAITS.

The committee on M.M.A. pictures met last night and although several bids were received for putting the paintings in first class condition, they were not opened, as the committee h[as] no power to give out the work and order it done. It was therefore decided to ask for an appropriation of $1000 and when that is granted, the committee will give out the contract.

SISTER OF LATE GEN. BUTLER

MRS. BETSEY M. STEVENS IS NOW IN HER 90th YEAR AND HAS REGAINED HER HEALTH.

Exeter, N. H., Sept. 4.—Upon one of the finest farms of Nottingham, in the picturesque Pawtucketaway mountain region, Mrs. Betsey M. Stevens, sister of the late Gen. B. F. Butler, is closing her 90th year. At periods during last winter, her condition was critical in the extreme, but she has regained a considerable measure of health.

In feature and speech she strikingly resembles her distinguished brother, of whom she never tires to hear and relate many interesting anecdotes. In her pleasant, old-fashioned parlor is a collection of his portraits and a treasured souvenir is a cup and saucer on which are painted portraits of the general. They are commemorative of the battle of Baton Rouge and were given General Butler by a Unionist resident of New Orleans.

Mrs. Stevens has three daughters, one of whom presides over her home. Another is the widow of Col. John B. Batchelder, historian of Gettysburg, and a third has long held a clerkship in Washington. Two sons respectively live in Nottingham and Derry.

Mr. Harry O'Rourke was in this city today representing Cook & Hosmer's new Corean comic opera "The Walking Delegate," which enjoyed such a successful run at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last spring. It comes to the Lowell Opera House for Saturday matinee and evening, September 18. Mr. Cook's librettio is said to be generally amusing, while Mr. Homer's score contained some very pretty numbers. Nearly all of the original cast that made such big hits during the Boston engagement will be seen in the coming production. The company is a large one numbering in all about fifty people. Among the list are Oscar Girard, the clever comedian, Miss Christie McDonald, Miss Annie Lichter, N. C. Burnham, William Shuster, etc., etc. The chorus is large and well trained and add considerably to the success of the opera. The costumes and scenic effects are the handsomest and most elaborate that money could procure.

The company has an orchestra of 20 pieces.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giv[ing] the patient strength by building up the c[onstitu]tion and assisting nature in doing its w[ork]. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

POLICE NOTES

The wife of James A. Hennelly of Somersworth, N. H., called at the City Farm yesterday and took her husband home. He had recovered his mind before she came and the couple went their way rejoicing.

Hennelly is the young man who came into the police station recently while wildly insane.

He can remember nothing except that he went out for a walk with his son in Somersworth. When he started out he had on a new pair of shoes and when he came to Lowell his shoes were badly worn, though they were the same shoes, and it is thought that he must have walked all the way. He was not a drunken man.

MISSING BOY.

Little Patrick Gleason aged three and one-half years, living in Ready's court, off Walker street, disappeared from his home yesterday noon and all night no tidings were had of him. The police were notified and they searched for the little fellow without success. The father of the boy hunted high and low for him and went home sorrowfully on the last car. When the little fellow disappeared, he wore a black broad brimmed straw hat with a white crown, dark pants, blue striped jacket, and tan shoes.

BOY FOUND.

The lad was found this morning beyond the poor farm, having slept in the woods all night. From a wound on his arm and his disconnected story of an engine, it seems that he had a narrow escape of some kind. The father's joy may be imagined when he found his boy this morning. A Mrs. Carroll near the farm saw the lad and brought him to the poor farm. He started out to find his mother who was out shopping.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A letter has been received by the superintendent of police from the chief of police of Laconia, N. H., asking for information as to the whereabouts of Joseph Guay, or Guee, a Frenchman, supposed to be in this city, living in Little Canada or Centralville. He is supposed to be with a man named Henry Bennoit, a weaver in one of the mills. The Guay man is a mason tender. He is wanted by his brother, who has important information to communicate to him.

OCEAN EXCURSIONS.

Steamer Merrimack will leave Haverhill on regular time Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 7, 8, and 9, to connect at Newburyport with the mammoth steamer Lewiston for a seventy-mile sail around Boone Island, returning to Newburyport at 4.30 to connect with steamer for Haverhill.

Round trip tickets have been placed at the low rate of one dollar from Haverhill and return. Children half price. Extra electric cars will be furnished to take all who desire to go. Cars leave Lowell as usual at 7 and 7.30 a. m. and Lawrence at 8, and 8.30 a. m. for Haverhill to connect with steamer.

The Lewiston is well and favorably known to the travelling public from her former connection with the Boston & Bangor line. She is safe and seaworthy and the largest steamer ever eastern waters. She is ably officered employed for excursion purposes in and manned and every attention is given to the comfort of patrons, especially the women and children element. A first class band and orchestra accompany each trip and dinner and refreshments are served on board.

LOCAL NOTES

Dr. E. H. Packer and Henry W. Packer have gone to Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlan for a two weeks' trip.

Try our celebrated concave shoulder, which gives the wearer a graceful and large appearance and prevents creasing. Cavanaugh & Dissault, Telephone 253—5.

Dr. C. J. Clifford, dentist, after an absence of two weeks, spent in carriage drives in and around Temple, N. H., can now be found at his office, 408 Middlesex street, ready to receive all who require his services.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

WAGONS—I HAVE A NEW GENUINE Well worth Democrat and new Savage Grocers' Wagon and two excellent second-hand light square wagons which I will sell very cheap. 69 Hobbins street.

It Is Easy

To keep looking well and advance in public estimation if proper attention is given to dress. Our Suits cost no more than the ordinary kind—but, oh, my, what a difference the wearer presents when dressed up—Fall Suits are ready. Hats also. The most desirable blocks.

Uncle Sam's Store
OLD POST OFFICE.

RINGS OF MRS. LEUTGERT

Witnesses Prove That Those Found in Vat Were the Wife's Property.

Examination of the Factory by the Judge and Attorneys—The Chains Tightening Around the Fiendish Murderer.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Three women gave damaging evidence against the defendant in the Luetgert trial yesterday. They positively identified the rings found in the vat as being the property of Mrs. Luetgert, and said that they had seen them on her hands. One of them had talked with Mrs. Luetgert about the rings, and so felt sure that the rings found in the vat and those she saw on the fingers of Mrs. Luetgert were the same. The defense made an unsuccessful effort to break down the evidence of the three women.

The afternoon session was short, as Judge Tuthill desired to make a personal visit to the factory and see where the murder is said to have been committed. He took with him one attorney from the side of the defense and one from the prosecution, and during their visit to the factory no other person was allowed around the premises.

The only witness examined at the afternoon session was Carl Voelker, a chemist, who was employed by Luetgert from the fall of 1894 to December, 1895. Voelker testified that Luetgert engaged him first to make a chemical analysis of certain salts used in the preservation of meats. Subsequently Luetgert engaged him in the manufacture of a compound of permanganate of potash for the preservation of meats, but the business did not succeed very well. Then the prisoner made him shipping clerk in the factory. The witness said that Luetgert never used caustic soda or potash in the manufacture of sausage, and he never knew him to use arsenic in the factory. The witness described the process used in the business from the time raw meat is received until the manufacture of sausage is complete. He said that during the time he was employed in the factory the vats in the basement were not used for any purpose.

Voelker told the jury that on one occasion he saw Luetgert use violence toward his wife. She and another woman went into the office one afternoon, and Luetgert appeared to be in a rage. The witness was not in the office, but he saw Luetgert push his wife and her companion out of the door. Mrs. Luetgert and the lady with her hurried away much excited, and he heard Mrs. Luetgert say: "He has a revolver and will shoot us."

WIGGINVILLE UP IN ARMS.

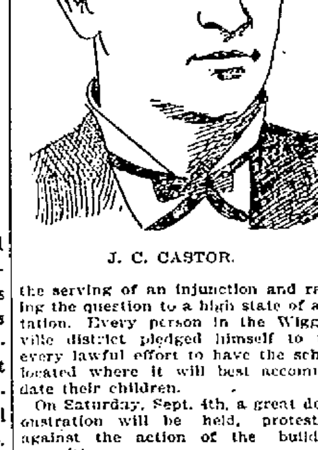
(Continued from Page 1.)

having their schools at their back door it will do them good to walk a mile or two:" H. L. Shedd, another land owner in the lands of the Rendering companies, from which the odor wings its flight and deposits itself where land syndicates reign supreme.

It is needless to say that with such a combination, it did not take a great time to find out that there was not a place in the whole village of cottages—the home of 269 children—all requiring school accommodation—that was suitable for a school site.

A special town meeting was called for the purpose of adding to the already defined district. The question was put to vote, but was not carried by the necessary two-thirds vote. In spite of this, the committee announced it was their intention to locate the school in the land of the rendering companies and land syndicates, against the wishes of Male adults, 91; female adults, 87; and children, 269, making a total of 450 against 15 all-told inhabitants in favor of the building committee. It is needless to say the ire of the disappointed ones was raised to the height of their noble calling as freemen at the inhumane action of this committee.

A citizens' meeting was called to inquire into and furnish them with facts relative to the case. The building committee was invited to attend but made themselves conspicuous by their absence. A citizens' committee was appointed, composed of Richard Sykes, J. Caster, and J. Wilde, to try and induce them to consider the wants of the people. The chairman of the building committee was first visited, J. F. French. The question was argued, pro and con. This committeeman favored a site known as Wheelock's lot, which he considered was better located and more accommodating than any other site. He added: "Committeeman Shedd wants it located in South Lowell and already has got the deeds from the land syndicate." "But you have no children to attend school in South Lowell," he was told. "Well, no, that is the trouble but I suppose we will have to have it his way," he replied. Others of the committee were visited and displayed about the same amount of reasoning. When finally the citizens thought it advisable to seek legal advice, Mr. John W. McEvoy was seen which resulted in the serving of an injunction and raising the question to a high state of agitation. Every person in the Wigginville district pledged himself to use every lawful effort to have the school located where it will best accommodate their children.



J. C. CASTOR.

On Saturday, Sept. 4th, a great demonstration will be held, protesting against the action of the building committee.

THE PROGRAM.

The program of today's popular demonstration is as follows:

Mustering of parents and children at Davis' corner, Wigginville, at 2 p. m.; march to South Lowell, where there will be speeches by Rev. Bowley Green, John W. McEvoy, Esq., and others. Chairman, Richard A. Sykes; return to the lot chosen by the citizens, the Pearson, where there will be a flag raising and singing by the children, speeches, etc. The singing will be conducted by a prominent choir master. Music will be furnished by the Wigginville brass band. The chief marshal will be Benj. Staveley, Esq.; aids, J. Wilde, T. McJ. Wilde, T. McKee and J. Castor.

CAVANAUGH & DISSAULT.

Mr. David A. Cavanaugh of the firm of Cavanaugh & Dissault has just returned from New York after attending the grand fall opening of the leading establishments of New York city. Mr. Cavanaugh has now obtained the very latest up-to-date fall and winter goods in Scotch, German, Blarney Tweeds, Bliss Tweeds, and other styles of goods. A visit to their establishment by way of comparison will convince you that their styles are complete and up-to-date. Be sure and see them before deciding to buy elsewhere. The work is first class and warranted in each particular. We employ only the best men to make our suits. Our exhibit will be ready for inspection at our store in about ten days, and the public are cordially invited to attend our exhibit. We believe that they will be able to get the correct styles in fall and winter goods. Cavanaugh & Dissault high class tailors.

STRIKERS' MEETING

A CONFERENCE COMMITTEE APPOINTED YESTERDAY.

The striking weavers of the Novelty Suspender Works held a meeting yesterday and organized for their contest for what they claim belongs to them. They appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Harriman on his return from Pawtucket.

DEATHS.

MORTON—After several months of invalidism, True Morton of Chelmsford Centre died yesterday at his home on Westford street aged 73 years. He was a native of South Bristol, Me., but the greater part of his life since boyhood had been passed in this vicinity. The last 21 years the family home has been in Chelmsford and for 13 years prior to 1876 in Lowell, where Mr. Morton was employed at the scale works of John A. Knowles, Jr. The past seven years he had been the senior member of the Lowell Scale company. He had been connected many years with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows as a member of Oberlin lodge, No. 28, and also a member of the order of American Mechanics. He is survived by two daughters, Miss Helen F. of Chelmsford and Mrs. Grace Wilkins of Somerville.

FUNERALS.

DESCELLES—The funeral of Julia Descelles took place yesterday from St. Joseph's church and a solemn requiem mass celebrated by Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O. M. I., assisted by Rev. Fr. Amyot, O. M. I., deacon, and Rev. Fr. Marion, O. M. I., sub-deacon. The bearers were Noe Lucier, August Bouville, Edward Couture, Joseph Couture, A. Goyette and Paul Poullot.

Interment was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

MIRAULT—At St. Joseph's church yesterday services were held over the remains of Alexis Mirault. The bearers were Olivier Lepage, Narcisse Bellemare, Joseph Heroux, A. Blanger, Delphis Belleville and Jacques Hamel. Burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

PERSONAL.

Rev. John F. Duffy, O. M. I., who has been staying at the Immaculate Conception church during the summer will return to the University of Ottawa Monday night, where he will accept a professorship.

Miss Mollie E. M. Quinn of Moore street and Miss Blanche A. Wood of Meadowcroft street have gone to Crescent beach for a week.

Miss Annie Casey of Concord, N. H., is visiting her cousin, Mr. Carkin, in June street.

At the regular meeting of the Ladies' auxiliary of the Lowell Reform club there were two initiations and four proposals for membership. It was voted to have a sociable next Thursday evening.

An original pension has been awarded to John F. Swett of this city.

Personal

GAMES YESTERDAY.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston—

Boston had no difficulty in winning both games from Chicago yesterday, the Colts being outplayed at all points.

Boston.	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Hamilton, c. f.	3	2	0	3	0	0
Tenney, 1 b.	3	0	3	3	2	0
Lowe, 2 b.	4	1	1	4	6	0
Stahl, r. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Duffy, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Collins, 3 b.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Allen, s. s.	4	1	2	1	2	0
Bergen, c.	4	0	1	6	1	0
Klobedanz, p.	2	2	2	0	2	0
Totals	32	6	13	27	15	0

Chicago.	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Everett, 3 b.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Dahlen, s. s.	3	0	1	4	2	0
Lange, c. f.	3	0	1	3	1	1
Anson, 1 b.	4	1	2	7	0	0
Ryan, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Callahan, 2 b.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Decker, l. f.	3	0	1	1	2	0
Kittredge, c.	3	0	0	4	1	0
Thornton, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	29	3	7	21	12	1

Boston .... 1 0 2 3 0 0 0 0 —6
Chicago .... 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3

Earned runs—Boston, 1; Chicago, 2. Two-base hits—Allen, Ryan. Three-base hit—Decker. Stolen base—Tenney. Double plays—Klobedanz, Tenney and Bergen; Lange and Kittredge; Allen, Lowe and Tenney. First base on balls—Off Thornton, 3; off Klobedanz, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Klobedanz, Dahlen, Lange. Struck out—By Thornton, 2; by Klobedanz, 3. Left on bases—Boston, 6; Chicago, 2.

Boston.	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Hamilton, c. f.	5	1	0	1	1	0
Tenney, 1 b.	5	0	1	10	0	0
Lowe, 2 b.	4	0	2	4	5	1
Stahl, r. f.	4	1	0	4	0	0
Duffy, l. f.	4	3	3	2	0	0
Collins, 3 b.	3	2	2	1	3	1
Allen, s. s.	4	0	2	2	5	1
Ganzel, c.	5	1	0	3	1	0
Nichols, p.	3	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	37	9	12	27	16	3

Chicago.	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Everett, 3 b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Dahlen, s. s.	3	0	0	3	3	2
Lange, c. f.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Anson, 1 b.	4	0	1	0	1	1
Ryan, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Callahan, 2 b.	4	1	3	4	3	1
Decker, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Kittridge, c.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Griffith, p.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	33	1	7	21	12	4

Boston .... 0 4 0 1 1 0 1 2 —9
Chicago .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Earned run—Boston, 1. Two-base hits—Nichols, Callahan. Three-base hit—Duffy. Stolen bases—Lowe, Duffy, Kittredge. Double play—Collins, Lowe and Tenney. First base on balls—Off Nichols, 3; off Griffith, 6. Hit by pitched ball—Dahlen, Stahl. Struck out—By Nichols, 3. First base on errors—Boston, 1; Chicago, 3. Left on bases—Boston, 10; Chicago, 9.

At Baltimore—
Baltimore .... 3 6 4 2 1 0 1 5 —22
St. Louis .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0— 1

At New York—Two games.
New York .... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0— 1
Cincinnati .... 0 0 0 0 7 0 2 0 2—11
New York .... 0 1 5 0 4 0 3—13
Cincinnati .... 0 0 0 0 0 3— 3

NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE.

At Taunton—
Taunton .... 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 2—6
Pawtucket .... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
At Brockton—
Brockton .... 0 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 1—5
Fall River .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
At Newport—
Newport .... 3 4 0 0 0 0 0 0—7
Taunton .... 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0—4

EASTERN LEAGUE.

At Wilkesbarre—
Wilkesbarre .... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0— 1
Syracuse .... 0 3 1 0 1 4 6 0 —15
At Springfield—
Springfield .... 0 0 3 0 2 0 0 0 —5
Buffalo .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1
At Providence—Two games.
Providence .... 1 0 1 0 3 0 0 0—5
Toronto .... 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—1
Providence .... 1 3 0 0 0 1 1 0—6
Toronto .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

ATLANTIC LEAGUE.

At Norfolk—Two games.
Norfolk .... 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 2 0 0—6
Athletics .... 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 1—7
Norfolk .... 2 0 0 0 2 0—4
Athletics .... 0 1 1 0 0 0—2
Called in the sixth inning on account of darkness.
At Lancaster—
Lancaster .... 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 0—4
Newark .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

IN MEMORIAM.

Rest, loved one, rest,
Free from all sorrow and care.
Sorrow and pain you will never feel
In your mansion so bright and fair.

You bask in the glory of heaven,
Greater than earthly beauties below,
Where raptures unending are freely given
With angels pure as eternal snow.

Sad and lonely are your friends
Since you've been called to the throne.
Soon they will all greet you there
Where parting is never known.

THE FARRAGUT HOUSE
Henry W. Garrity, Prop.
CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.
OPPOSITE OLD B. AND M. DEPOT.
The house is now under a new management, thoroughly refitted and refurnished with all the modern improvements, steam heat and electric call bells in each room. Electric cars pass the door every few minutes. Choice cigars in sample room. Special rates to the Profession.
M. H. Carey. (Clerks) H. Gervais.

"NAPTHA SOAP"
Washes everything washable. Cleans everything cleanable. We are carrying this new and popular Soap in stock, only 5c. per cake.

F. M. BARNEY & CO.
Grocers, Bakers, Meat and Provision Dealers
415 MIDDLESEX STREET.
Tel 144-4 28 THORNDIKE STREET Wamesit Bank Block.

School Shoes
Are Our Specialties This Week.
Misses' Hand-made, Spring Heel, in Kid and Cloth Tip, Button or Lace, $1.25 a pair.
Youths' Lace Shoes $1 a pair.
Men's Lace Shoes, $1.25 a pair.
The quality of stock and wear these goods possess cannot be secured at the above prices when these are gone.
J. J. LONERGAN,
216 DUTTON STREET.

Notice. For the next 15 days, A. M. Bertrand, the tailor, will make his $32 Suits for $25, his $28 Suits for $20 $30 Suits for $22. Trousers from $1 [up]wards. Cleaning, pressing and repairing done at short notice.
A. M. BERTRAND, 24 Middle St.
Few doors from the corner of Central.

NEXT SATURDAY
Is Quarter Day at
WASHINGTON SAVINGS BANK
Don't Delay Depositing.
4 Per Cent.
COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY.
273 Central and 4 Gorham,
LOWELL, MASS.

THERE ARE DIAMONDS
And DIAMONDS. When you want the latter call on
J. D. GRANT,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
84 Merrimack Street.
Also, if your watch is not pleasing you, we understand and can rectify any displacement at short notice.

Peter H. Savage
Undertaker and Funeral Director
169 WORTHEN ST.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION 614-4.
Calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Carriages furnished for weddings and christenings.

FITS CURED
(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

State Normal School
LOWELL, MASS.
For Both Sexes.
The Fall examination for admission to the Lowell Normal School will take place
Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 7 and 8
Beginning at 9 a. m., at the High School Building on Kirk Street.

PIANOS If you are thinking of buying a Piano call on
Joseph J. Johnson,
328 SUFFOLK STREET.
Agent for the McPhail and other first class pianos. Lowest prices. Easy terms.

Boston and Maine Railroad

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Corrected to June 27, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLESEX STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 5.50, 6.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.05, 12.45, 2.30, 2.55, 4.05, 5.10, 6.15, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.30, 8.45 p. m.
For Lawrence, 5.50, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 5.10, 6.15, 7.00, 9.25, †11.25 p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.30, 8.45 p. m.
For Haverhill, 0.28, 0.50, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 5.10, 6.15, 7.00, 9.25, †11.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 5.30, 8.45 p. m.
For Salem and Lynn, 6.30, 12.05, 5.10 p. m.
For Newburyport and Amesbury, 6.28 a. m., 12.05, 2.30, 4.05, 6.15 p. m.
For Haverhill, Newburyport, Hampton, North Hampton, Portsmouth and stations on York Beach R. R., 2.20 p. m. July 5 to Sept. 17 Inclusive.
For Exeter and Dover, 6.28, 8.50, 8.30 a. m.; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p.m.
For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.50 a. m.; 12.05, 4.05 p. m.
For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls, Saco, Old Orchard and Portland, 6.28, 8.50, 8.30 a.m.; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.
For Augusta, Bath, Waterville, 8.30 a.m.; 12.05, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.
For Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.05, 4.05, 5.10 p. m.
For Bangor, Belfast, Skowhegan and Rockland 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.
For St. John, N. B., Halifax; N. S., Montreal and Quebec, 8.50, 8.30 a. m.; 5.10 p. m., (5.10 does not run Saturdays.) SUNDAYS, 5.30 p. m.
For Eastport and St. John (via steamer), on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12.05 p. m.
For Castine Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Bar Harbor, Jonesport and Machiasport (via steamer Frank Jones, from Portland), Tuesdays and Fridays 5.10 p. m.
†Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

Southern Division.

On and After June 27, 1897, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:

For Boston, 6.45, 8.25, †8.43, *7.45, *8.50, †9.15, †9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, †3.40, 4.25, †5.44 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.45 a. m.
Trains Leave Middlesex Street Station, Lowell, as follows:
For Boston, 5.44, 6.28, †6.46, 7.15, 7.21, *7.23, 7.33, *7.48, †7.55, *8.57, †9.19, *9.50, 11.03, *11.42 a. m. 12.15, 1.43, †3.03, *3.47, *4.02, 4.28, 5.22, †5.49, *6.22, *7.42, 8.49 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.23, *7.23, 1.46, *9.19 a. m.; 4.25, 5.58 p. m.
For Woburn, 5.28, 1.06, 7.33, *7.48, 11.03 a. m.; 1.43, 4.28, 8.49 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., 4.25, 6.56 p. m.
*Note—Express. †Via Bedford.
For Lawrence, 6.25, 10.00 a. m.; 4.15 p. m.
For Salem, and Way Stations, 7.33 a. m.; 1.28, 5.53 p. m.
For Ayer Junction, and Way Stations, 7.10 a. m.; 12.09, 5.01 and 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, 9.13 a. m.; 1.00, 3.13, 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.
For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene, 9.13 a. m. and 5.43 p. m. SUNDAYS, to Greenfield, 2.00 p. m.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, 7.40, 9.13, 9.19, 10.00 a. m.; 12.09, 1.00, 1.40, 1.54, 3.43, 5.10, 6.20, 8.10, 8.10 p. m. SUNDAYS 10.09 a. m. (to Nashua only) 3.08 a. m., 2.00, 6.02, 5.10, 8.40 p. m.
For Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction, 9.13, 9.40 a. m.; 12.09, 1.40, 5.40, †8.10 p. m.
For Wayne, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—7.40, 9.13 a. m.; 1.40 p. m.; 3.43 p. m., Saturday only till August 8th, inclusive.
For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.40 a. m.; 1.54, 8.40 p. m.
For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.40 a. m.; 12.09, †8.10 p. m.
For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.40 a. m.; †8.40 p. m.
Quebec Express via Plymouth and Sherbrooke—1.54, 8.40 p. m., daily except Sunday.
† Daily for Montreal.
D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TAFT, General Agent, Lowell.

R. J. MOWER,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER and OPTICIAN
285 Central Street.

RUSSELL D. WARD KILLED

He Leaped From an Express Train in Dead of Night.

He was Missed at Chicago and Body Found on the Tracks—Had Telegraphed to Examine His Car.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Russell D. Ward, the Englishman who created a sensation a short time ago by eloping with the wife of Millionaire John Bradbury of Los Angeles, Cal., committed suicide some time during yesterday morning by throwing himself from a Chicago Northwestern railway train. The fact was not known until hours later, and as the result of a search which was immediately begun the body of Ward was found at Wheatlands, Ia. It is not known exactly at what hour Ward leaped from the train, but according to Conductor Calloway the act was committed after 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

Ward was evidently insane when he threw himself out of the car window, as he had been acting peculiarly for the greater part of the trip, and frequently sent telegrams to various parts of the country. When the train reached Fremont, Neb., he sent a telegram to the detective headquarters in Chicago, requesting them to meet the train at the Northwestern depot yesterday morning. He signed the telegram "R. W.," and for several hours the police in this city endeavored to find out who R. W. could be. The telegram gave the police no information, but the sending of it makes the police believe Ward intended to commit suicide on the train, and sent the telegram for the purpose of having the police find his body when the train arrived in this city.

Ward boarded the train at San Francisco at 5:30 o'clock Monday evening. He was immediately assigned to drawing room B, car two. He had tickets through to Chicago, but did not display much money. Ward was dressed in a new suit of black cloth. He had been stopping at a hotel in San Francisco for some time. After being given possession of his apartment in the pullman car, Ward remained away from the other passengers most of the time and spent all his time in his own apartment.

Early Thursday morning he began to show signs of insanity. He told the conductor of the train who he was, and acted in a very peculiar manner. At nearly every stop the train made he would get off and send telegrams. One of these messages he sent to a resident of Los Angeles, saying that if Mrs. Bradbury wanted him she could come to him, but for the present he would have to go to England and visit his wife. Another telegram was the one he sent to detective headquarters at Chicago. It was sent from Fremont, Neb., and read as follows:

"Please send a good man to drawing room B, car two, of the eastbound overland Norwestern road arriving in Chicago at 7:30 tomorrow morning."

Lieutenant Collins received the message and, thinking it was in regard to some fugitive from justice, turned it over to Lieutenant Hass, and yesterday morning the latter detailed Detective Sergeant Broderick of headquarters to meet the train at the depot.

All Thursday and Thursday night Ward acted in a restless manner and frequently created consternation among the passengers by his peculiar actions. He remained up all night and refused to retire until 3 o'clock yesterday morning, when he approached the colored porter and told him he was going to sleep. Ward then went into his room, and when De Kalb, Ills., was reached, the porter knocked on the door of Ward's room, but received no answer. He made several efforts to get into the room, but without success, and then abandoned the idea.

When the long line of cars pulled into the Northwestern depot Detective Broderick leaped on board and endeavored to gain entrance into the drawing room. The door, however, was securely locked on the inside, and all efforts to gain an entrance were without avail for the time. However, the train crew finally managed to get into the room through an annex, and when the detective was admitted the room was found to be empty. A pile of clothing which Ward had worn was found scattered about the room, but no trace of him could be found. It was soon decided that he had leaped through the window.

In the meantime the police and officials of the Northwestern railroad proceeded to learn the man's identity. Ward's effects consisted of several expensive satchels and his railroad tickets. The satchels were examined by the pullman railroad officials at the depot, and it was through the papers found in the satchels that his identity was learned. The Northwestern people were notified of this fact, and the train dispatcher of the Galena division of that road immediately proceeded to have the body looked for. Telegrams were sent all along the line as far as Fremont, and orders were given station agents to search for the remains. Several hours later a dispatch was received from Wheatlands, Ia., that the body had been found alongside the tracks near that place. The body was dressed only in a night robe, and was much bruised. The remains were taken to Clinton, Ia., where they are being held.

Ward was an Englishman. He was married and had a large family in England. A short time ago he visited Los Angeles, where he met the wife of John Bradbury, a reputed millionaire. Mr. Bradbury and his wife are still young. A sensation was created when Ward eloped with Mrs. Bradbury to San Francisco. Bradbury, when he returned and heard of the elopement, went after his wife, and a reconciliation took place between the two at the Wellington hotel in this city. Mrs. Bradbury left Ward, and all was forgiven by her husband.

The police believe that Ward intended to end his life in his apartment. They argue that he evidently sent the telegram to them while having such an idea in his mind.

FISTS AGAINST A RAZOR.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Bare fists against a razor was the unequal odds yesterday afternoon in a desperate encounter between Adam Wilson and Samuel H. Smith in the elevator at the Post-graduate hospital and medical college. While the elevator ascended from the basement to the sixth floor and retraced its course the two men fought, their yells sounding through the corridors of the hospital and carrying alarm to the patients in the wards. It was a fight for life by Wilson, a bloodthirsty assault by Smith, prompted by a quarrel over their respective duties.

When the battle ceased Wilson was lying on the floor of the elevator in the blood that flowed from a dozen or more wounds. Deep gashes marked both sides of his throat, four long slashes crossed his breast, part of his left ear was gone and his arms and hands were hacked. Smith escaped from the elevator by stopping it at the first floor and leaping into the hall. His victim is in a critical condition.

M'KINLEY AT A FAIR.

Columbus, Sept. 4.—It is variously estimated that between 75,000 and 100,000 persons were gathered on the state fair grounds yesterday afternoon to greet President McKinley, but only a fraction of this number were able to hear the brief speech which he delivered. It was school children's day at the fair and President McKinley directed his remarks in part to them.

An unpleasant feature of the president's visit was a report which gained currency through the publication of an anonymous letter to the effect that the president was in bodily danger because of the appointment of Immigration Commissioner Powderly, and that extraordinary precautions would be taken to guard him. The mayor and the director of public safety regard the communication as a hoax, and both state that it was never considered seriously.

OVERTAKEN BY A GALE.

London, Sept. 4.—News has been received here of the loss of four lives off the coast of Scotland. Four skiffs left Fair Isle, between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, on Thursday, to barter produce with passing vessels. The skiffs were overtaken by a gale, but two succeeded in returning safely. The other two were missing throughout the night, but one was found in the morning. In it were the bodies of four men, and the other three occupants were almost dead from exhaustion. The remaining boat has not been seen, and it is believed that its occupants, four in number, have all been drowned. There is great grief at Fair Isle over the loss of the men, several of whom were men of families.

BOY FATALLY HURT.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 4.—Richard Larson, 11 years old, was fatally injured while attempting to steal a ride on a north bound freight. He slipped under the wheels and was terribly mangled about the lower portion of his body. Larson died at 1:30 this morning.

EATEN SWEAT-EARNED BREAD.

Alfred, Me., Sept. 4.—At the field meeting of the county grange yesterday, Governor Powers said: "There is no part of farm labor with which I am not familiar, and I am not ashamed to own that I have eaten bread earned by the sweat of my own brow. Of our 70,000,000 of people, 32,000,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits. As Daniel Webster once said: 'The farmers are God's people.' Agriculture lies at the base of all industries, and without it all other industries must cease."

BAD FOR ENGLAND.

London, Sept. 4.—The Daily Graphic this morning publishes a table comparing the available and prospective English wheat supply at the present time with that of September, 1896, showing a deficiency of nearly 2,000,000 quarters. It is inevitable, The Graphic says, that the rise in the price of bread will be maintained.

BICYCLIST WILL DIE.

Providence, Sept. 4.—Earl Wood, 18 years old, was run down by a horse and sulky, driven by an unknown man, while riding his bicycle last evening, and received fatal injuries. Five ribs were broken, the fractured bones puncturing the lungs. This morning he was not expected to live but a few hours.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Cures Every Form of Inflammation; INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL. Originated by an old Family Physician in 1810. Acts promptly. It is always ready for use. Do not let your suffering children love it. Every Mother should have it in the house for colic, croup, cholera morbus and summer complaints, pain in the stomach, bowels or kidneys. For bites, burns, bruises, sun burn, sprains or strains, it is the sovereign cure. All who use it are amazed at its marvelous power and are loud in its praise forever after.

For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. I regard it one of the best and safest family medicines. So be used internal and external in all cases. O. B. INGALLS, Dea. 2d Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me.

CROUP. My children are subject to croup. All that is necessary is to give them a dose, bathe the chest and throat with your Liniment, tuck them in bed, and the croup disappears as if by magic. E. A. FERRENBY, Rockport, Texas.

Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed free. The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents, 50c bottle, $1.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

"Best Liver Pill Made."

Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, Torpid Bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from them. Price 25 cts.; five $1.00. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

PRES. ANDREWS

Says the Gold Men are Largely Interested

IN THE PROPOSED COSMPOLITAN UNIVERSITY.

Will Continue at Brow Until Successor is Chosen.

New York, Sept. 4.—That Dr. Elisha Benjamin Andrews, who recently resigned the presidency of Brown university, will assume complete control of the newly inaugurated Cosmopolitan university, is almost an assured fact. Dr. Andrews has been in this vicinity for two days. He went to Irvington-on-the-Hudson and was closeted with John Brisben Walker, the promoter of the university, and together they prepared the prospectus of the new educational project.

Dr. Andrews left Irvington early in the afternoon, en route to Providence, but he remained over night at the Murray Hill hotel, this city, and will not start eastward until today. When seen by a representative of the press, Dr. Andrews gave out the following statement: "Some weeks ago when I thought a severance of my relations with Brown university inevitable, I assumed the responsibility of conducting during the coming year a very important new educational undertaking projected by John Brisben Walker, but now soon to be taken in charge by a corporation made up of well-known gentlemen, all 'sound money' men, deeply interested in the proposed educational enterprise. The work to be done by the new corporation is in the nature of the university extension already carried on by Brown university so that the head of Brown university might conceivably be the same person who had charge of the new work. There would, in the nature of the case, be nothing incongruous in such a union, as appears in the fact that President Harper of Chicago university is also collegiate principal of the Chatauqua university. Yet I do not myself deem that sort of a union in the present case advisable or likely to give satisfaction. If resorted to, it will be only a device to tide over a temporary difficulty. Either the old enterprise or new will itself sufficiently tax the energies of any one man. Just what permanent settlement will be arrived at I am not yet in a position to state. It is hoped that it will be the one best calculated to further the cause of education."

When asked whether he would withdraw his resignation from Brown university, the doctor said he could not state positively what he would do until he had consulted the trustees and fellows of Brown university.

He said that there were nearly 4000 applications by letter for the new university, and he would begin to answer them on next Monday week. Brown university will open two days later, and this in itself would show Dr. Andrews has certainly a very deep interest in the welfare of the new scheme.

Mr. Walker was rather reserved when approached at his residence on the Hudson, but he gave all inquirers to understand that Dr. Andews would have complete contol of the Cosmopolitan university and assume entire charge of it at an early day.

"You see," said Mr. Walker, "Brown university has treated Dr. Andrews so nicely that it is very likely he will continue the duties of the presidency until his successor is selected."

LOSS OF THE PECKER.

Boston, Sept. 4.—The first intelligence of the schooner Olive Pecker since she was reported as abandoned by her crew, after Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders had been murdered, was contained in a private letter received in this city from New Orleans. The report states that Captain George Braithwaite of the British steamer Rosse, one of the Liverpool, Brazil and River Plattle line, which arrived at New Orleans a few days ago from Santos and Rio Janeiro, reported that on Aug. 6 in lat. 13s. and about long. 35 w., he sighted a burning vessel, and for three hours the Rosse steamed around her in a vain search for the crew. The vessel was a three-masted schooner, lumber laden, and there is no doubt that it was the Olive Pecker. There were no boats in sight, and no signs of life anywhere around the burning vessel. This places the date of the murder of Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders much earlier than was supposed, from the fact that the news of the tragedy not reaching here for 10 days later. The condition of the schooner when passed by the Rosse leads to the belief that the murderer and the remainder of the crew had not been very many hours away from the vessel when the Rosse put in an appearance. The position as given by Captain Braithwaite is about half way between Rio Janeiro and Bahia, where the men made a landing. When the Rosse left the vessel the flames were licking her mastheads, and she was fast being consumed. The entire hull was a mass of flames, and the cabin, where probably the remains of Captain Whitman and Mate Saunders were lying, had been entirely consumed.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

the danger is in the neglect— that's why so many colds lead to a fatal disease.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is made for throat and lung troubles. It acts like magic. Sold by druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

CONCESSION BY MINERS

The Miners' Board has Accepted a Cent Increase.

Making the Rate 65 Cents Per Ton—Sentiment of the Men to be Taken at a Convention.

Columbus, O., Sept. 4.—The end of the great miners' strike is in sight. Yesterday afternoon the national executive board of the United Mine Workers agreed to recommend to the miners a proposition from the Pittsburg operators for a straight price of 65 cents a ton to continue in force until the end of the year. A delegate convention of all miners who have suspended work has been called to meet in Columbus Sept. 8 at 10 p. m., to act upon the recommendation.

President Ratchford and the other members of the board say there is not the slightest doubt but that the miners will approve the recommendation. The proposition does not involve arbitration, and in effect provides for an immediate settlement of the strike. Ratchford said last night that there were special reasons for the board recommending the proposition. In the first place it concedes the miners a material advance. Had a 69-cent rate been secured he was confident it could not have been maintained for more than 70 days. The proposition does away with all the uncertainties of arbitration and will bring the strike to a speedy termination. As soon as the miners ratify the proposition work will be resumed in all the mines. In the second place the proposition provides for a revival of the joint conferences for the adjustment of prices. The operators are pledged to meet with the miners prior to the termination of the agreement and determine the rate of mining for the next year. Both the members of the miners' executive board and the operators' committee are pleased over the outcome of the conference, and feel that public sentiment will sustain their action.

Yesterday the operators' committee renewed the first proposition for a 64-cent rate pending arbitration. This was again refused by the miners' board. Then the operators get together and submitted a new proposition for a straight price of 65 cents, and after a long discussion it was accepted by the miners, but subject to the approval of the miners at large.

In a circular calling the convention, the executive board says: "At this time it is deemed advisable for the reason that provisions are made in the uniformity agreement now pending in Pittsburg, and which, it is expected, will be operative in that district on and after Jun. 1, 1898, to arbitrate the question of relative differential between pick and machine mining, which will, we anticipate, do much toward furnishing us with more reliable data of that question than we possess at present, and to that extent will be beneficial to us in settling questions as between machine and pick mining."

THE BOODLE CASE

Detectives Tell How Shay Was Trapped.

BY RECEIVING MARKED MONEY FROM POLICE.

The Testimony Against Him is Sweeping.

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 4.—The investigation into the affairs of the committee on public instruction by a special committee of the city council was resumed yesterday afternoon. Acting City Solicitor Grime stated that he had talked with Walter E. McLane, who had refused to testify on Tuesday and against whom the committee has directed proceedings for contempt, and found that McLane had not intended to imply that he was trying to conceal knowledge which would incriminate himself, and was willing to testify.

Councilman McCarthy objected to Mr. Grime's abandoning contempt proceedings on these grounds, but the councilman was ruled out of order.

The examination of witnesses was then resumed. McLane testified that he talked with Shay regarding the acceptance of Farnham's plans, and was informed that Shay was not in it "for his health," and it would cost $100. Farnham would have to secure the mayor's vote himself. With the remark that he thought it was rather high, McLane left Shay and told Farnham to have nothing to do with it, as it was "robbery."

G. A. Bobrick, who was present with counsel, W. E. Phillips, Jr., and several witnesses, was given a hearing to disprove attempts to impeach his reputation for veracity and truth. Mr. Bobrick stated emphatically that he would not believe Agent James H. Butler of the Chandler Desk company under oath.

Detectives Charles R. Arlen and Edward T. Clarity of Boston testified to visiting Fall River at the request of Counsel J. M. Morton, Jr., and Architect Farnham on July 18. The next night they secreted themselves behind the portierre in Farnham's house. They saw Farnham give Shay two new $100 bills. Farnham offered him a check, but Shay said, "No, I can't use a check." Farnham then said he would pay the balance on the following Wednesday. He asked for a receipt, but Shay refused, saying if there was any "squealing" to let him know first. Shay also said that a part was going to "Frank" (Hoag). Shay then left the house and was shadowed by the detectives in an endeavor to find what had become of the money, which was marked. They followed him on a car, and he went to Crossen's saloon; later left with a friend, got into a carriage and the detectives lost him.

Attorney Grime informed the committee that he had summoned Shay and Hoag, but they did not appear. The city messenger was directed to find them.

The committee then went into executive session to discuss the case of George W. Lent, whom witnesses had charged with having offered a bribe to Councilman Buron. He has been too sick to appear.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Natick, R. I., Sept. 4.—Joseph Dews, the former owner of the Livingston woolen mills at East Greenwich, has announced his determination to build a new electric lighting plant in the Pawtuxet valley, and work will be commenced on the same in Washington village at once. Mr. Dews, who has recently purchased the Washington mills, will also build one of the largest dye houses in the New England states. The structure will be 50 feet long, one story high, and will be fully equipped with blowers, vats and all the necessary equipments. Mr. Dews spent $100,000 in putting electric lights into East Greenwich, and the new lighting plant may prove a formidable rival to the United Traction company of New Jersey, which has the only plant in western Rhode Island.

First class printing done at this office.

MINING DISASTER

Twelve Bodies Taken From an Old Mine.

CAUSED BY EXPLOSION OF COAL DUST.

Other Bodies are in the Burning Ruins.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Sept. 4.—At 1 o'clock last evening a terrible explosion of coaldust occurred in the old Sunshine mine, owned by the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, 12 miles from Glenwood.

At this writing 12 bodies have been recovered, and so great is the excitement that it cannot be learned whether there are any more in the mine or not. Rescuing parties are exploring the mine, and great crowds surround the entrance. The bodies taken out are in a most horribly mutilated condition.

BULLS LACKED AGGRESSION.

New York, Sept. 4.—It was evident from the action of yesterday's wheat market that the bull element is still badly lacking in aggressive courage. They had the market in their grasp, but threw up their hands in the last hour despite the fact that exporters picked up in the neighborhood of 60 loads of wheat at New York and outports. The Chicago pool, after giving the market some assistance early in the day, mysteriously withdrew its support. December had been carried up to 68⅞, when a storm of selling orders struck the market, bearing it down to 90⅝, whence it rallied to 97 at the close.



The Greeks were physically perfect and beautiful because they were healthy. The man who suffers from ill-health cannot be physically robust and manly. The woman who is sickly cannot be beautiful and womanly. Most all forms of ill-health have their inception in disorders of the digestion. When the digestion is bad the blood becomes impure, and is imperfectly supplied with the food-elements that build up new and healthy tissues, and tear down, and carry away those that are inert and half-dead. The nerves are not rebuilt from day to day with new, vigorous, active fibers. Every organ, tissue, muscle and nerve in the body is half famished for healthy nutriment. Almost any disease in the category of human ills may be the result of this condition. Most frequently it is the most deadly of disorders—consumption. Sometimes it is some other wasting disease. Again, it may be scrofula or some skin disease.

There is a sure preventive and remedy for these conditions and maladies. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It corrects all disorders of the digestion. It restores the lost or failing appetite and invigorates the liver. It fills the arteries with the pure, rich, red blood of health. It builds new, firm flesh, healthy, active nerve fibers, and strong elastic muscles. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, and wasting diseases. It cures nervous prostration. Druggists sell it.

The man who is too lazy or neglectful to take an occasional dose of medicine to ward off the evil effects of constipation deserves to die. And he will surely get his deserts, for constipation is the first cause of much sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They never gripe. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All good druggists sell them. No other pills are as good.

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Dyspepsia, the thief that steals away so much of life's pleasure, has no accomplice more pernicious than lard. Bar every lard-soaked thing out of your diet, and make your digestion proof against dyspepsia and the ills that follow it, by eating the appetizing and digestible food that is prepared with

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Associate Building, 322 Merrimack Street SAMUEL OKR, Manager.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

BASEBALL AS A SCIENTIFIC GAME.

William Joyce, Captain-Manager of the Giants, Writes a Timely Article on the National Game.

[Copyright, 1897.]

One hears a great deal about "natural born ball players." I don't believe there is such a thing. Successful ball players do not grow up in a day or a week on the back lots like a mushroom or a dandelion. Baseball is an art and must be learned. Of course a man must be able to bat, field and run fast before it is worth while to take up the educational part, just as a young man entering college must be bright, apt and retentive of memory. Playing baseball successfully does not consist alone in being able to bat .300 per cent or in stopping grounders, catching flies and throwing well. All that goes for naught if your man is not ready, has not thoroughly learned the strategic parts of the game and is not quick in thinking and acting. I'd rather have a mediocre fielder in ability at stopping and throwing who had the above acquired qualifications than the most sensational fielder who half the time blundered in judgment and seldom saw an advantage until it was too late to accept it.

I will try to illustrate the difference between the ball player who has "natural" abilities and one who has the capacity for learning the tricks and the correct points of the game and using them. First the "natural" player who never learns. He comes from some minor league, where his fame is monumental. There is no doubt that he can bat hard, is a good fly catcher, throws well and can cover considerable ground on the infield, but he knows absolutely nothing about playing the game for all that. He is sure to have some weak spot in his batting. Nearly every player has. It will take the major league pitchers a few games to find out just what the weakness is. Once they've done that his batting services decline in value, for the pitchers work him. Often the man is so set in his mechanical way of playing that he makes no effort to meet and checkmate the pitcher by avoiding that weak tendency, whatever it might be. I have in mind a former New York player who made a sensation with his batting when he first came into the major league, but who had a weakness for going after high balls, some of which were above his head. As soon as the pitchers discovered it his name was Dennis. No amount of urging could induce him to let those high "benders" alone. Occasionally he'd hold himself back and get a base on balls as a consequence, and the very next time up to bat he'd reach after every high ball pitched to him. The incurable habit soon sent him adrift.

Suppose the man is a brilliant outfielder in the common acceptation of the word, but doesn't know the opposing batsmen and never will learn. He plays just in one place for every man, and you can't teach him to move about according to the habit of the batsman in placing the ball. He would play just as far out for Fifield as he would for Delehanty and no farther for Schriver than for Ritchey. He's a good, strong thrower, but never knows where he is going to aim the ball at the infield till he picks it up. Then he's as liable to throw to one base as to another. His fellow players all stand guessing till the ball leaves his hands. As a rule, every one of these mechanical fellows throws home regardless of the speed of the runner going there or of the state of the score.

On the infield he covers ground nicely, but never has in mind who the batsman is. Fast runner or slow is all the same to him. He plays all grounders alike, and almost any sprinter can beat him to first on a moderately slow grounder. He'll throw to first when he has an easy force at second, and he'll throw to second when there is no possible chance to put his man out. How often while playing in to catch the man at third at the plate we've seen a fielder get a grounder in plenty of time to make the play, but who forgets and, letting the man go home, throws the batsman out at first.

On bases he tries to steal when it is not necessary, and when the situation calls for a steal or a trial at it you can't move him with dynamite. He's caught napping and never knows enough to run back when he sees he's caught between bases, so as to allow the other runners to move up to third and second. Such a man is a "natural" player, and he usually lasts a year, sometimes less, sometimes a little more.

Now I'll try to show what is a good ball player—the man who makes a study of the game, learns to take advantage of all its fine points, knows just what he must do before the play comes off and does it.

First the outfielder. This position is more difficult to play correctly than an infield place on the nine. He must know the particular batting habit of every man who faces the pitcher. Every batsman has such a habit, though of course he doesn't always send the ball into the same field, but his percentage is largely one way. For instance, left handed batsmen usually hit hard to right field and short to left. Some left handers, like Clarke of Louisville, hit hard to left. The left fielder must therefore know whether to play in or out for this man. The same will apply to other fielders. Then there are batsmen who are purely right field hitters and some who are left field hitters. The outfield must shift three-fourths to the left or three-fourths to the right, as the case may be.

But the important part of the right fielder's work, after all, is in having his mind made up before the ball is batted as to what he must do if it comes his way. No good fielder will wait till the ball is batted to do that. For instance, there's a man on third and a man on first. If the man at third is a sprinter, the fielder will tell himself he has no chance to head him off at the plate on a long fly catch, and he'll throw to second to hold the man at first. He'll do that also when his side has a good lead, and one run for the opposition doesn't amount to much. On the other hand, there are fielders who invariably throw home, no matter what the chances are. Base runners know them and take great advantages from their weakness.

Then let us say there's a runner on first and another on second. The next batsman hits safely to right or center field. The good fielder will have in mind the running ability of his two opponents, and he will at once measure the hit, whether it be slow or fast. He must make up his mind in a moment whether he has a chance for the man going home from second. If he hasn't, he'll not attempt a throw home, but try to catch the second man at third, for which place the latter is almost sure to try.

The infielder, too, must be a quick witted, shrewd fellow to do his work right. Suppose a runner is on third and one on second, with none or only one out. The infield plays well up to cut the run off at the plate. If the ball goes straight to the fielder, the play is easy, but sometimes the necessity of a step or two one side or another to get the ball spoils all chances to make the play at home. Then the ball will be fielded to first and no attempt made to head the man going home. The heedless player will usually throw home regardless of chances, having mechanically made up his mind that such is the play expected.

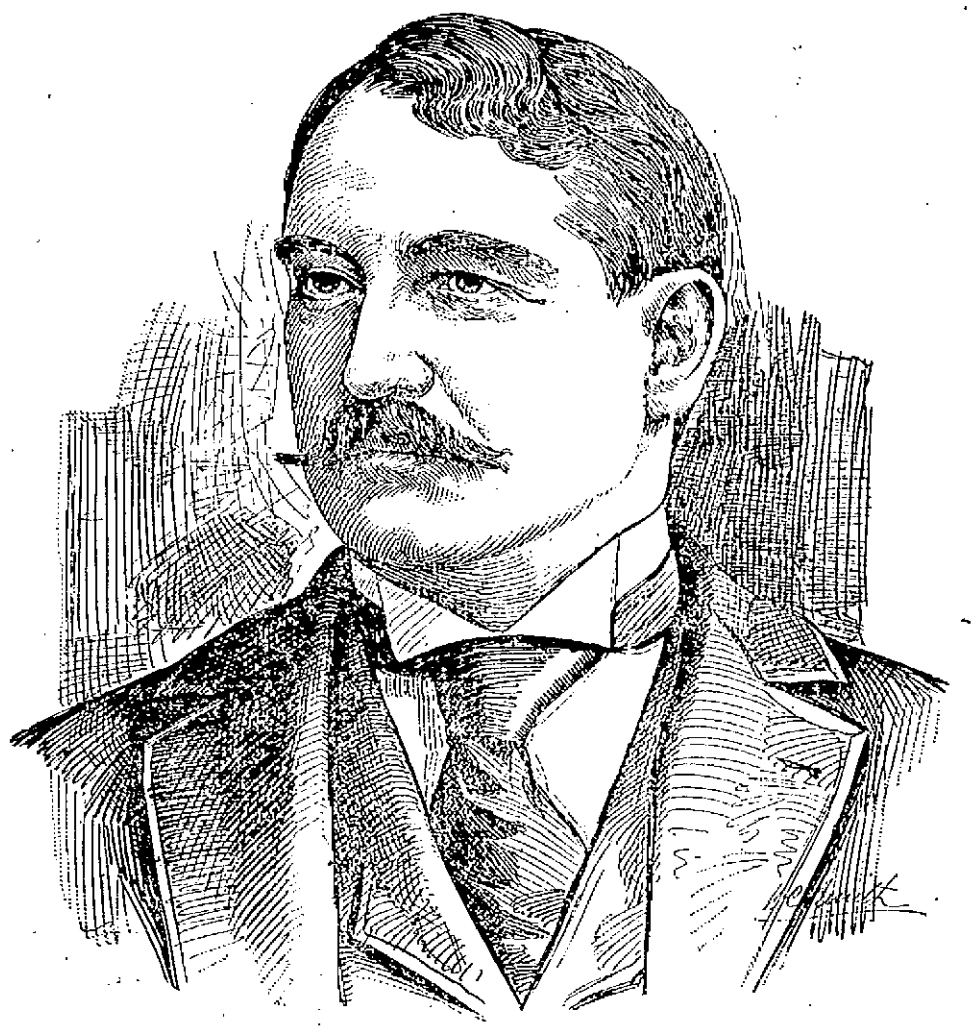
The infielder of worth also has the running abilities of his batsman in mind all the time. If the man be a moderate runner, the fielder will not make too much haste in throwing, but should it be a sprinter he will not lose a fraction of a moment in getting the ball off on its way to first. You've seen the infielders who take the same time throwing to first on every batsman whose grounders he handles. That is the mechanic, and he loses many games for his club by his failure to think and discriminate.

Above all, a pitcher must be brainy, quick to think and a student of batsmen. The pitcher who goes at one batsman the same as at another and pitches the same kind of balls at all stages of the game will never succeed even if he has all of Rusie's speed, curves and control. It is not those three qualities I've named which make Rusie the king of all pitchers. The big fellow knows every weak and strong spot in every batsman who faces him, because he has made a study of his men. Being a man of excellent judgment, he generally knows how to work his opponent under different situations. That is why he can "get out of a bad hole" so often.

I have heard Rusie say that when runners were on bases and an extra man from the bench was sent out in place of a pitcher or a weak batsman to drive them home he was almost certain of his victim. The "extra" feels that he has been called up to hit the ball, and he seldom waits for a base. Just work his weak point, and you've got him.

The catcher, too, must be especially quick witted, for so many situations are sprung on him without warning that the least slowness in thinking will put him in the second or third class. No; there is no such article as a "natural born ball player."

WILLIAM JOYCE.



CAPTAIN-MANAGER WILLIAM JOYCE.

Hunting Kangaroos In Australia.

There are two ways of hunting kangaroos in Australia, one followed by natives hunters and the other by white men. The natives surround a herd of the animals, narrow the circle and then, when the kangaroos dash at them in wild efforts to escape, kill them with short spears and clubs, commonly called waddies. It is lively work for the native. The kangaroo uses its hind legs viciously and with great judgment, and dogs, horses and men have been torn open by the nails of its hind feet.

The white man prefer to follow the kangaroos with dogs. Every herd of kangaroos has a leader, known as the old man or boomer, which warns its followers of the approach of danger by stamping the ground with its hind foot, making a booming sound that starts all the kangaroos in hearing on a run. A scared herd will run twenty or thirty miles at times, or until it reaches safety.

"Riding to the place where a herd of the beasts had been seen the day before by bushmen," a Sportsmen's Magazine writer says, "we came to the bush, a growth of ubiquitous ti trees and tree ferns, fit to brush one off his horse. Quiet was the word of caution passed when we came near the sparsely grown ground beyond the bush where the kangaroos had been seen. The dogs were called in, and then we rode from the bush into view of the herd's sentinel, and then away went the kangaroos, followed by the dogs, and we were at the tail tips of the dogs. The kangaroos could not run, but, folding their fore legs across their breasts they sat down. Then with tail and hind legs, away they went by hops, no hop being less than twenty feet long, and others being more than thirty feet. They cleared shrubs twelve feet high.

"Curiously enough, the kangaroo travels faster up hill than down, the dogs catching up on the down slopes. The beast sometimes breaks its neck while running down hill by going head over heels. The dogs began to throw their young out of their pouches, and we knew they were hard pressed. They turned suddenly for the water. We found the dogs at the water hole with two boomers at bay. We dismounted, and, drawing our knives, waited an opportunity to run in and hamstring them. A dog rushed in and was caught by a hind leg of a boomer and pressed under water, where it was quickly drowned. Then a dog got one of the beasts by the back and threw it, whereupon my cousin quickly hamstrung it, while I rapped its nose with my whip and killed it. We had kangaroo tail soup and steaks for dinner for several days."

A New Champion In Fly Casting.

Expert anglers have just closed a very successful tournament in Chicago. These experts were from all parts of the country.

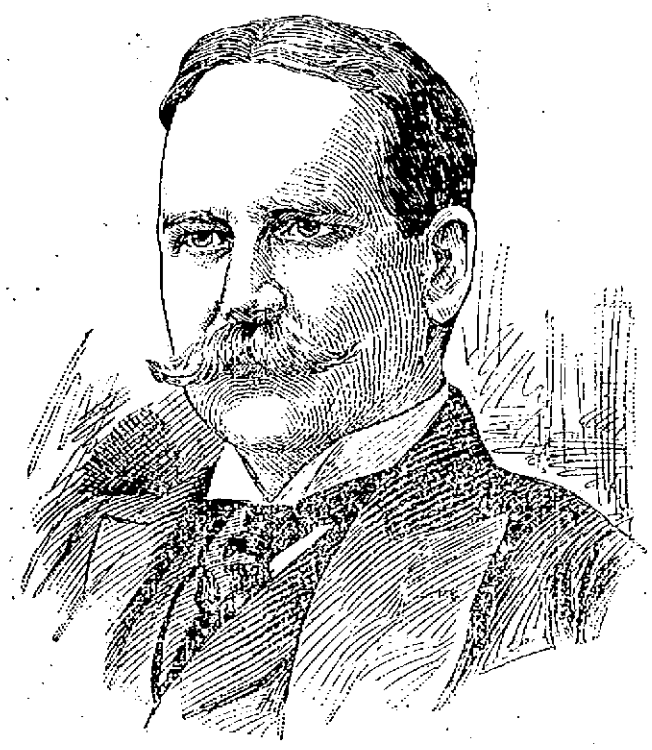
The best fly casting champions in the world were present to take part in the contest at Garfield park.

In the long distance contest for the fly casting championship on the closing day of the tournament W. D. Mansfield of San Francisco established a new world's record. It was perhaps the biggest event of the tournament. The weather was perfect and brought out a large crowd to see the anglers compete for the diamond medals.

The first event was the roll fly casting, for accuracy, at buoys, 50, 45 and 40 feet, five casts made for each buoy, which was won by W. H. Babcock, with a record of 90 1-3 per cent. The place winners were: Second, W. D. Mansfield, 90 per cent; third, C. A. Lippincott, 89 2-3 per cent; fourth, I. H. Bellows, 89 1-3 per cent; fifth, B. W. Goodsell, 87 2-3 per cent; sixth, G. A. Murrell, 82 1-3 per cent; seventh, H. A. Newkirk, 79 per cent.

The next event was bait casting, for distance and accuracy combined, casting on the lawn within a court 30 feet wide, a tapeline extending down the center, and was won by F. H. Davidson, with a record of 98 feet and four-fifths of an inch, four casts. The last contest of the tournament was long distance casting, ten minutes allowed each contestant to extend his line to the greatest possible distance, and was won by W. D. Mansfield of San Francisco, who cast 111¼ feet, beating the world's record of 102½ feet, which has stood seven years.

Mansfield was not in good form and did not expect to win the contest. He was the first man to cast, and when he made his appearance on the pier the spectators gave three cheers for the California champion. The place winners were: Second, F. N. Peet, 92 feet; third, I. H. Bellows, 85 feet; fourth, B. W. Goodsell, 82 feet; fifth, W. H. Babcock, 81 feet; sixth, C. G. Ludlow, 78 feet; seventh, G. A. Murrell, 77 feet.



W. D. MANSFIELD.

A new half mile track has just been completed at New Berlin, N. Y., which is said to be one of the finest in the state and very fast. It is built entirely of a peculiar clay that is impervious to water and very elastic.

Queerly Named Ball Players.

Gus Schmelz has not rounded up all of the players with odd names if he has corralled Lush and De Montreville. Kansas City has Rony Vlox and Peter Breen, and Indianapolis claims a man who rejoices in the surname of Astermuhle.—Cleveland World.

And still there are others, very many others. It wouldn't be fair, would it, to overlook Keeler of Baltimore, "Buffalo" Rowe, "Jiggs" Parrott, Cuppy, Maul, Breitenstein, Daniel Daub, W. Black, Hawke, Mr. Glasscock, Mr. Virtue, Mr. Hugdriever, Mr. Gayle, Mr. Goodenough, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Flock, Mr. Manassau, Mr. Balls, Mr. Pears, Mr. Blue, Mr. Darby, Mr. Katz, Mr. Fear, Mr. Chills, Mr. Pedro, Mr. Boxendale, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Pequigney, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Lookabaugh, Mr. Figgemeir, Mr. C. Cock Roach, Mr. Dowes, Mr. Rafter, Mr. Quarles and Mr. Rudderham, who have added so much to the luster and picturesqueness of the game in their respective leagues?

Tandem Races.

More tandem races of the nature of the two mile tandem national championship at Reading would soon place the double machine contests on the highest pinnacle of popularity in this country. Multicycle races have been close and exciting this season, as good men have been on the machines in many instances. At Boston Jimmy Michael mounted a triplet, and the machine took a record breaking second to the sextuplet team in the greatest multicycle race ever run. Field with Church took the championship at Reading with a finishing record quarter in 25 seconds, and Gardiner with Randall as a mate an inch's close second, the Butler brothers finishing wide and almost as close. Mertens and Kiser being beaten in the stretch. All the teams were cracks in the single races. Good money up would induce more of the same class of races.

Gongs on Bicycles.

In France every wheel must be provided with a gong or bell capable of being heard at a distance of 50 yards, and a badge bearing the name and address of the owner must be attached to the machine. Lanterns must be lighted at sundown. Cyclists must take the right on meeting a vehicle, and when passing one must take the left, decreasing speed and sounding the bell. Drivers of vehicles and men on horseback must go to the right on approach of a bicycle so as to leave the cyclist a space of at least five feet in width. In crowded thoroughfares the cyclist must dismount and lead his wheel. It is forbidden for cyclists to form groups or obstruct the public way or to ride on pavements or footpaths.

A Good Stable.

General John E. Turner, who generally knows what he is talking about, says that a man might take all the money in the Bank of England, rake the country over with a fine toothed comb and then not get together a stable as good as that now being campaigned by Village farm, and yet the Hamlins bred all but one or two of the horses they are now racing.

Lord Hawke's Team Of Cricket Players.

Though there seems to be some doubt about Lord Hawke and his famous cricket team of England coming over to try conclusions with the American teams of Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Chicago, the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia have not given up all effort to secure games with the celebrated team.

Lord Hawke accepted the invitation of the Quakers some time ago and began to arrange for the trip. He met with some difficulty, however, in securing one or two of his team. This turn of affairs was a disappointment to the great cricketer, and he is seriously contemplating abandoning the tour. The eleven is made up almost entirely of gentlemen, including lords and baronets, who, despite their titles, rank among the best players in the world. When tours of this kind are taken, the individual members pay their own expenses and go in for the pleasure of the sport and trip.

The team is composed of Lord Hawke, A. J. L. Hill, T. S. Jackson, Sir T. C. O'Brien, F. W. Milligan, P. F. Warner, A. O. Jones, G. L. Jessop, David Hunter, John Briggs and W. L. Murdock. All of these are record men with the bat and at the wicket, having won many victories on the green.

Should Lord Hawke not come to America a proposition has been made to W. L. Murdock, the famous Australian captain of Sussex, to bring a team over for the autumn games. Several of the members of the Lord Hawke eleven will accompany Murdock's team. This team is composed of the following players: G. R. Bardswell and F. H. E. Cunliffe of Oxford university, G. Brann and W. Newham of Sussex, G. L. Jessop, C. L. Townsend and W. Hemmingway of Gloucestershire, S. M. J. Woods and A. E. Newton of Somerset, H. D. Shinney of Surrey, P. E. Warnock of Middlesex and R. A. Bennett of Hampshire. It is a strong aggregation, with variety and quality in bowling and batting ability. G. L. Jessop, whose hitting has been the sensation of the cricket season in England, is possibly the star of the team.

They will play three games at Philadelphia. Thence they will go to New York for as many more and then play the same number in Boston. From the Hub they will go to Chicago and play three games with the Chicago cricket elevens. The visitors will then go to Toronto and finish up their tour.

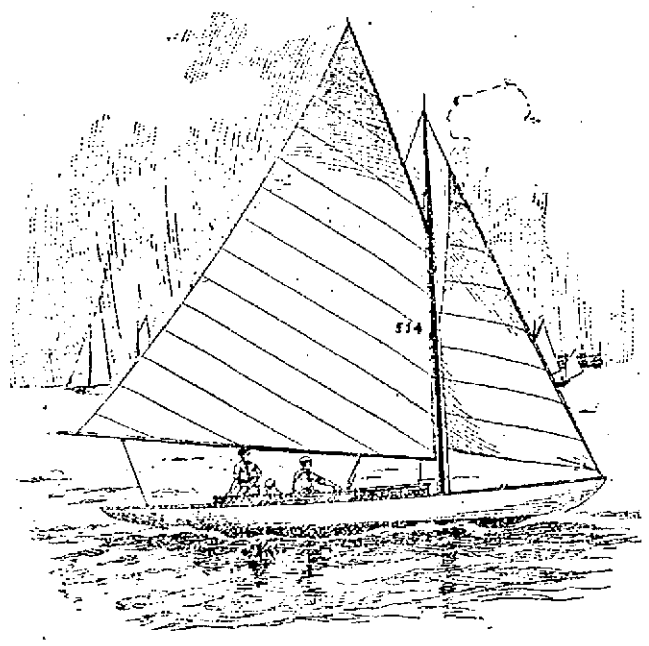
The Temple Cup Series.

It will not be surprising if the League magnates at their annual meeting next November vote to abolish the Temple cup series. Several of them believe that the receipts from the exhibition games played between Oct. 2 and Oct. 16 and that they will also get a percentage of the Temple cup receipts, but this is not generally believed.

The Lucky Colonels.

The Louisvilles have a reward in store for them if they continue their good playing. Before the season opened they signed an agreement with their club officials to the effect that if they finish ninth $1,000 will be divided among them. For eighth place they will receive $2,000, and for seventh notch they will get $3,000. As they stand a chance of coming in sixth and pocketing $4,000, they may fare better than the Temple cup teams.

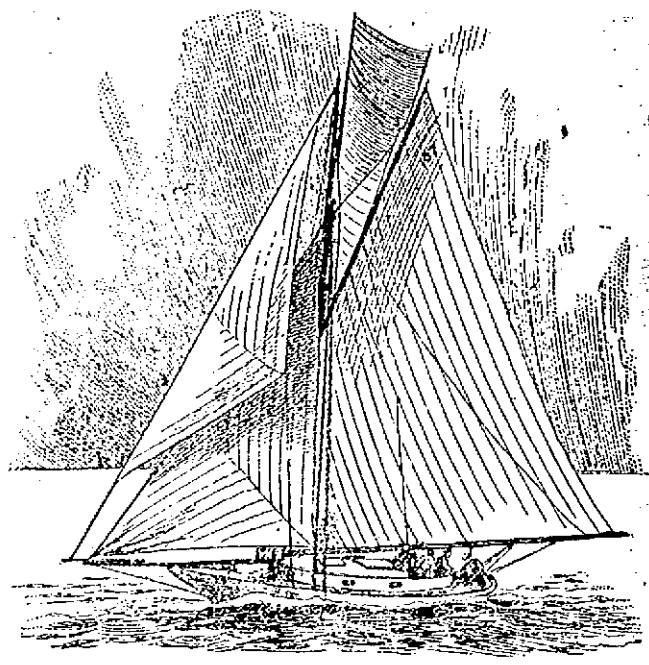
THE HERRESHOFF YACHT FLY.



THE YACHT FLY.

The yacht Fly is one of the boats turned out by Nat Herreshoff this year to beat the Cock Robin. Up to date she has not done the trick once, yet she has sailed some very pretty races and may round to all right. She is about the same size as the Cock Robin, and her designer endeavored to follow the same model with a little fining down of the lines, yet she is not the "sweet" boat that the latter is. She is owned by one of the knockabout cranks, W. O. Gay of Boston.

THE CRACK YACHT IDA J.



THE YACHT IDA J.

The yacht Ida J is perhaps the best all around and the most consistent performer in the first class of any boat around Boston. She has good lines, although a bit heavy, and can stand any amount of rough weather. She carries an immense sail plan and is better in a breeze. She is owned by F. E. Beckman of Lynn and has held her own for three years. She was designed and built by William G. Bowen of Newburyport, is a centerboard, 40 feet 8 inches over all, 27 feet water line, has a beam of 12 feet and draws 3 feet.

rowdy ball playing and kicking at the umpire are due principally to the desire of the players to get into the series and pocket the receipts. This year, for the first time on record, the players who will contest for the cup will be still under contract, as their services to their respective clubs do not legally end until Oct. 15. It has been said in certain quarters that the magnates will take all

Four Big Riders.

There are four very big men following circuit now. Sanger of Milwaukee weighs 200 pounds. Randall, Rochester, 187; Wells, California, 155, and McFarland, California, 176. These men average nearly six feet in height, and all are great riders. They will take part in several prominent events this season.

THE LOWELL SUN
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THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.

Labor Day brings up the discussion of industrial problems and foremost of all, the one which engages the attention of the country, and shocks the susceptibilities of every humane citizen of the United States—the miners' strike.

It may be said that the miners are ignorant men, that many of them are foreigners who never received sufficient remuneration for their labor. In short, there is a tendency to talk of the miners as a species of lower animals little better than beasts of burden, while they are treated much worse than any of the mine operators would dare to treat his horses.

"They receive enough for men of their intelligence," say the operators; but the miners strike for wages sufficient to provide the scantiest subsistence, the bare necessities for their families, not for the wherewithal to procure luxuries or to build up a bank account.

Harry Lloyd of Boston, who has just returned from the scene of the strike, gives a most heartrending account of the condition of the miners, the hardships under which they have to toil, for starvation wages; the frauds practiced upon them in measuring their labor, frauds which take from them about one-fourth of their earnings. Then what is set down to their credit is not, as a rule, sufficient to pay the bills at the company's stores. Hundreds and hundreds of miners, Mr. Lloyd asserts, toil in these gloomy, deathlike mines year in and year out, and never receive a dollar above what goes into the company's store for the bare necessaries of life for their families.

Under such circumstances, what can be the conditions of the families? Is it any wonder that even when the miners are at work, their families are half starved? But with the miners on strike for over six weeks, what can be the condition of those families? It must be pitiable; it must be bordering on the horrors of death from hunger unless, indeed, relief is furnished by a charitable world.

When to the sufferings caused by the strike are added the outrages perpetrated by the courts in the name of justice, the curtailment of the strikers' freedom, so that they cannot hold public meetings, cannot approach the mines even on public highways, cannot speak to the miners or the families of miners at work—when all these indignities are superadded, how it may be asked can the miners restrain themselves from acts of violence and revenge?

On last Monday there was a labor congress at St. Louis which astonished the world by its conservatism under the circumstances. Nearly everybody thought it was called for the purpose of inaugurating a sympathetic strike, but no. Calmly the acts of injustice were recounted; it was shown that the fear of the fathers of the republic has been justified; that the judiciary has become supreme; that we witness a political phenomenon absolutely new in the history of the world, a republic prostrate at the feet of judges appointed to administer its laws, yet in spite of all this the congress merely adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, First, that we set apart Friday, the third day of September, 1897, as a "Good Friday," for the cause of suffering labor in America, and contribute the earnings of that day to the support of our struggling brothers, the miners, and appeal to every union man and every friend of labor throughout the country to do likewise.

"Resolved, second, if the strike of the miners is not settled by the 20th day of September, 1897, and announcement made to that effect by the President of the United Mine Workers, a General Convention will be held at Chicago on Monday, September 27, 1897, by the representatives of all unions, sections, branches, lodges and kindred organizations of laboring men and friends of their cause, for the purpose of considering further measures in the interests of the striking miners and labor in general."

It is to be hoped that the proceeds of the "Good Friday" when collected will tide the strikers over their period of idleness and enable them to beat the heartless operators led by De Armitt. Monopoly has called to its aid the judicial despots and all the machinery of the law to uphold oppression in the worst form as practised upon the miners. They have destroyed respect for the law and for the judges who administer it throughout the entire country. There is a heavy sentence for contempt, but each sentence for violation of injunction in the miners' case fills the breast of every fair minded citizen with supreme contempt for these petty tyrants who usurp the sovereign power and give their outrageous edicts all the power of law, regardless of the constitution that guarantees to every man, life, liberty and freedom in the pursuit of happiness.

First class printing done at this office.

PURE BLOOD is the foundation of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and nourishing and gives and maintains good HEALTH.

SUNBEAMS

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow.



Fritzy—Vell, Hoggenheimer, vy ain't you making the dose frankfurters I ortered yesterday instead of sitting dere blaying mit your dogs?

Hoggenheimer—I ain't blaying mit 'em, Fritzy. I'm bitting dem goodby.—New York Journal.

THEY BOTH RECKONED.

And That Was the Reason the Train Was Stopped.

The train was booming along at the rate of 40 miles an hour toward Big creek when the air brakes were suddenly applied, and we came to a stop in a way that made every passenger understand there was danger ahead. A number of us got down with the conductor and ran ahead of the engine just as an old man with a lantern came up from the opposite direction.

"Hello! Did you signal the train?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, it was me," replied the old man.

"Well, what's the row?"

"Reckon the bridge over the creek has gone down."

"It has, eh? Well, if that's the case, you've done a thing which the company won't soon forget. When did the bridge go down?"

"Dunno 'zactly."

"When did you find it gone?"

"I didn't dun find it gone at all, sah, but I reckon it ain't thar no mo'. Yo' see, sah, I was sittin in the cabin with the ole woman 'bout an hour ago, an it was rainin an blowin, when we heard a crash, an she calls out:

"'O Lord, Jim, but what was that?'

"'Reckon it was that big sycamore tree,' sez I.

"'Couldn't be. Must be the railroad bridge.'

"'Reckon it wasn't.'

"'Reckon it was.'

"But what about the bridge?" asked the impatient conductor.

"Reckon it's gone, sah."

"But why do you reckon?"

"Why, at first I didn't reckon. Then the ole woman she reckoned, an I had to reckon with her or hev a row. When I reckoned as she reckoned, she reckoned that I'd better turn out an swing a lantern an stop the train, an that's what I did."

"You haven't been down to the creek?"

"No, sah."

"And you don't know that the bridge is gone?"

"No, sah. Yo' see, the ole woman she reckoned it was, an I had to reckon"—

"Get out of the way, you old idiot!" interrupted the conductor as he gave the signal to go ahead.

"But the ole woman reckoned"—

"And she's another."

"Both of us idiots, eh?" shouted the old man as the train began to move. "Waal, I reckon we are—that is, if she reckons so I'll reckon so too, but if she reckons we ain't then I'm goin to reckon 'long with her an keep out of a fuss."

We found the bridge all right and "reckoned" it must have been the sycamore tree which went down with a crash.—Chicago News.

The Modern Servant.

Servant—Can I see me bedroom, ma'am?

Mistress—Certainly. Just come up stairs.

Servant—If it's in the attic, you needn't trouble, ma'am.

Mistress—Oh, no. This is the room, On the first floor, you see. We use the attic ourselves.

Servant—Won't do. Quite out of the question.

Mistress—I'm very sorry.

Servant—Don't mention it, but there's no place for me planny, and I allus likes to have the north light for me ile paintins. —New York Journal.

Using Him.

She—And you say you would die for me?

Mr. Boresome—A thousand times.

She—Would you mind doing it just once —straightway? You know papa has been appointed coroner, and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Boston Traveler.

A Call For Help.

Bilger—Where are all those deputy sheriffs and policemen going in such a hurry?

Parslow—The home team lost today, and the umpire has telephoned that he wants to go to his hotel.—Cleveland Leader.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"I hab notice," said Uncle Eben, "dat er man kin allus fin' people ter buy liquor fur 'im ontel he gits so run down dat his system actially feels de need ob it. Den dey tells 'im he orter be eshamed ob his-se'f."—Washington Star.

A Hard Fact.

Yeast—That man Doughton is very skeptical. Unless he sees a thing he won't believe it exists.

Crimsonbeak—He never ran into a rocking chair in the dark, then?—Yonkers Statesman.

Shot Silk.

Bobby—Popper, what sort of silk is "shot silk?"

Mr. Ferry—It was the kind they made plug hats of when I was in the west.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew Whereof He Spoke.

Visitor—That landscape looks familiar.

Artist—Why, that's the portrait of my uncle.

Visitor—Ah, that's it! I know him too. —Fliegende Blatter.

Made Four of Them.

DePotts (the artist)—I drew a picture last night that made me $25 richer.

Palett—What was it?

DePotts—A king.—Up to Date.

What the Girls Said.

"Mr. von Dobbs called me a peach."

"I suppose he meant that you look better under a red yell."—Chicago Record.

A PIRATE UNDONE.

Captain Kidd and the Strange Man That He Overhauled.

"Sail ho!" shouted a lusty voice from the crosstrees.

"Where away?" yelled Captain Kidd from the quarter deck.

"Two points off the weather bow, sir!"

The Terror of the Seas expanded his telescope and looked in the direction indicated. Then he gave vent to a Svengali laugh.

"Hurrah, my bullies!" he cried. "I can't make out whether she belongs to the Prince of Wales or to the Sugar trust, but I can tell she's a prize by the cut of her jib. Run up the black flag! Clear the decks for action! Keel haul the marlin spike! Shiver the mainstay! Take two reefs in the spanker and cast the rudder adrift. Luff, you lubber, luff! There you are now! Steady!"

The long, black, rakish looking craft rounded gracefully on the port tack and rapidly overhauled the ship which the pirate lookout had sighted. As they drew near Captain Kidd saw that the white sails were of silk, the bulwarks of mahogany and all the brasswork gold plated. Under an awning on the after deck sat a fat man richly appareled and smoking a dollar perfecto.

As soon as the black flag, with its skull and crossbones, fluttered from the pirate's peak, a raw silk emblem bearing a device that looked like a coiled snake was run up by the other boat.

"It's the yacht of some merchant prince," mused Kidd, rubbing his hands, "and methinks he has doubloons galore in some strong box snugly tucked away between decks. But why"—and the visage of the corsair grew troubled—"why does he not pay some attention to us?"

The fat man continued to smoke lazily, and even a solid shot which Kidd sent across his bows did not alarm him. He gave orders, however, to have his boat slowed down and the pirate drew along side and made ship fast to ship by means of grappling irons.

With a bound Captain Kidd sprang on the deck of the yacht. Another bound and he had reached the side of the fat man.

"Yield!" shouted the pirate, flourishing his cutlass.

The fat man arose calmly and folded his arms.

"I am Kidd, the pirate!" yelled the freebooter, gnashing his teeth.

"And I am Lamb, the plumber!" replied the other.

Kidd was amazed. The cutlass fell from his hand and he staggered back with ashen face and trembling limbs.

"'Tis well," went on Lamb, with a cutting smile. "This is the year 1897 and you are committing a slight anachronism by appearing at this time. This is my private yacht and I am taking my summer outing. Did you not notice the device of a coiled gas pipe on my standard?"

"I failed to recognize it," returned the pirate huskily, dropping on his knees. "Quarter! Quarter!"

"I have nothing less than a dollar," replied the plumber haughtily, "and I wouldn't give it to you if I had. Get up! I trust that it is hardly necessary to remind you that lamb is an improvement on kid"—

"And a plumber an improvement on a"—

"Exactly. Now go your way and don't bother me."

Captain Kidd was completely cowed. Sneaking aboard his own ship he cast off from the plumber's craft and was soon hull down on the horizon. And from this rencontre came the following verse of a pleasing and well known ditty:

My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed.
My name was Captain Kidd, as I sailed.
Oh, my name was Captain Kidd, and not a thing I did
To the plumber when I met him, but I sailed away instid.

—New York Truth.

No Astrologer Needed.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

He—Why?

She—I could have told you the same thing myself.—Brooklyn Life.

Lost No Time.

"Miss Grabbs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight."

"That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne. "She saw him first."—Washington Star.

In Statu Quo.

"I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompkyns, glaring fiercely at his wife.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompkyns sweetly. "It couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?"—Tit-Bits.

It Was Weary Willie.

"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door.

"Yes, mum. I'm what dey call a pioneer. I struck 30 years ago and I've never give in yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Washlady.

"I hope, Ophelia, that you are not so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash lady.'"

"'Deed I don't, Miss May. I calls myself a laundry lady."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tit For Tat.

Doctor—You're a long time paying my account, sir.

Hardup—Well, you were a long time curing me.—Boston Traveler.

Evidently Not.

Eugenie—You say the same thing to every girl you meet.

Dasherly—And yet you say I'm changeable.—New York Journal.

Her View.

Ten Eycke—A man can be a good Christian even if he doesn't belong to the church.

Maud—Yes, but what credit do you get for it?—New York Truth.

His Business.

Tims—What are you doing, Stutterson?

Stutterson—Teaching e-e-elocution in a d-d-deaf and d-d-dumb asylum.—Brooklyn Life.

To the Point.

Jones—Have you got any ready cash?

Bones—Well—er—ready for whom?—New York Journal.

"There Are Others."

As the waiting wife at two in the morning
Heard his stumbling step out on the walk,
"It is not widows only," she muttered,
"Who of their late husbands can talk."

—Up to Date.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A NEW YORK MAN GETS A CHECK CERTIFIED IN PHILADELPHIA.

This Is Apparently a Momentous Transaction In the City of Brotherly Love. Points Raised by the Bank Teller and Argued by the Applicant.

In giving some information about the peculiarities of the city of Philadelphia a Chicago newspaper recently asserted that "Philadelphia was open to the public on Wednesday and Saturday of each week." If that is true, a reason is at once afforded why Mr. C. O. Baker had an experience in Philadelphia banking methods last week. He was over there on Thursday, one of the days presumably when the city was closed to outlanders. In the course of his business dealings that day he received a check running into four figures which was not made payable to his order. The check was drawn by a Philadelphia house of high commercial standing on one of the most prominent banks in the city. After receiving the check it occurred to Mr. Baker to have it certified. So he called at the bank and went to the paying teller's window.

"Will you kindly certify this?" he requested.

The teller, a gentleman perhaps 60 years old, who looked as if he had spent half a century in the banking business, politely returned the check to Mr. Baker and said, "I cannot certify this without the permission of the drawer of the check or at his request."

Mr. Baker was almost dazed for a second, but immediately asked "Why not?"

"A rule of the banks prevents me, sir," replied the teller.

"Well," said Mr. Baker, "this is a brand new experience for me. Of course I don't want you to break a rule. There must be an excellent reason for such a rule. In my pursuit of knowledge will you kindly inform me why that rule is in force?"

"I don't know, sir."

"But my business experience has taught me that I am not demanding anything unusual in asking a certification on a check drawn by one of your depositors. Surely I have the right to know that this check is good."

"Oh, my, sir, the check is good. It is drawn by one of our largest depositors," hurriedly answered the teller.

"That may be, my friend," suavely remarked Mr. Baker. "You assure me that the check is good. You ought to know, and consequently I believe you, but the next man I pass this check to may not have the same confidence in my assertion that I have in yours."

"Why, I couldn't certify this check anyway," answered the teller. "I haven't the authority, and besides if I did I'd have to charge it up right away to the account on which it is drawn."

"Wh-wh-why, certainly you would," said Mr. Baker, gasping in amazement. "That's just what I supposed you'd do."

"But suppose there are other checks out on this account? I couldn't give yours the preference over them."

While Mr. Baker was trying to intelligently digest this line of argument the teller remarked that he would see the president of the bank and ask him if he would break the rule and allow the check to be certified. After a whispered consultation the teller returned to Mr. Baker and announced that he had secured permission to break the rule and certify the check, which he proceeded to do.

"Imagine the business of Wall street being carried on under such banking rules," observed Mr. Baker to a friend to whom he related his experience. "And I understand that the rule the teller quoted to me is observed by all the Philadelphia banks. Phew!"—Electrical Review.

The New Product "Aerine."

"Compressing air until it will remain compressed without any pressure upon it" are the few words with which a writer in The Electrical Engineer describes the new product "aerine," or liquefied air, remarking that, though requiring an enormous pressure to get it in such a form, it will remain there for some time in the open air—that is, until it gets heat enough from the surrounding air to turn again into its natural state. It will turn mercury into a solid form as soon as it is poured into it and freeze up a thermometer rapidly. Such is the assumed prospective usefulness of this liquid that predictions are made of distant water powers now running to waste being soon employed compressing the very air we breathe into a liquid form and shipping it to all parts of the globe for industrial purposes.

Judges Doffed Their Wigs.

The unusual heat which has prevailed in London has produced a revolution in manners on the bench. A few days ago the lord chief justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, after ordering all the doors and windows to be opened, took off his peruke and his robe and authorized the advocates to follow his example. For three or four centuries, it is said, no English judge has ever sat on the bench without his wig.

The Costermonger on Klondike.

Come ter the plice where they've got it right; come where the treasure's 'id,
Where a 'ntful of mud is a five pun note an the clod on yer 'eel is a quid,
Where yer scratches the soil an it tumbles art as much as yer 'ands can 'old,
Where the 'ills above an the plines beneath is bulgin an crackin with gold.

Klondike! Klondike! Lablel yer luggidge Klondike!
Theer's no chawnce in the street terdye,
Theer's no luck dahn Shoreditch wye,
Pack up yer traps an be orf, I sye,
An orf an awye ter Klondike!

Lots o' chaps they 'as stawtid small an awterwuds struck it rich,
Barght their kerridges, siled their yachts—nutthink's too good for sich—
Awmies o' servents, miles o' land, cuttin the toppical art,
Bran new palis ter hacck park line, then—whart was I thinkin abart?

Klondike! Klondike! Chinge the subjict ter Klondike!
Theer's no chawnce in the street terdye,
Theer's no luck dahn Shoreditch wye,
Pack up yer traps an be orf, I sye,
An orf an awye ter Klondike.

Lots o' chaps they 'as stawtid small an finished it smaller yet,
An the gold as yer warnts ain't got fur nix 'twixt 'ere an 'ell, yer bet,
Freze ter death or stawved ter death or shot in yer tracks yer'll lie,
Fur one 'ull pick an come 'ome agen, but twenty 'ull pick an die.

Klondike! Klondike! It sticks ter its own, does Klondike.
Theer's no chawnce in the street terdye,
Theer's no luck dahn Shoreditch wye,
An fur all yer cots yer 'as ter pye,
An ye'll find it the sime in Klondike!

—London Chronicle.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

THE STORY TELLER

RHODY KIRBY.

I think fate must have decreed it. One day I wrote thus:

"To Let.—A frame cottage, containing nine rooms, subdivided into parlor, reception and dining room, library, kitchen and four bed chambers, with broad halls. The house is encircled by a veranda and situated in a grove of about three acres extent. Well and cistern on the premises; stable and outhouses. Three squares to station and about half a mile to electric car line, now in course of construction, and which will pass place. Rent $55 per month. Apply on the premises, Cloversyde, St. Louis county."

I am not a college bred man, just a plain "readin, writin, 'rithmetic" sort of a mortal, not given to beating about the bush, but trying with all my heart to speak and write so as to be plainly understood. And so, when, after writing this advertisement, I looked it over, it seemed to express in a fairly intelligent way the desire that moved me to its compilation and the subsequent expenditure of coin necessary to secure its publication. I desired to secure a tenant for my property. The premises and the location were described with sufficient attention to detail and accuracy to enable the reader to arrive at a decision as to whether that was such a place as he or she might have in view for residential purposes. The rental was set out as distinctly as my knowledge of the English language would permit me to state it in words or figures. These preliminaries disposed of, there remained for me nothing to do but reflect upon the bereavement by which I, a confirmed bachelor, found myself in possession of something for which I had no earthly use, and to trust to the power of the press for a measure of assistance in the preservation of that possession or its disposition in a manner satisfactory from a financial and personal standpoint.

It was plain that, city raised as I had been, I could not reside contentedly in such a place. I was ignorant of the management of a house and the control and guidance of a corps of servants. The location was against my taking up my abode there. It was too retired and quiet, decidedly. The ten days I had spent there while the carpenters, painters and decorators were putting the place in shipshape were the most lonesome and dismal in all my experience. The nearest neighbor was about two blocks distant, but had he been next door it would not have relieved the isolation, for he and his family extinguished the lights and retired at 9 o'clock, "leaving the world to darkness and to me."

In an old fashioned rocker, with that solace of solitude the pipe, I would sit for hours, my reverie only disturbed by the rattle and roar of a passing train and the accompanying bark of every dog in the circuit, these dying away and intensifying the solitude and loneliness.

I have said that I was a plain speaking man and a plain writing one. Perhaps in the interest of truth I should qualify that statement by adding that I thought I was until the results of my rushing into the want columns of a metropolitan newspaper disabused my mind of the idea. My appeal to house hunters met with a generous response. They came singly, in pairs and quartets, in crowds. Every train bore a delegation of them. Not all house hunters are demented, not by any manner of means, but a goodly percentage of those who favored Cloversyde with their presence on that beautiful Sunday just a year ago today were, I am bound to think, weak mentally. Either this or there was a gigantic conspiracy among the guild to harass and annoy me, and thus add to the embarrassment of the predicament in which I found myself through this sudden acquisition of landed property. To particularize: The first person to call was a pudgy, red faced gentleman, who, after he had toiled up the hill and relieved himself of a snort or two, requested to be shown over the place. When we had returned from the inspection, my caller protested that there was no sewer connection.

How under the shining sun there should be such a thing with the nearest sewer five miles away is beyond my feeble comprehension, but that he did expect it, and came out there purposely to realize his expectations, the manner in which he mopped his bald head and grunted left no margin for doubt. As he bade me good day and waddled down the hill to take the next train cityward I fancied I could detect phantom sewer connections in the heated atmosphere above his head. The next train landed half a dozen cranks, who jostled each other in their anxiety to reach me. As they wedged their way through the gate and along the gravel walk there was fire in their eyes.

The place was decidedly objectionable because the rent was too high; there were no speaking tubes in the house; the cellar was not cemented; the house had been built to be heated by furnace, and was therefore beyond the reach of those of moderate means; there was not room enough; there was too much room; the rooms were too large and would require acres of carpet to cover the floors; the grounds were so extensive that the employment of a man to care for them would be necessary; there was no sidewalk; trains were not sufficiently numerous. It would all be nice enough for summer, but when winter comes what's a body to do, and so forth. Of course the advertisement expressly described this as a frame house of nine rooms, the grounds of about three acres in extent, the water supply as coming from a well and cistern, the railway station as three blocks away and the rental as $55 a month. And yet scores of men and women who were in search of a brick house of six rooms, with city water, sewer connections, speaking tubes, gas and bath, on the line of a street railway, came out to inspect my property and annihilate me with their objections to it. I thought I was a plain speaking, plain writing man. I am not.

The week passed and the house was still on my hands. It was Saturday, and I had reached the conclusion that I would lock up the place that evening, return to my bachelor apartments in the city and let some agent sell the property to the first bidder and relieve me from a strain that was fast putting gray hairs in my head and thoughts of lock and soda or something more desperate in my brain. To enable me to elaborate the details of my plan I had filled my pipe, disposed myself in the rocker on the veranda and was slowly and deliberately incensing the air with the fragrance of my favorite blend when I noticed that the early afternoon train deposited three persons on the station platform, who immediately took the path leading up to the stretch of grassy hillside and terminating at my gate. As they drew nearer I was able to distinguish that one was an elderly gentleman with snowy hair and mustache, another a man in middle life with a sandy beard and mustache and the third a lady of about 20. They came direct to the gate, passed through it and were moving slowly up the walk when I put aside my comforter and advanced to meet them. The young lady was the spokesman—at least she opened the interview by referring to the advertisement as the moving cause of their visit. I cannot for the life of me explain why I thought so, but instantly it fixed itself in my mind that my tenants stood before me.

I was just a bit nervous and half regretted laying aside my pipe, but I gathered myself together, and in five minutes' time we were walking together through the house and talking pleasantly about its arrangement, conveniences and such like, and then made a tour of the grounds. When we returned to the veranda, I tendered the rocker to the young woman, while the gentlemen—one, as I learned, her father, the other her brother—and myself sat on the steps. There would be no train to the city for an hour, and we had ample time to discuss the object of their visit and incidentally such personal affairs as are wont to develop under such circumstances.

It was thus that I learned that the old gentleman was a Virginian upon whom the results of the war had fallen rather disastrously, and whose troubles from this source had been augmented by the death of his wife. His son was a member of one of the professions and amply equipped mentally and financially to provide for the family, while the daughter, reared in true Virginia fashion, was to be housekeeper or general charge d'affaires. We agreed upon terms, and it was arranged that Colonel Kirby was to assume possession on the following Monday. I accompanied the party to the station, gave them a cordial goodby (I confess it was a reluctant goodby I gave the young woman), the train sped away toward the smoke wreathed spires of the city and left me to my rocker, my pipe and my reflections.

Bright and early Monday morning a procession of vans invaded Cloversyde, and while the sturdy help was busily engaged in the work of transferring the contents to the house the colonel and his daughter reached the place by train. An exchange of a few compliments pertinent to such an occasion ensued, when I abdicated and left the quiet country cottage to resume life in town. At the end of a month I made my debut as a landlord. There was a noticeable improvement in the appearance of the place. The grounds looked clean, and flower beds at odd places and bordering the walk gave evidence of womanly attention. The house wore a homelike, hospitable air, and just where I had left it sat the old rocker. These things I noticed at that first call, a brief one. Subsequent visits gave opportunity for more extended observations, which only emphasized my first impression that a model housekeeper was directing matters in a certain habitation in Cloversyde. Gradually I became conscious that a change had taken place in myself.

Town life was fast losing its attractiveness. My thoughts turned with an indefinable longing to woods crowning the uplands through whose leafy branches the southern breezes played, to rivulets springing from groves, playing along the slopes awhile, prattling into groves again and dancing away in the shaded distance. And I philosophized too. No man is a bachelor from choice. Either his lonely condition is a case of it might have been, or he has not yet looked into eyes that have answered his heart. Love is magnetism. The eyes have it. When the ordained eyes meet, then and there the bachelor ceases to exist and one more township is added to paradise. I made this discovery when my eyes met those of Rhody Kirby, and though I have looked into these same dear eyes thousands of times, and though they have been my inspiration, my very life, yet to save me from perdition I cannot describe them. I know the regal rose, the modest violet, the loyal sunflower, but to attempt a description of either would be a task entirely beyond me. And so with Rhody's eyes. I only know they are the most beautiful this side the shining stars; that she herself fills up the gracious mold of modesty, and that I am desparately—But I anticipate a little.

I developed an extraordinary interest in my property in Cloversyde, so that it was not unusual for me to drive out there every week. My pretext was that the place needed looking after, the fences and buildings requiring a deal of attention to save them from falling into decay. Miss Rhody was my companion over the grounds, making suggestions here and there and filling me with a fear that I should one day drop dead at her feet from an attack of heart palpitation, but all things must have an end, and I resolved to talk seriously with Rhody when next I put foot on the place. It was the first day of June and early morning. The budding roses were bathed in dew, the birds twitted tunefully in the trees, the air was soft and deliciously fragrant, and Miss Rhody was as delightfully sweet and captivating as it is given to any mortal to be. We walked about the place, our conversation confined to matters commonplace, and my stay had been prolonged to a length where I could find no propriety in longer detaining her. As I was about to take my leave I said:

"I am not going to call any more for the rent." There was an enormous lump in my throat.

"Have you placed the property in an agent's hands?" she inquired.

"No, Rho—Miss Kirby."

"Then you have disposed of it?"

"Not exactly. I think I am on the point of doing so, however."

"We shall feel very grateful," she said, "if it passes into the possession of so kindly and considerate an owner as yourself."

"I am satisfied," I said slowly, "that the new owner will prove my superior in that regard. In fact, Rhody, that person is to be no other than your own sweet self.

"Since I first saw you every day has increased my admiration until I find love takes the place of admiration. I have discovered that it is possible for a woman to possess sense without vanity and beauty without affectation." I had taken her hand in mine while I spoke. "May I ask you to take this place and with it me into your dear keeping for life?"

She was a sensible woman. Observation had impressed me with that idea, and my numerous visits confirmed that impression.

"I cannot pretend to indifference," she said, "and therefore own that what you have told me makes me extremely happy."

That settled it. I was in an ecstasy of joy. Did I kiss her? I am a man given to plain speaking, plain writing. I did. Could I have done otherwise?

She said other things. So did I, but it is not necessary to repeat them here. She is today the owner of the place in Cloversyde, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including myself, and as I sit in the old rocker on the veranda and write these lines I am the happiest man on this whizzing ball.—St. Louis Republic.

Bats That Eat Fruit.

Fruit eating bats eat fruit only, and are confined to Asia, the islands of the East Indian archipelago being one of their principal habitats. They cover the trees in daytime in vast multitudes, looking like a large flock of crows.

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WITH THE DISCOUNT OFF FOR PROMPT PAYMENT IS
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NO CHARGE MADE FOR THE USE OF METERS.
NO CHARGE MADE FOR RUNNING SUPPLY PIPES FROM STREET MAINS TO CONSUMER'S CELLAR.
ORDERS WHEN LEFT AT OFFICE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

MARVELS OF CREWE.

SUCCESS OF A RAILROAD IN OPERATING A CITY.

GIVES MANY ADVANTAGES.

Has Built Churches, Schools, Baths and Makes Everything From Engines to Artificial Limbs for Disabled Workmen.

CREWE, England, Aug. 25.—This is perhaps the greatest railroad city in the world. It is a town absolutely built up and maintained by a railroad corporation, and its counterpart is not to be found anywhere. Fifty-four years ago, or in 1843, when the Northwestern Railroad selected Crewe as the location of its works, it amounted to practically nothing, industrially or in population. In fact, it had just thirty inhabitants; to-day it has more than 30,000.

Everything in the city is dominated by the railroad, but the rule is a beneficent one. The directors of the company pay as much attention to the progressive development of the city as they do to the railroad. In fact, the fortunes of both are so intimately mingled that the welfare of the one is necessary to the other.

The directors have assumed the responsibilities of being landlords of the entire city. They supply it with gas and with water; they have given it baths, and have built churches and schools, and so support them that though there are over 6,000 school children in the city there are abundant educational facilities for all.

One of their most notable gifts is the Mechanics' Institute. Like everything else at Crewe, the institute is not remarkable for its architectural features; but it is a large and roomy place, with every convenience for work. It has a good lecture hall, and, curiously enough, one large room which is used as Crewe Town Hall or Council Chamber, the Corporation offices being in the next street, in what seems to have been a two-story beerhouse with its front unaltered.

Crewe became a corporation twenty years ago. The town arms, like the town offices, are enough to give a herald the nightmare. They are, quarterly, a man and woman on a pillion, complacent, a laden pack-horse, esurient, a canal with a boat and tug-horse, passant, a four-in-hand, trippant, with a railway engine for a crest and "Never Behind" for a motto.

Connected with the institute are a chess club and a scientific society. Crewe is a great place for societies. Seven of the general Friendly Societies have flourishing branches here, besides the special societies connected with the works and the railway. And in addition to the chess club and chess associations, there are cricket clubs, football clubs, cycling clubs, angling societies, athletic clubs, barriers' clubs, and the inevitable golf clubs, most of them under the patronage of the railway company, who have, in some cases, allotted them enclosed grounds.

There are 2,802 engines at Crewe. These engines last year ran 64,181,475 miles, so that the Northwestern runs a couple of miles every second; they consumed during the year 1,167,164 tons of fuel and 8,607,007 tons of water, hauling after them 30,200,000 tons of goods and minerals and 70,000,000 passengers, whose tickets alone weighed 60 tons.

The works are a mile and a half long, and give employment to 7,500 men and apprentices, to which may fairly be added the 700 engine drivers, firemen and others at the running sheds at the stations.

Such are the capabilities of the place that the company purchase the raw materials and are the actual manufacturers of every part of the engines and machinery except the brass tubes, copper plates and firebricks. Crewe is the headquarters of the locomotive department, and it makes everything it can for that department; but it also makes the whole of the signalling apparatus used on the line, and the ironwork for the carriage works and wagon works, besides doing a lot of miscellaneous engineering and sundries for the other departments.

Its business is consequently unexpectedly varied. For instance, the locomotive department wants engine sheds, and cannot build them without bricks and mortar. Crewe makes both the bricks and the mortar; the mortar in so many mills, for the demand is large owing to the loco department of the whole line having to be supplied; the bricks, to the amount of over six millions a year, in machines and a circular kiln, in which the waste gases from the main firing are utilized, and which is of such size and so regulated that, while full firing is going on in one chamber, other chambers may be open to the air for newly made bricks to be stacked in them, or fully fired bricks removed. Crewe makes not only bricks, but tiles and drain-pipes, some of them ten inches in diameter. The bricks for engine fire-box arches are new, but when they are condemned they are ground up and mixed with the stuff for other bricks.

Crewe wastes nothing it can save. Among the odds and ends is a steam laundry with all the latest improvements, that does nothing else but wash the dirty engine cloths that come to it from all parts of the system, and which could not be taken more care of if they were pocket handkerchiefs. And in this direction the saving of waste goes further, the grease extracted from the cloths, like that from the engines under repair, not being thrown away, but collected and sent on to the soapworks a few yards off, where it is made into soap for scrubbing loco department floors.

Again, a stretch of the line may require to be fenced in, and Crewe makes the iron fencing and the hurdles. Or an accident may happen and a man loses his arm or leg; Crewe makes the artificial limb. It makes buckets, it makes pumps and cranes, it makes lamps, it repairs crank-shafts for packet-boats, it makes harness-chains and ship's cables; there is one shop in which there is such a miscellaneous collection that it seems to repair everything in metal work. These, however, are what we may call the side-shows of Crewe, like the breaking up of old tires for scrap by dropping the leaden monkey on to them.

Through the mills and a half of works runs a pigmy railway of 18-inch gauge, worked by ancient engines with 16-inch wheels. This winds in and out of the shops in such a way that its length is more than five miles.

A peculiar fact connected with the immense boiler shops is that the men who have worked there for several years are the next thing to deaf, and when they converse with each other after hours they can be heard half a mile away. Even in talking with an outsider the habit is so strong that they yell at the top of their voices. The boiler seams are closed by compressed air, and the riveting is nearly all done by hydraulic power, but even then the noise is frightful.

Here they have built an engine complete in three weeks and the average time is less than four weeks. Nearly 4,000 engines have been built in the past fifty years, an average of eighty a year.

Nearly 900 houses are owned by the railroad and are rented at an average price of five shillings a week, but more than double that number are owned by employes, who receive every encouragement from the company to purchase their own homes.

BERNARD BARRETT.

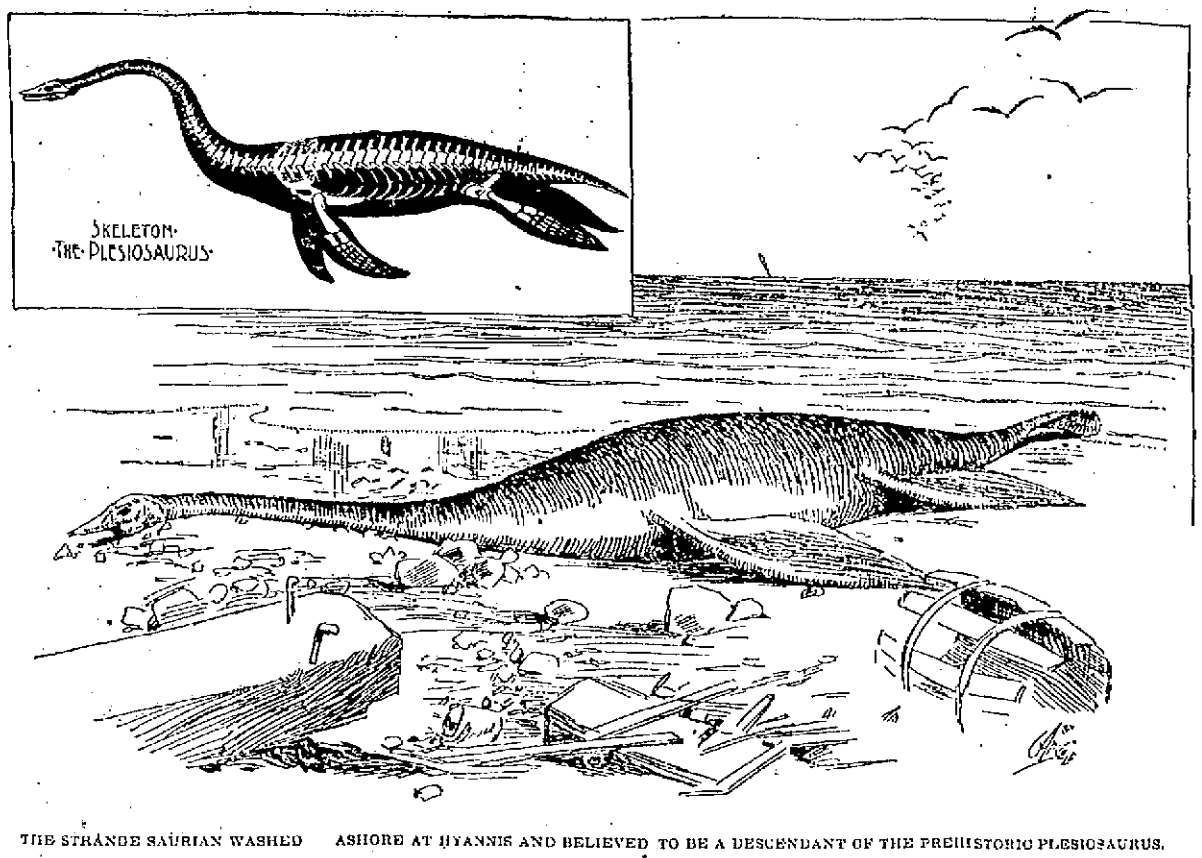
In the Hawaiian Islands, where pumpkins and other like plants have been introduced, and where they have no bees or other insects of that kind to do all the flower fertilizing, it is done by the natives. These plants were found to flower profusely, though bearing no fruit, and when they finally solved the mystery they found it necessary to carry by hand the pollen from one plant to the pistils of another.

Amelia—Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.

Augustus—Then what shall I swear by?

Amelia—Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something that you cannot live without.

Augustus—Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by my bicycle.—Tit-Bits.



THE STRANGE SAURIAN WASHED ASHORE AT HYANNIS AND BELIEVED TO BE A DESCENDANT OF THE PREHISTORIC PLESIOSAURUS.

RELIC OF LOST AGES,

HYANNIS HAS A SUIT-ENOUGH PLESIOSAURUS.

WASHED UP BY THE SEA.

Was Abundant Thousands of Years Ago in the Jurassic Period of the Earth's Formation.

HYANNIS, Mass., Sept. 4.—Tens of thousands of years ago, long before the creation of the first man, and during the Mesozoic epoch of the earth's formation, the sea was peopled by a peculiar reptile called the plesiosaurus. Paleontologists have from time to time discovered quantities of the remains of this saurian, and there is scarcely a museum of note in the world which has not got in its collection of fossils a part or all of the skeleton of the strange reptile.

Buckland, in his description of the plesiosaurus, says: "To the head of the lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped, the ribs of a chameleon and the paddles of a whale."

Just what Hyannis has to do with the plesiosaurus may seem a mystery to the outsider unacquainted with the events about here the past fortnight, but the bond of interest between the two is really very close, for the ocean selected Hyannis from the whole world as a fitting place to deposit the body of a recently deceased plesiosaurus.

Scientists have figured that the last one of the species expired 20,000 years ago, and some have estimated it as far back as 100,000 years. Yet, here, at the mouth of Mill Creek, the strong tide running through Vineyard Sound washed ashore an eight foot plesiosaurus, which could not have been dead more than a week or ten days at the most.

Of the hundreds who first examined the body none could identify it, although every man, woman and child about the town is thoroughly familiar with the sea and all of its product. It remained for Mr. Theodore W. Drew of West Yarmouth to name the animal, and now he has the skeleton, which is to be carefully mounted.

The reptile is totally unlike anything ever seen before on sea or land. In color it is grayish on the back, gradually shading to white on the sides and stomach. Its total length is eight feet, but of this there is only two and a half feet of body, while there is three feet of neck and head and two and a half feet of tail. The body is duck shaped, and at the thickest part is about a foot in diameter. The long neck, which looks for all the world like a big snake, averages about six inches in thickness, while the head is long and flat, being eight inches wide at the broadest point.

The tail is most peculiar, and differs slightly from the scientific idea of the prehistoric plesiosaurus, which was supposed to have a tail tapering to a fine point. This idea was, of course, based upon fossil remains which had rested for countless centuries many feet below the earth's surface. The Hyannis reptile's tail terminates in a fleshy paddle nearly a foot long and about six inches broad. It is very probable that the prehistoric saurian had a similar appendage, which, being wholly of flesh, would have entirely disappeared by the natural dissolution of the perishable body and leave no trace for the guidance of paleontologists.

On the under surface of the body there are four flippers situated like the legs of a quadruped, but shaped somewhat like the paddles of the seal. They are united across the body by a strip of flesh, and the hind flippers are covered with a coarse, hairy fringe.

The lower jaw is the only section missing, but in the upper there are no traces of teeth, which in the eyes of experienced seamen is regarded as sure evidence that the saurian was a very young one of immature development.

When the flesh was stripped off and the skeleton exposed, it was found that the breast bone was shaped like that of a water fowl, the breast itself resembling in contour that of a duck. There are no scales, the skin being as smooth as that of an eel. The skull was found to be of one piece, with a very small brain cavity, and from the location of the eyes and nostrils it is figured that the saurian was an air breathing animal, accustomed to swim on the surface of the sea with its long neck reared high in the air.

The backbone was found to resemble that of the shark, the ribs, however, being only rudimentary. Many of the bones are tipped with a cartilage, another evidence of the reptile's youth.

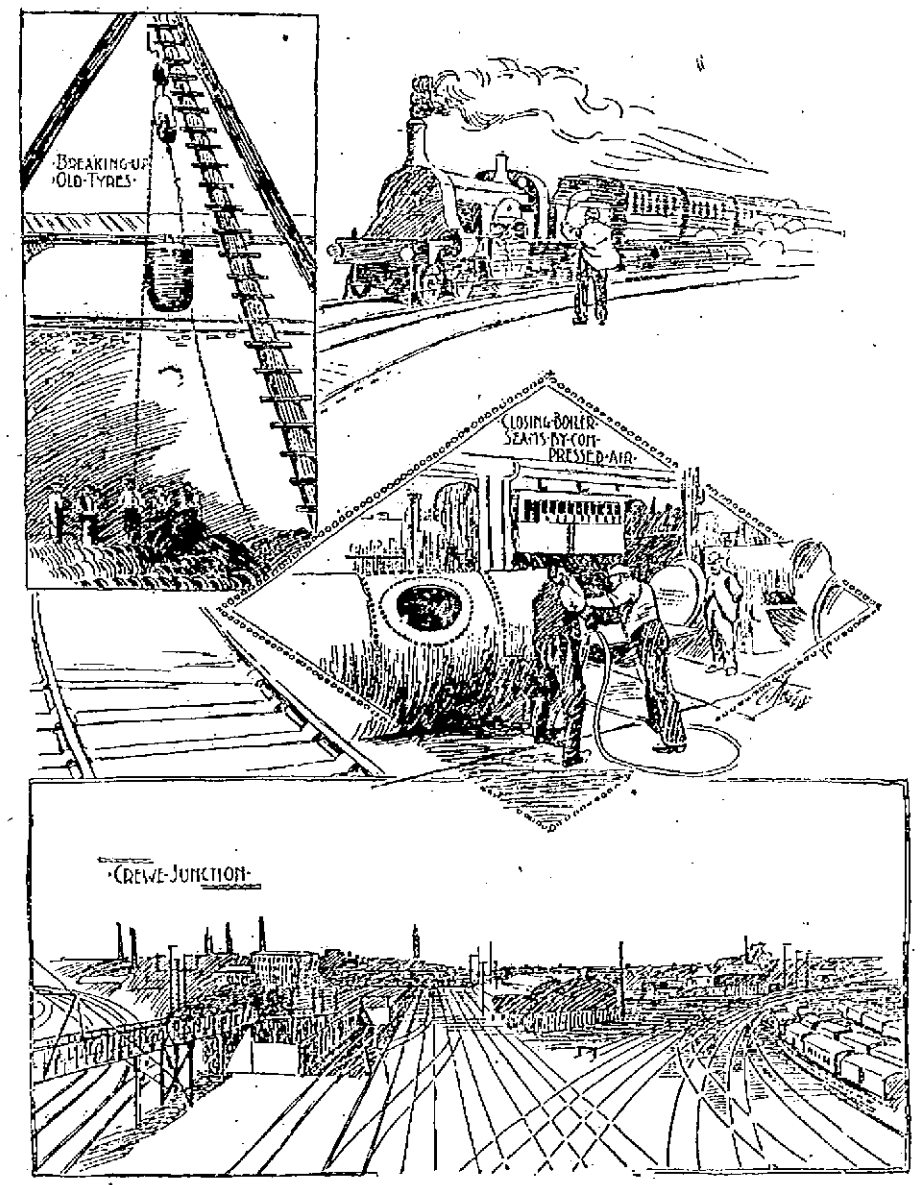
Most of the fossil remains of the plesiosaurus have been found in the Oolite stage of the Jurassic period in the Mesozoic epoch, or Reptilian age. Oolite is a variety of limestone and formed an important series of strata of the Secondary Age, underlying the chalk formation and resting on sandstone.

Cuvier considered the plesiosaurus to be the most singular and its character the most anomalous of any fossil discovered amid the ruins of former worlds.

In the Jurassic period, when the plesiosaurus was most abundant, there were other giant sea saurians, notably the ichthyosaurus and the flying pterosaurus, with bat-like wings and large heads armed with long lizard-like teeth. There were also immense land reptiles, the dinosaurs and megalosaurs, twenty and thirty feet in length, and the iguanodon, thirty feet in length, of massive build like the hippopotamus of to-day. In this period was reached the culmination of the gigantic race of reptilian species, the savage tyrants of the land, sea and air.

There seems little doubt that the animal washed ashore here is a member of the plesiosaurus family, and as he was young his parents or brothers and sisters may still be roving about in the deep. At any rate his appearance furnishes abundant food for scientific reflection and research.

HAYWARD J. McKINLEY.



VIEWS OF CREWE.

"John," she said thoughtfully, "tomorrow is the birthday of that little Jones boy next door."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," she replied: "Only I happened to recall that Mr. Jones gave our Willie a drum on his birthday."

"Well, do you think I feel under any obligations to him for that?" he asked irritably. "If you do you are mistaken. If I owe him anything it's a grudge."

"Of course," she answered sweetly. "That is why I thought that perhaps you might want to give the Jones boy a big brass trumpet."

"The most resourceful woman in the world!" he exclaimed, delightedly. And the Jones boy got the trumpet.

A story was told by a gentleman of New York of an experience that a brother of his, a blind man, had while he was in the city from a small town in Jersey, where he resides. On the day mentioned the blind man was without a guide and stood on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, wishing to cross the street. While debating with himself as to whether he would try it alone or call a policeman, a woman came up and addressed him, saying: "Mister, would you be kind enough to help me across the street? There is such a jam of trucks and carts that I am afraid to try to cross alone." "Certainly, with pleasure, madam," he responded and offering her his arm, they started across Broadway, crossing in safety. "Thank you, very much," said the woman. "No, madam. It is I who am thankful, for I am blind and you helped me to avoid that dangerous crossing very nicely," said the man. "Oh!" said the woman in reproachful tones. "You horrid man! Why, I might have been run over."

"He is one of the leading lawyers of the town."

"Gets big fees, eh?"

"I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the grand jury as to hire him.—Truth.

ODDEST IN HEADGEAR.

THE FADDISTS WORE COUNTERPARTS OF FAVORITE DISHES.

LOBSTER HAT THE BEST.

But the Cauliflower Toque Was the Daintiest and the Pheasant Bonnet the Most Gorgeous — Newest Wrinkle in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 24.—Within the inner circle of the fashionables there is a little set known as the faddists. It numbers not more than two score of men and women, but it has originated more queer things of the kind that interest the smart world than all the rest of European society together.

It first earned the title by its devotion to the pleasures of the table, and the fundamental requisite for membership is that the newcomer must be an epicure of the first water. Long ago the faddists discovered that the summum bonum of life is a harmonious dinner, and they act in stern accord with their principles. Each course must harmonize with its neighbors, and if any member gave a dinner to the others which was marred by the smallest discord that member's day as a faddist would be over. What is more, the foods must come from the localities where their flavors are the richest and the wines must be natives as to color, but more striking in lines and form. The silvery-scaled fish was not inartistic, and, indeed, harmonized charmingly with the silver-gray costume of the wearer. But a fish's head is not a particularly graceful climax of a headdress, and in this case the head was so little idealized as to be almost too suggestive of submarine depths.

Almost the only vegetable represented in this strange group of headdress was the cauliflower. Imitation of a cauliflower doesn't allow much scope for the imagination, but in this case the milliner succeeded in making a very pretty and chic little hat. Its delicate green and white made it, perhaps, the daintiest of the entire group. It was made of soft silk, finely crinkled.

By no means the least extraordinary was the pate de foie gras cap. The young woman who wore it had so persistently expressed her overweening preference for this delicacy that there was nothing to do but fashion her a headdress that should be the counterpart of a good sized jar of the pate. This was promptly done, and the addition of a little visor in front made it not unbecoming, while the projecting heads of three geese helped to identify it.

The woman whose chief pleasure in life lies in the consumption of the oyster wore a very cleverly constructed counterpart of the luscious bivalve, but it was not as dainty as the cauliflower hat or as striking as the lobster headdress.

Another guest, who has a superior fondness for terrapin, evidently had a



QUEER HEADGEAR WORN AT A PARIS FEAST.

of certain soils famous for the product.

Perfection in these matters was reached long ago, but the struggle for more harmony continued, and last week one young matron eclipsed all of her fellow-faddists in a manner which makes her, for the time being at least, the premier faddist of them all.

It occurred to her to give a dinner at which the feminine guests should flaunt the philosophy of their peculiar coterie in their hats. In other words, each woman to whom an invitation was extended was asked to wear a headdress representing her favorite dish.

There were ten women, and each wore a hat as different from her neighbor's as day is from night. Moreover, each guest had confided to the hostess in advance the peculiarity of her headgear, the result being that as the dinner progressed there appeared on the table counterparts of the bonnets and hats. It is needless to say that the feast was adjudged flawless, the realized dream of the gourmet.

Five of the most astonishing of the headdresses are pictured here. The Paris milliner who first conceived them contrived to make them becoming as well as eccentric. It has been conceded that the most striking headdress of the group was that patterned to represent a lobster. The headdress was the exact counterpart of a lobster, and seemed to be engaged fastening its claws in its victim's hair. It was difficult to believe that it was not dangerous.

The pheasant headdress represented another young woman's favorite dish. The color scheme of this was unusually striking, as the purple, green and gold of the pheasant's plumage was represented in lavish profusion. The hat itself was of green, though little was visible except the gorgeously colored bird.

A fish headdress was less conspicuous of its flavor of slang.

troublesome time of it in adapting it to ornamental purposes, but the milliner conquered the difficulties by creating a saucer like hat, edged with blades of green silk in representation of foliage, and in the centre reposed a miniature turtle, very neatly made out of dull colored silks.

The other three guests, being fond of Nevis, experienced no difficulty in fashioning their headdress to the tune of their palates.

Not the least interesting matter in connection with the dinner is the fact that the ten hats cost in the aggregate 3,000 francs. In each instance the milliner worked from live models and exercised minute care in using materials of a color true to life.

Now it is said that at the next dinner of the faddists the ladies will be requested to appear in gowns corresponding with the hats, and if this proves true a fortune awaits the modiste who can contrive a becoming evening costume which at the same time will show off the wearer to advantage, yet be fashioned on the lines of a lobster, a cauliflower or a pheasant.

NANETTE DU BIGNON.

Miss Oldbird (affianced, somewhat sadly)—Ah, Count, you love me now, but will you after our union?

The Count (ecstatically)—Loaf! Why, mein tarling, I vill be vun g-r-r-and loafer all my life!—Judge.

Mrs. Eastlake—"You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter?"

Mrs. Trotter.—"Yes, indeed, and we were rowed about by one of the chandeliers for which that city is noted."—Harper's Bazar.

After announcing that a baboon had learned to ride a bicycle, a Western paper remarked. "And there are others," which somehow or other seems a true and good thing to say, in spite

FOR MAID AND MATRON





WHERE MY LADY SLEEPETH.

Bab Tells About the Luxury of Beds and the Beauty of Bedrooms--Lillian Russell's Swanlike Couch. Mrs. Langtry's Downy Bed and Mrs. Vanderbilt's Gorgeous Bedroom.

[Copyright, 1897.]

The country idea of a bed is strange. It is always taken for granted that you can sleep anywhere and that what the bed or its trappings are like makes no difference to you. That anybody may be restless, find it difficult to close one's eyes and go to dreamland never enters the heads of the wives of the sons of the soil.

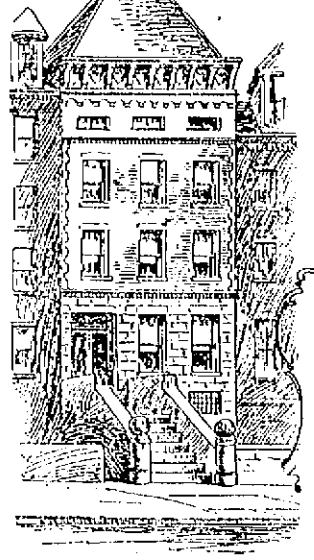
The country bed is high and large. Sometimes you have steps by which to reach it, but oftener, unless you are long of limb, you run from one side of the room, make a jump when you reach the bed and chance getting on it. If unfortunate enough to miss it, you scrape your knees and bump your head and then try getting on by means of a chair, which you realize was what you ought to have done in the first place.

The most luxurious of country beds begins by having a mattress made of husks. On top of this comes the feather bed that "mother gave me when I was married and which belonged to her grandmother." It smells like it. It has the odor peculiar to musty feathers and makes you think of the dead and gone grandmother in her tomb. On this come new cotton sheets, quilts and—great magnificence!—one of those horrible heavy marseilles counterpanes. Everything on this bed is calculated to keep out the air.

The value of a blanket is not appreciated in the country. That a blanket should be at once light and warm and allow circulation of the air is not understood. So, unless you want to feel as if the weight of ages were resting upon you, you throw off the quilts and the coverlid and sleep under your traveling rug. After a little while you realize how hot that bed is. You didn't know that feathers were so warm. You get up, nearly set the house on fire trying to light a lamp that's out of order, and then you pull the feather bed off and rest your weary bones on the husks. Before another hour has elapsed you wish you had the feathers back. The husks have a nasty way of getting into bunches, and the bunches feel as if they were hard sticks of wood, while each one shoves against your most sensitive bone.

Take the advice of one who knows, and when you go to the country pack in with the bathtub a decent lamp and a few other necessaries of life—that is, of comfortable life—two pillows, a summer blanket and a rather heavy but soft traveling rug. The rug can be laid over the husks, and a fairly decent bed will be the result.

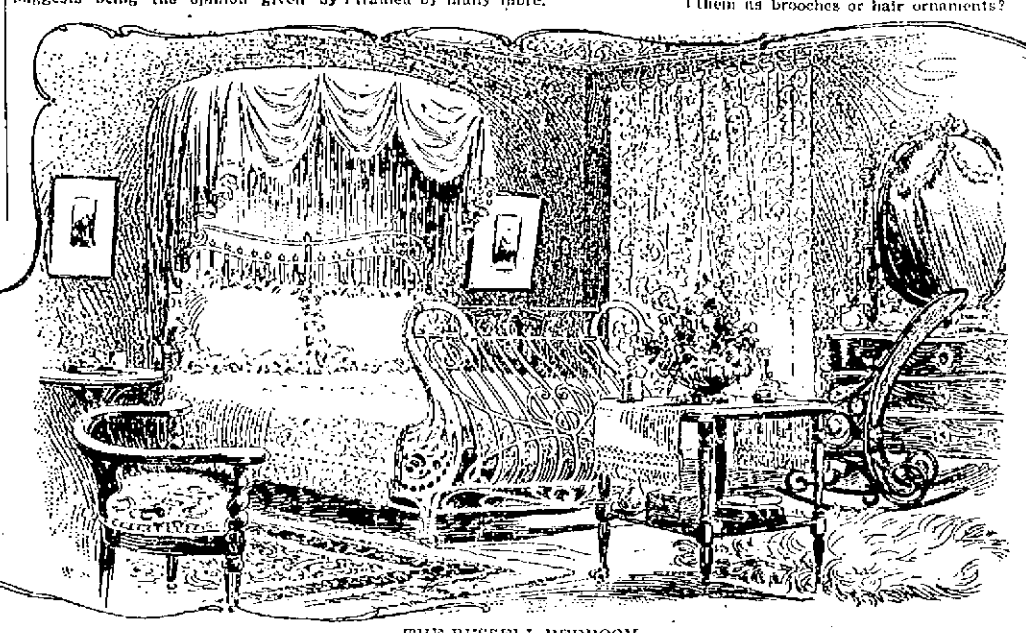
I am told that in some parts of the world, even in summer, there are people who sleep between feather beds. I wonder what those people look like. Probably that was the way Queen Elizabeth slept. Whenever I think of her I remember that her favorite nightgown was of purple velvet, with gold lace! How, in case of fire, the laddies would guy her in these days! Thank goodness, the sensible bed is at the fore nowadays! It is commanded that your bed must be of brass for health, and it must be properly draped with whatever you can afford, though the inexpensive is the most costly. That sounds like a "bull," but it's the truth. The reason



LILLIAN RUSSELL'S HOME.

is that a young girl has her bed draped with white muslin—this pretty white dotted muslin. It doesn't cost much by the yard, but it takes an immense quantity to make the draperies, and as they must be kept as immaculate as lilies the laundry adds to their expense, so that in the end they cost more than brocade curtains.

One is always curious to know how the bedrooms of well known women look. Gossip says that a fashionable divorcee who has remarried has a bed that looks like a huge hearse. It is of some wonderful wood and stands in the center of the room on a raised platform, and you walk up four steps to get into it. When this was bought in Paris, the interior was entirely lined with enormous plate glass mirrors. The purchaser did not know and had not been told that French ladies did not use this style of bed, that it was dedicated to the ladies of the lake, but her mistake was discovered, and rose colored satin took the place of the various reflectors. This room is said to be bare and cold looking notwithstanding its costly furniture, all that it suggests being the opinion given by



THE RUSSELL BEDROOM.

Carlyle's maid of Raphael's "Madonna," "It's expensive."

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's bed is said to be of dainty whitewood, with draperies of fine real lace and faint rose brocades about it until it looks like a great pink rose inviting you to slumber in its heart. Her room has a delightful individuality, the favorite pictures, the loved books and the thousand and one little belongings that a woman likes being here, there and everywhere about it. The room tells of the popularity of the woman, for Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is undoubtedly the best liked of any of the women of the Vanderbilt family.

A beautiful bed of most artistic white rattan, swan shaped, is that of Lillian Russell. Its coverlid is magnificent point lace over blue satin, while pale blue satin draperies are at each side of the head. The room itself is in blue and white, with here and there a touch of pink, looking like the proper abode for a beautiful woman who is as delicate in her hints as any Dresden statuette.

Mrs. Langtry's bed is a wonderful one. The draperies, which were made in New York by a famous woman decorator, are of pale dove colored brocade. The upper curtains are of fine bolting cloth, those at the top being embroidered in pompies, as if to induce sleep, and those at the foot in morning glories, as if to welcome wakefulness. The dressing table is draped with bolting cloth, embroidered in many delicate hand flowers, and the curtains on each side of the mirror have, after the French fashion, a trailing vine of artificial lilies, so that when the beauty looks into her mirror she sees one Lily framed by many more.

I have never been able to understand the type of woman who didn't care how her bedroom looked, who was satisfied to have a bare, cold, uninviting room, lacking any individuality. Most women, certainly all nice women, long to have their bedrooms look as pretty as possible, and now, when so many dainty things can be made by oneself, so many good results achieved by oneself, she is to blame who does not arrange her room so that it is a bower of beauty. It may be taken for granted that either in the winter or the summer one cannot have too many fancy cushions or too many fur rugs.

A most artistic effect is achieved by having the floor covered with matting and white or brown fur rugs thrown here and there upon it. During the winter a few women cast aside their pretty blankets or dainty silk quilts and sleep under sable or ermine skins. Unhealthy? I suppose they are, but the effect from an artistic standpoint is decidedly good.

Apropos of furs, the news is reaching us, even in midsummer, that fur will reign supreme as a decoration next winter. Have you heard of the latest thing in the jewelry line? It is intended to be worn by some one who objects to the ordinary garter, the regular "evil to him that evil thinks" garter, and elects to keep her stockings smooth by suspenders. The dainty pair shown at a big jewelry shop is of white silk elastic, the clasps being emerald hearts framed in diamonds. I could not but wonder who would buy them. What fool and his money would part for such trifles as these? And what girl, getting them, would not remove the clasps and utilize them as brooches or hair ornaments?

The emerald has just now a great vogue given to it, and as it is said to bring good health it would seem worth while for one to save up one's ducats that one might possess the beautiful green gem. After all, since we can look at them, we possess them, for she who owns them can get no greater pleasure out of them. Oftentimes we don't realize that. We let the mean desire of possession control us, and we make ourselves unhappy because we can't own everything. Think what a bother it would be to have to take care of everything!

The wealthiest woman I know is the most unhappy. She is always expecting something to happen to her house or her yacht or her diamonds or her fine pictures. Her bonds trouble her, because tomorrow they may go down in value. Bonds, yachts, wonderful bric-a-brac, great pictures and fine jewels don't trouble you or me, but we can enjoy the best of everything either through the courtesy of those who possess it or the civility of those who have it for sale.

We want to learn, every one of us, to get the most out of life in the best way. That is being a woman of the world. Most people think that to be



LILLIAN RUSSELL.

eager to be a woman of the world is a poor ambition, but it is not. It is a good one, since she is the woman who makes most happy the greatest number of people. The woman of the world is the one who considers what you like and attempts, for her own comfort as well as for yours, to give it to you.

She is the one whose manners are always perfect and who does not offend you by gushing over you one day and by freezing you the next.

She is the one whose gowns attract no notice unless by their absolute suitability.

She is the one who can be friendly without being familiar and who can repel without being rude.

She is the one who refrains from saying malicious things not only because it will ruin the shape of her mouth, but because they are in as bad taste as swearing.

She is the one who always makes you feel at ease with yourself and the rest of the world.

She is the one who if stewed puppy were served at your dinner table would praise its flavor and talk of the civilization of the Chinese.

She is the one who can make order come where disorder has reigned and who can put everything just where it should be.

She is the one with whom it is a delight to associate and who, after all, may be governed not only by her own desire to make life smoother and easier, but by greater and higher beliefs than are credited to her.

She is the one whom it would be well for all women to imitate.

Bab

BOOK COVERS.

Diaries and calendars may be covered satisfactorily with turquoise blue linen, embroidered with a cluster of purple pansies in one corner and below, worked in irregular lines, one or other of these quotations, "'Tis a Chronicle of Day to Day," "I'll Call For Pen and Ink and Write My Mind," "Fill Up Chronicles For Time to Come," "Le Temps Passe, l'Amitie Reste," "C'est l'Heure de Bien Faire," worked in stem stitch with silk of the deepest shade of purple, the capitals being accentuated with an outlining of gold. A notion for the cover of one of the all but indispensable cycling record books is to make it of stout, hand woven gray linen and to border it with a row of tiny wheels, carefully worked in black filoselle, with gold thread for tires and hubs. "My Cycling Records" is then embroidered in the center in black outlined with gold, with or without a monogram below, or, if the popular fancy for a motto demands it, something appropriate, such as "A Merry Heart Goes All the Way," or "Ride On, Ride Fast, Ride Merrily," may take the place of the title.

Reading cases for popular periodicals are always acceptable presents. A charming case, for example, might be made of pale ecru hand woven linen, with the title at the top, the monogram of the owner in the center and the quotation, "Read O'er These Articles," below, the whole being worked in pale green outlined with gold and encircled by a wreath of roses, shamrocks and thistles, embroidered in what is known as "half solid" style. In delicate shades of their natural coloring, or the ground might be turquoise blue and the whole of the embroidery carried out in two shades of sepia brown silk and fine gold thread, the flower outlined only. Pale green linen, with the title of the journal in tiny iridescent green sequins on a scroll outlined with gold thread, makes an exceedingly pretty reading case, or if something more elaborate is wanted nothing is nicer than ivory satin sheeting, on which the letters of the title are formed of tiny blue forgetmenots in china ribbon embroidery, with gold spangles for centers and Louis XVI knots of blue ribbon occupying the four corners. On the other hand, a plainer, cheaper, but effective cover may be made of cream twill cotton sheeting, on which the title of the journal is outlined with twisted chain stitch in deep yellow flax, the background being either darned or powdered with some tiny motif in a paler shade.

Wrap For Cool Evenings.

The most recent addition to the summer girl's outfit is a cape which possesses the additional virtue of having sleeves when sleeves are wanted. These sleeves are inside and are entirely hidden when not in use by the lapels which decorate the side fronts of the cape. For driving, fishing, cycling or, in fact, any out of door pursuit where one needs to have the use of one's arms and yet have them protected from the elements this cape would be invaluable.

HOW TO BUY AND WEAR GLOVES.

The Frenchwoman's idea of dress is, of course, perfect in all its details, but if she must practice economy she never neglects her shoes and her gloves. "Bien chause et bien gantee" is her motto, and she lives up to it. Her gloves are proverbial. She chooses them with art, she puts them on with art, she carries them with art, and she mends them with art.

She always puts on her gloves in the house and buttons them as carefully as any other article of dress. She never would be guilty of pulling on her gloves rudely in the street or in a street car or of squeezing her hands into gloves several sizes too small and buttoning them with a hairpin. This would be considered a great impropriety. Many people cram their hands into gloves which are so small that the gloves look stuffed, and a yellow kid on a pudgy hand reminds one of nothing more poetic than a ham in its yellow bag. People, especially ladies with large hands, ought to buy gloves which are larger than seems necessary, for tight gloves always make the hands swell and increase in size by dint of such injudicious treatment.

Tight gloves are always responsible for redness of the hands and also for wrinkles. Women who care to preserve the whiteness and beauty of their hands and arms always wear loose gloves. Ellen Terry, for example, who has large hands, so large that they are somewhat masculine, never compresses them in tight gloves, but selects a comfortable size, which gives her hands ease and full play.

Now, after selecting gloves—nice, stout, loose ones for street wear and others a little closer in fit for calling and for evening wear—there is a way to put them on. If there is anything that mars a woman's appearance, it is a glove with the seams twisted and all the fingers awry.

The first trying on of a glove is the most important, because this gives the glove its set. First shake some powder into each finger of the glove. Then place your elbow firmly on a table, with the hand upright and the thumb extended toward the palm. Draw the body of the glove over the fingers and after seeing that each seam of the glove is straight with the line of the finger coax each finger into the finger of the glove. Be sure in the meantime that the stitching on the back of the glove is also straight. Now insert the thumb and look once again to see if the seams are all straight. If not, pull the glove off and begin again. The seam at the tip of the thumb should be in line with the middle of the thumb nail. Smooth the wrist neatly and fasten the second button first.

All of this may seem tiresome, but an expensive and well fitting glove is worth the trouble of putting it on carefully, for it will wear twice as long. In removing a glove skin it off quickly, turn the fingers, put a little powder in them, smooth them neatly and place them in a glove case. They will keep much nicer in this way than if tossed in a drawer.

Never throw old kid gloves away. They are nice to use, for they save the hands in many ways—for example, in gardening and dusting—and indeed if one moistens the hands with glycerin or cold cream and draws on a pair of easy old gloves for an hour the hand is made astonishingly white, smooth, soft and flexible. Another use for old gloves is to cut the backs for penwipers and to keep the fingers for finger stalls.

There is also a proper way to mend a glove. Glove needles can be procured at any shop where ordinary needles are sold, and, unlike the latter, they do not split the kid. If the seams break or rip, sew up the seam on the right side of the glove, as much like the rest of the stitching as possible, and if the seam breaks between the thumb and palm a little network made in the buttonhole stitch will replace the little kid hinge, if one may so call the three cornered piece of kid.

If the buttonholes break away, it is easy enough to replace the binding if you examine the method by which it was originally put on. Gloves may be cleaned at home. Of course the white chamois skin gloves that are worn in summer are easy enough to wash by slipping them on the hands and rubbing them in lukewarm water filled with suds made from soap. White kid and suede may be cleaned by gently rubbing them all over with pumice stone powder.

Fad Parties.

If you are invited to a fad party, you are expected to take with you some object that represents your pet fad, and after you have exhibited it you are to talk about it, tell how you acquired it and why and anything of interest that pertains to it. Until you have attended one of these affairs you can have no idea of the interesting peep it gives you into a hitherto unsuspected side of your friend's life. The man whom you had known only as a thoughtful student reluctantly confesses to a passion for scarfpins, and marvelous may be the stories attached to the getting of some of these. With another it may be weapons, modern and ancient, and doubtless he will prove to be the most peaceful one among you. With one it is photographs, with another snuff-boxes or stamps or old engravings. Almost every one will have some interesting hobby. Among women one will bring a priceless plate and tell you of her Washington plates and other rare and interesting china. Another collects pewter mugs and candle bowls or fans or laces.

Perfect Fitting Skirt.

The best cut skirts are perfectly fitting over the hips, all the fullness being drawn to the back. They have only one seam up the back, suggesting the idea that the wearer has stepped into the wide, circular piece of material and has had it drawn up and fitted to her. All the thin fabric skirts are made separate from the silk foundations, with a frilling outside as well as in to keep them from shrinking in at the bottom. A favorite method of decoration for the thinner materials is a return to a dear old style, three tiny ruffles, the top one being finished by a narrow heading.

How to Wash Chintz.

Chintz may be washed in the same way as any good print, only adding a little ammonia—about a teaspoonful to the gallon of water—to the last rinsing water. Dry in the open air, in a good wind, if possible. Then when quite dry put it into rather thick hot water starch and hang it up again indoors till nearly dry, when it must be well stretched, laid out very smoothly on the ironing table and ironed on the right side with a hot iron. To insure the proper glaze either add half an ounce of white wax to each quarter pound of starch when making the starch or else rub the hot iron on a little pure beeswax each time of using. This will give a very nice glaze, especially if the ironer is generous with elbow grease. Remember, once the material has been starched it is better to dry it indoors, as the wind would take too much of the stiffness out of it, though for the first drying a good high wind is best. If you are at all afraid of the color running in the first instance, you will find it a good plan to let the chintz soak for a little time in cold salted water, a handful of salt to the gallon of water. Then wash it in tepid soapsuds, for which purpose you will find boiled soap the best, as it obviates any rubbing, which, with a many colored material, is pretty safe to be dangerous.

THIS NEW WOMAN DRIVES A TROTTING HORSE.



There was a trotting horse race at Waterville, Me., recently, in which women were the drivers. Miss Lotta Elliott, a young woman of Dunforth, Me., drove the winning horse. She handled the reins in a most creditable manner.

BUFF COLORED CYCLING COSTUME.



THE LATEST CYCLING SKIRT.

Here is a pretty cycling costume direct from Paris. It is a light tan of buff color lainage, strapped down the seams—which are double—with black. The divided skirt, which hangs so well as to conceal its subdivisions, whether walking or bicycling, is its chief attraction. Three black pearl buttons are sewed on at the upper part of each side of the seams. The dainty little jacket, fitting quite closely, has a narrow, rounded basque and is decorated likewise with double seams. Three black pearl buttons fasten it up, and the turned down collar forms scalloped revers in front, opening heart shaped over a plastron of fine batiste, with narrow frillings of valenciennes thereon.

BICYCLE JEWELRY.

With the ever increasing popularity of the wheel bicycle jewelry has come into vogue, says an exchange, and it promises to be a busy fall and winter with the silver and gold smiths in designing and making up small and dainty novelties of adornment for cyclers. In London and Paris there has been for some time a considerable demand for trifles in the precious metals that would indicate from their design that the wearer was a cyclist. Now the fashion is beginning to take root here.

Bicycle jewelry had its beginning in the fad among well to do wheelwomen of having a silver bell and a silver name plate upon their machines. While this plan has never become general, there are plenty of wheels adorned with these ornaments, prettily finished and in the name plates often of elaborate pattern and design. Next came the whistle bangle, a silver trinket from London, like the bell and name plate, useful as well as ornamental, yet a distinct piece of jewelry.

Gradually this bangle has come to be popular, and it now is to be bought in many shops in gold or in silver, according to taste. In design it is a narrow band that snaps around the wrist, a link chain to which the whistle is attached and three rings. These rings fasten on the hand, and in them the whistle is slipped to prevent its dangling. It is the work of only a second to slip the whistle out of the rings and raise it to the lips with either hand.

From these beginnings cyclists' jewelry has been evolved until now most of the novelties on the market are for ornaments, pure and simple, and have no use beyond decoration. The newest things out are the stickpins for bicycle riders. Though these are chiefly worn by girls, they make just as good scarfpins and are frequently used in that way by men. The tiny silver or gold bicycle set on a pin about two inches long was one of the first pieces of jewelry devised. This new pin is much more elaborate. On top of the tiny wheel the figure of a rider done in bright enamel is placed. Wheel and rider together are so minute that they hardly cover more than a thumb nail, yet every detail is complete.

Palatable Dish of Jelly.

Green gooseberry jelly is not common, but it is a dish both palatable and pretty. To make it pour three-quarters of a pint of water on each pound of fruit and let simmer till the gooseberries are quite broken. Turn the whole into a jelly bag and drain out the juice. Weigh it and boil hard for 15 minutes. Take it from the fire and stir in until dissolved an equal weight of lump sugar which has been crushed to a powder. Boil the whole for 20 minutes, clear off the scum and pour into glasses.

Five hundred horseless cabs were placed on the streets of Paris early in July.

FROM KLONDYKE REGION

The Accomplished Ruler of Sweden and Norway.

[Special Correspondence.]

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 19.—There was once a man who resolved to pass a certain saloon without going in to drink, and he did it, but after getting past it he turned back and went in to take his customary morning "snifter," in order, as he said, to "treat resolution."

I am in somewhat the position of the man who treated his resolution, for, having resolutely resolved not to be drawn into the current now setting so strongly toward Alaska, yet I cannot wholly turn my back upon it and depart from this region without another glance at the argosies it is bearing northward.

It is easier, however, to keep from going now since many of the erstwhile gold seekers are returning, and without the stock of courage and provisions with which they started. Second thought is best, after all, even though it cost them dear. Better to wait till early spring, they all say now, than to brave the terrors of the wild passes, the mosquitoes and the deep snows of coming winter.

Still, they are richer in experience than when they started, and this experience they are very ready to give to others gratis. I have met several who regard their trip in the nature of a pleasure jaunt, and who are merely postponing their assault upon the golden banks of the Yukon and the Klondike. Some of them have been there before, and from these I gather the facts herewith presented. While it is asserted that the stories of loss and privation are inventions of interested parties who wish to secure all the claims for themselves, yet I do not so regard it. There has set in a reaction, reason has resumed its sway and common sense returned.

A Miner's Experience.

The following is one of the first letters that have been received directly from the mines. It was written by Joseph N. Frost of Chicago, who left for the goldfields last February. The former letter of which he speaks never reached its destination:

"In my former letter I gave a detailed account of our journey hither, the very thought of which now makes me shudder. In this one I will tell you how we located and other items of interest that come to my mind. There is no comfort in writing or in doing anything else in this strange region, because of a pest of gnats such as you in the States cannot even imagine. They fill your nose, eyes, ears and prey on every square inch of flesh they can get at until they drive us half mad. The only prevention is to keep face and hands always covered with oil or grease of some sort, as this smeared paper bears witness.

"I'm tired. I think I shall never again be rested until back in a civilized country with my gold safely banked. Life here is one continuous round of rush, hustle and nervous excitement that is wearing to the strongest.

"At Dawson we joined forces with another party, so that when we started on we numbered 16. We paid $100 apiece for two boats—rude, hewn plank affairs, but strongly made and only drawing a few inches of water when heavily loaded.

"We followed the main stream for miles between high rocky walls that discouraged us not a little. Where were the creeks and side ravines of which we had heard so much? we asked each other as we rowed and poled our cumbrous craft along.

"When everybody was tired out, we tied up and slept. We lost track of time completely in this perpetual light, this long day, and used to eat when hungry and sleep when tired completely out. Now, however, we divide things up with regularity, as better for our health.

An Expectant Moment.

"After a long sleep we started on, tying the boats to projecting rocks while we ate our dinner, for pushing against the current was hard, wearing work. It was then that one of the boys discovered a volume of water pouring into the main stream from under a bank of moss and tangled bushes.

"Two or three of the fellows instantly set out to scale the bluff to see what lay beyond. I was one of them and the first to reach the top. One glance, and, swinging my cap aloft, I gave a wild cheer, for just ahead was the object of our search—a wide ravine through whose center flowed the stream whose exit we had so providentially discovered, and which was choked and hidden for several yards by the moss of which I wrote before and which is the curse of the Klondike miner.

"Quickly descending we related what we had seen, and all hands attacked the blockade with a will. It was hard work, but no one shirked, so eager were we to explore the ravine so skillfully hidden by nature from the sight of men. And we could not help laughing as we thought of the hundreds who had passed it on their way to the diggings and what wealth they had perhaps thus missed so near at hand.

"It took six hours of mortal hard work to clear a passage for the boats. Then we only poled them around a bend to hide them from view of passersby. How quickly the search for gold develops avarice and suspicion! Selecting a barren level about 50 feet up the slope under some umbrella shaped trees, we prepared a temporary encampment to be a shelter till we should discover if there were gold in the ravine or not.

"No one could eat or sleep until the question should be settled. Accordingly, as soon as the tents were set up and camp in shape, all attacked the moss, which there covered every foot of ground to the water's edge and was from 4 to 6 feet deep. Soon a strip of soil was laid bare, still half frozen, and old Jose Gomez, a Mexican gold hunter, filled a pan or sieve, as you would call it, and, hobbling it in the stream, gave us our first lesson in gold washing.

"That was a scene for a painter. Each face was a study in itself. Suspense, hope, fear and prowing greed were on one and all. But we had not long to wait. Presently the old man lifted the pan from the water, picked out a quantity of pebbles and bits of moss, then, lifting his cap with a reverent gesture, held the pan toward us for inspection.

The Gleam of Gold.

"There was no mistaking the dull gleam of the precious metal. It was gold—ye gods!—as much as a capful of lumps and scales. We all went mad for a time and shouted and stamped and hugged each other, swinging our hats and behaving like idiots in general.

"All the perils and privations we had gone through were forgotten, or at least no longer grudged, for under our feet was the object of our search. Gold was ours for the taking; and our thoughts went no further just then.

"When our excitement died out, we were weak and spent, and with one accord ascended the slope to the camp. After ten hours' sleep we ate breakfast and then proceeded systematically to work, staking out a claim for each man according to law and in whatsoever place he selected.

"Mine by choice was near the mouth of the ravine, and there was not so much as a font of it but was covered deep with debris and moss. As I dug this away I flung it in the stream, and so was rid of it, for it floated away. This was in the middle of June and the mercury ranged from 60 degrees to 64 degrees, but the ground as I uncovered it was still frozen as hard as stone. There was still snow in places and lots of ice under the moss. The soil soon loosened up, however, when the air could reach it, and we were soon each man washing gold for himself by the panful.

"For it is here on Bonanza creek, as we have named it, in quantities passing belief. For days we lived in a state of continual excitement, but now we have steadied down to business.

"Some natives drifted in a week ago, and I have three at work at $18 a day, but that is nothing when each takes out a week's wages from two pans of dirt. With what I accomplish myself—and we lose no time—you can see I am growing rich. Whether I ever reach the States with my pile is a question not easy to answer.

"I saw a party of late arrivals three days ago when I was at Dawson after provisions, and they had a great story to tell of the action Canada is going to take in the way of collecting revenues on all gold mined in this region. If true, it means murder and bloodshed, for there's a rough crowd congregated along the Klondike, and few will quietly give up a large per cent of their hard earned gold.

Suffering and Reward.

"There's enough here to pave the streets of the New Jerusalem, but every man must mine his own, even Canadian officials. Anyway, the men are none of them losing any time, and, if the story is true, we may, perchance, get away before the matter is settled.

"We shall start for home by the middle of September, for they tell us the Yukon freezes over as early as October, and we must ship our gold as freight by steamer. There's too much of it to think of packing it overland. The thought of being caught here by winter is appalling, for the tales told of cold and snow and starvation all along the Yukon last winter are enough to daunt the bravest heart.

"We don't mean to have all our sufferings and hard work go for naught, but instead hope to enjoy the results in a civilized land. There will be suffering untold here when the short summer is over, and no more provisions can be packed in. Tell the boys the gold is here for all who have grit and strength to come for it, but not to attempt it till early in the spring, so as to get here, make their pile and get away in safety. I do not know if I shall return to Chicago or settle in California. You shall hear from me as to that later on."

This is indeed an interesting experience and it proves that it is not in the larger rivers, like the Yukon, that gold in paying quantities has been found, but in the tributary streams, where it has been washed down from the mountains. There are doubtless immensely rich quartz ledges, from the disintegration of which the precious metal has been obtained by glacial and aqueous action, but the working of them will follow later, after the placers have all been exhausted. The surface dirt of the frozen creeks and smaller rivers contains little or nothing, but after that is removed the rich "pay dirt" is found, near and lying upon the bedrock.

The problem before the miner is to get at this pay dirt, and he does it in the winter, by building a fire over a certain area and thawing the earth at the rate of perhaps half a foot in 24 hours. Scooping out this earth, he then builds another fire, and thus, by successive firings and shovelings, sinks a shaft to the bedrock, along the exposed surface of which he "drifts," or tunnels, through the auriferous layer. The earth removed is banked up till warm weather sets in and the streams are again running, when it is panned and cradled, and the hard labor of the miner rewarded by rich results.

It is this necessity for working during the winter season, when the streams are frozen, and their beds can be exploited, that causes all the gold seekers to aim at getting in before the coldest weather sets in, as otherwise they will have to wait till the summer is over.

The Best Paying Property.

Although perhaps $3,000,000 has been taken out of the Alaska placer diggings, and many individuals have been enriched after a short term of labor, yet the aggregate is not large, when we reflect that this amount is credited to a territory half a million miles in area. The greater portion, to be sure, was taken from a comparatively restricted region along the Klondike and some of the Yukon tributaries, but the largest amount brought out by any one person was only $185,000, the next highest being $112,000, and so on down to $5,000 and less.

As is now well known, the richest placers have been found along the Klondike creek on British territory, but we have every reason to believe that equally rich deposits will yet be discovered on the Alaskan side of the line. In fact, the first discovery of gold in 1873 was in our territory, near Sitka, and outcroppings of rich veins have been found all along the mainland and islands of the southeastern coast.

FRED A. OBER.



YUKON MINERS AND NATURE AT SUMMIT OF CHILKAT PASS.



YUKON MINERS SLEDDING OVER ROUTE.

ABOUT ACTIVE KING OSCAR

Letter From a Miner Now in the Diggings.

[Special Correspondence.]

STOCKHOLM, Aug. 19.—Innsmuch as King Oscar of Sweden and of Norway is assuredly the most intellectual and accomplished of monarchs, it is particularly appropriate that the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, which occurs on Sept. 18 next, should be signalized by all the leading universities of the old world conferring upon him the highest forms of honor and distinction in their gift. Prominent among the seats of learning which have availed themselves of this opportunity to add his name to their faculty is that of Vienna, which has nominated



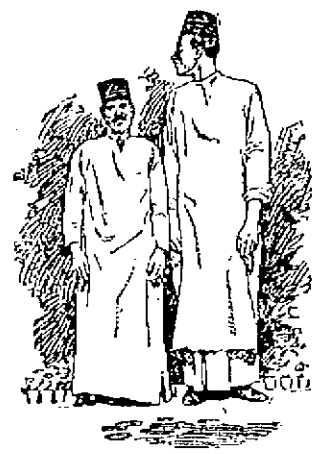
THE KING OF SWEDEN.

him "doctor quadruplex"—that is to say, doctor of all the four branches of science taught at this university, which is one of the most ancient in Europe. It is the first case in its entire history that such a degree as this has been conceded to any one, and in accordance with the statutes of the institution the diploma has had to be countersigned by the emperor himself. The only other instance of the rank of "doctor quadruplex" being conferred within the last 200 years was when, in the beginning of the present century, the German University of Jena granted it to the great poet Goethe. Most of the remaining universities of the continent, notably that of Bologna, have contented themselves with investing the Swedish king with the degree of "doctor of philosophy," and indeed he will from henceforth be rated among the faculty of that particular branch of learning in so many countries that he may lay fair claim to that title of "the philosopher king" of which Frederick the Great of Prussia was infinitely more proud than of his victories during the Seven Years' war.

While philosophy is a useful quality for kings to possess at the close of this nineteenth century, when the wave of democracy engendered by popular progress and enlightenment is rapidly sapping the foundations of thrones, no matter how firmly established in the past, it is not so much therein that Oscar has shone as in the realms of literature, music and political economy. He has translated "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, as well as the masterpieces of many a great German, French and English bard, into Swedish, bringing thereby these works within the intellectual range of those of his subjects who are ignorant of foreign languages. He has likewise written several plays, historical monographs and likewise half a dozen novels, the most recent one of them actually dealing with the romance connected with the accession to the throne and marriage of his peasant born grandfather, who figured so prominently in the Napoleonic wars under the name of Marshal Bernadotte. Indeed, he is to such an extent considered as a member of the literary profession by the brethren of the craft that when, some time ago, he had occasion to criticise one of the least happy dramas of the popular Norwegian poet Bjornsen, the latter insisted upon regarding the royal strictures as a piece of professional jealousy on the part of a brother author, and actually went so far as to challenge Oscar to a duel, much to the entertainment of the fellow sovereigns of the Swedish king. Equally amused were they when, a short time ago, the latter found it necessary to publish a royal announcement in The Official Gazette at Stockholm to the effect that he was not the author of a very sensational novel entitled "En Drottling," in which all the leading personages of the court and society of Stockholm are portrayed under the most transparent of pseudonyms and held up to public ridicule, attention being drawn to all their pet vices and weaknesses with a sarcastic and relentless hand.

Oscar possesses a superb voice as well as a remarkable talent for music, and it is entirely owing to his influence that the services of the Reformed church in Sweden and Norway have now become so largely choral, music having been almost entirely unknown in connection with divine worship until he took the matter in hand.

Oscar's youth was spent in the navy, and it was then that he circumnavigated the globe, visiting many foreign climes and countries, and thus equipping himself for the duties of rulership to an extent enjoyed by none of the now reigning sovereigns, excepting perhaps Emperor Nicholas of Russia. It is probably due to the training he received that he is so exceedingly democratic and unaffected. He never attempts to conceal the humble origin of his family, and rarely visits the south of France without making a species of pilgrimage to the small, gray, one storied house at Pau where his grandfather was born, and over the door of which there is an inscription to the effect that "the peasant Charles Bernadotte, who subsequently rose to be a field marshal of France, and ultimately King Charles XIV of Sweden and Norway, was born in this cottage in 1763." It may be added that



THE SHORT AND THE TALL CHAMBERMAIDS.

he was once a slave, and knows only their language, not one word of either English or French. I tried to direct him by signs until I found that he needed no direction. He kept the rooms exquisitely neat. I'm not very orderly myself, but I never left the room in such a litter that he failed to 'clear it up,' not once a day, but twice or thrice. And he never threw away or lost anything, however valueless, until I told him 'not want.' Zahrour was an untiring foe of dusty boots. Not only did he polish all that were put out of doors overnight, but during lunch and again while I was at dinner he would concentrate his mighty intellect upon a minute search of the rooms for more shoes that could be polished. He would brush and fold clothing of the most feminine complexity with the same skill.

"Zahrour had a side partner named Abdul, who was just like him in every way, except that he was only half as big and half as black and knew a very little English and German. Abdul was every whit as industrious as Zahrour, however, in spite of never having been a slave. Just before I came away I had them lined up for me in the garden of the hotel, beautiful in January with the green of palms and the purple bloom of the bougainvillia, and took a photograph of the two best chambermaids I ever saw."

JOHN L. HEATON.

CONNECTICUT MOSQUITOES.

This Year They Are Quite as Malignant and Numerous as New Jersey's.

[Special Correspondence.]

HARTFORD, Aug. 31.—This has been a great season for the festive mosquito all along the Atlantic coast, owing to the heavy rains in July and part of August. New Jersey has been reviled as never before, for in that state the birds, always able, have displayed both power and venom surpassing all previous records, but the mosquitoes of Connecticut, I believe—and I am a fair judge of such birds—have this year outdone those of New Jersey.

A few days ago I paid a visit to the state prison at Wethersfield, two or three miles to the south of here. In front of the buildings I noticed a number of convicts at work trimming the grass, cultivating flower borders, and the like. Over his head each laborer wore a sort of wire cage, covered with a close black netting—altogether the most extraordinary headgear I have ever seen. I couldn't imagine at first what those queer contrivances were for, but it became quite clear to me that they were intended to protect the wearer from mosquitoes even before I had passed within the institution's walls, for the vicious little insects were buzzing about so thickly as actually to produce a sound not unlike the hum of a swarm of bees, though, of course, not nearly so loud. Both myself and a friend, who was with me, were forced to fight vigorously to avoid being very badly bitten, and we found the situation almost as bad as outside the portals, though this was true only on the ground floors of the various buildings.

"The prisoners in the lower tiers of cells," said Warden Woodbridge, "have suffered most. Mosquitoes have the power of rising high in the air, though for some reason they don't seem to exercise this power here this year, rarely ascending more than five or six feet, and the upper floors of the prison building are comparatively free from the little pests. They are undoubtedly smaller this year than usual, since they are able to pass through the meshes of the finest netting we can buy, and no matter how carefully we screen the doors and windows we cannot keep them out."

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

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The Turners' great discovery. The warning notes from the kidneys are, backache, urinary trouble, frequent thirst, rheumatism, burning urine, dropsical swellings, irregular heart action. Heed the warning at once. Your life is in danger. Utah Kidney Beans regulate the kidneys, cure all urinary and bladder troubles surely and quickly. Utah Kidney Beans, discovered and perfected by The Turners, of Philadelphia. THE TURNERS also make

PO-MEI-IA—The Infant's Friend, the Invalid's Benefactor. A perfect food. A new discovery for the little ones and for the weak.

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I CAN'T SLEEP—CONFOUND THE BUGS. You can if you use Noonan's Sure Death to Bugs. 25c at Howe's, Central street, A. Moore's, Gorham street, pharmacists.

FOR SALE ON HAMPSHIRE STREET, A good cottage house, good location, good repair. Price only $1350. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

MENTHOL CREAM SHAMPOO IS USED in all the leading hair dressing and bath parlors in New England. Menthol Cream Shampoo removes Dandruff and all humors of the scalp. It contains alcohol, glycerine, and menthol. It gives a rich, creamy lather and when used in the bath will remove pimples, etc., leaving the skin clear and soft. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by leading druggists.

FOUND—A BROWN CHECKED COAT cor. of Jewett and Hildreth streets. Owner can have by calling at No 6 Albion street.

AGENTS WANTED. GREATEST OFFER out. We furnish everything; no experience required. Liberal terms. Write for full information. Shocking actual results. Magnet Manufacturing Co., 126 Chambers street, New York.

HELP WANTED, FEMALE—LADIES DO you want needlework and sewing home; $1.50 day; no canvassing; two months' work guaranteed; a small reliable particulars. Wilday & Hutchinson, 4, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—A WIDOW LADY LIVING TWO miles from Lowell post office on line of electrics to Lakeview, would like middle aged pensioner or gentleman to board on reasonable terms. For particulars address Mrs. F., 1163 Lakeview avenue.

LOST—A LARGE VELVET CAPE AT MERrimack Square Sunday about 4 p. m. Please return to 433 Worthen street and get reward.

TO LET—LARGE HOUSE, BATH ROOM, new furnace, in thorough repair, suitable for boarding or lodging house. Apply at 418 Bridge street.

FOR SALE IN CENTRALVILLE, NEAR Bridge street, 7 room cottage house and good barn, large lot of land. Price $1700. G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

WANTED—A COMPETANT GIRL TO DO general housework. Reference Required. Apply at this office.

WANTED—A KITCHEN GIRL AT 46 MERrimack Square.

FOUND—A WHITE BULLDOG IN THE Highlands. Call at No. 1 Summer street, Molloy's Court, M. Sours.

FOR SALE NEAR BRANCH STREET, TWO tenement house, pays 15 per cent. Price $1400, and on easy terms, G. L. Hubbard, 44 Central Street.

WANTED—A MAN WHO IS WILLING TO learn a paying business. Steady work. Good pay. No canvassing. 49 Middlesex street, room 20.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED BASQUE trimmer and finisher, 467 Merrimack street, room 4, Miss Cook.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, singularly or in suites at 52 Tyler street.

LOST—AN ENGLISH LIGHT COLORED bull dog on Central street. Collar marked "J. S. Peters, Prince—Hollon, Me." Return to 197 Appleton street.

WANTED—EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT shorthand and typewriting are thoroughly taught by most competent instructors at Miss Hard's school. Hundreds of graduates employed. Call for catalogue, 31 Hildreth Building.

MONEY TO LOAN ON PERSONAL PROPerty. Address P, Lock Box 785. Will call if necessary.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED ROOMS to let, singularly or in suite at 52 Tyler street.

WANTED—PARTY LOOKING FOR BUSIness where small capital safe as a government, will bring large returns. Call and investigate at 189 Middlesex street.

TO LET—FLAT IN THE NEW "BELLEvue" apartment house, No. 137 Stackpole street, fitted with all modern conveniences. Finest location in the city.

$15 A MONTH
Will buy this splendid 2½ story hip-roof house of 8 rooms pantry and bath rooms, with tub, marble wash bowls, &c., maple floors in kitchen, dining room, pantry and bath room; hot and cold water. Piazza and balcony, nice lot of land, high and dry, very sightly, near cars and schools. Small payment down secures this bargain. Quick, or you lose it. A. J. RYAN, No. 29 A, Hildreth Building. (Old Post Office.)

J. H. COSTELLO, CARPENTER and JOBBER
120 LAWRENCE STREET.
All orders promptly attended to.

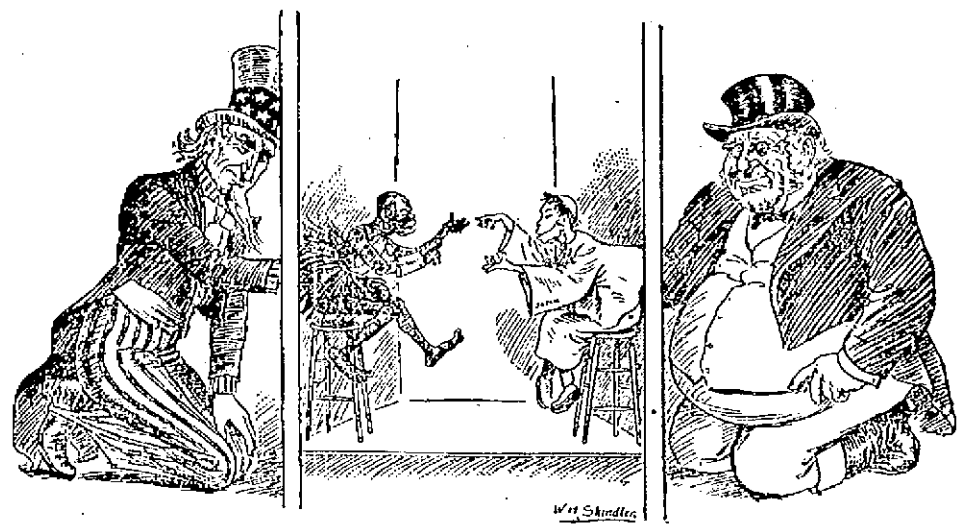
Bicycle Repairing
Is Our Specialty.
No matter what part of your Bicycle bends breaks or becomes disabled we can repair or replace it at short notice.
Our shop is the largest and best equipped in Lowell.
ALL WORK FULLY GUARANTEED
When you want rims, tires, gears, saddles, spokes, forks, chains, pedals, handle bars or any part of a bicycle.
IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET OUR PRICES.
RING'S Big Repair Shop,
221-223-225-227-229 Dutton St.

SUBTLE REVENGE.



"Aha, false creeter! Jest wait till I gits back from der Klondike wid a cartful of gold and yer won't do a ting but kick yerself fer scorning der love of Jimmy Jones!"

The Merry World.



IS THIS THE WAY JAPAN AND HAWAII WILL ARBITRATE?

BALLAD OF YE SUMMER GIRL.

I went to a summer resort for a stay
And found that the price was three dollars a day.
I staid for a week, and of fun had my fill,
But forty-two dollars was asked in my bill.

"How's this?" I inquired of the clerk. "Don't you see
My bill is just double the price it should be?"
"My dear sir," he answered, "our charges are right;
Three dollars a day doesn't count in the night."

—New York Journal.

WOMAN'S EGOTISM.

She—Why do you get so profane? Why can't you content yourself with "good gracious me," as I do?

He—I couldn't be so egotistical as to talk that way about myself.—Boston Journal.

THE VANISHING POINT.

"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths and the eighths into sixteenths, into what could the sixteenths be cut?"

"Hush," responded Tommy, whose mother kept a boarding house.

And the class in fractions was dismissed.—Tit-Bits.

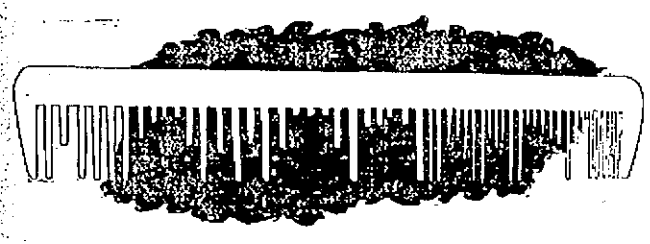
UNCLE EBEN SPEAKS.

"Dah's only one pusson," said Uncle Eben, "dat I has my doubts of no' dan de man dat keeps talkin 'bout how good he is, and dat's de man dat flourishes a razzer an tells how bad he is."—Washington Star.

THE WAY TO RECKON IT.

Ned—How much do you think that fisherman's story was exaggerated?

Ted—How much was there left in his flask?—New York Journal.



HARD TO PART WITH.

A COLORED ECONOMIST.

"John," said a Georgia farmer to one of his colored fieldhands, "you ought to be laying up something now. I pay you 50 cents a day."

"Yes, suh."

Well, how much do you save out of it?"

"Forty-five cents, suh."

"Is that all?"

"Good God, Marse Tom, I got to live on de balance!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SEASHORE ATTACHMENTS.

Most lasting of attachments
That the great resorts afford
Are those where trunks are taken
For the gay resorter's board.

—Detroit News.

MAKING IT WORSE.

The two young persons were looking in moody silence out over the waves when Mr. Blunderheels happened upon them.

"Ah!" he said, pleasantly. "Lovers' quarrel, is it?"

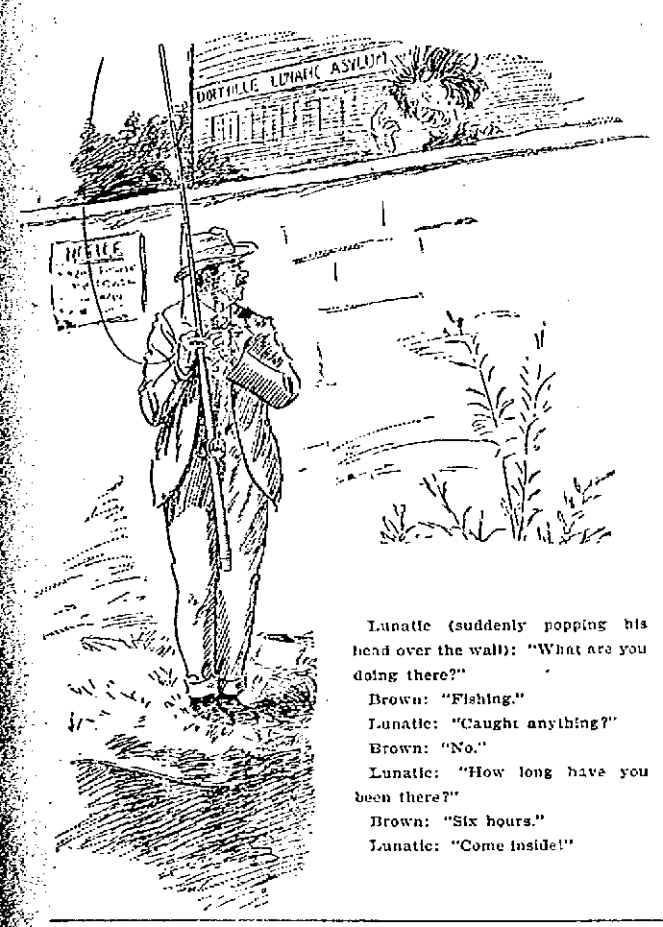
"Sir!" exclaimed the young woman in great wrath. "How dare you!"

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Blunderheels, strolling complacently on. "Then you are not quarreling. So glad."—Chicago Tribune.

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Clergyman—St. Paul made one error, my dear children.

Juvenile—Did it let in a run?—New York Truth.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over the wall): "What are you doing there?"

Brown: "Fishing."

Lunatic: "Caught anything?"

Brown: "No."

Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"

Brown: "Six hours."

Lunatic: "Come inside!"

FATE FOOLED BY A FAT MAN.



The youth was heavy, and he weighed the boat way down,
Still neither had the slightest fear there was a chance to drown.

WHY I DID NOT GO.

When I heard how tons and tons of gold were dug out of the ground,
How the Klondike country teemed with wealth for miles and miles around;
When I heard how men who went there poor came back with loads of pelf,
Then I got the mining fever, and I said unto myself:
Sell every stock and bond, like.
The Chilkat pass beyond, like,
There lies the golden Klondike;
That's where you ought to go.

But my friends all said 'twas foolishness to go so far away,
And that if I ever reached the place I'd find it did not pay.
They said the climate was too cold, the journey much too long,
And they all chimed in together, and they sang to me this song:
Of wealth you're far too fond, like,
You surely will get cold, like,
If ever you go to Klondike.
You'd better stay at home.

—Isaac Anderson in New York Journal.

HANG THE SUPREME COURT!

In a case in a rural justice court in Georgia the justice was informed that the supreme court had decided a similar case in a certain way. The justice replied: "Hang the supreme court! I'll reverse its decision and decide it as I want to."—Atlanta Constitution.

ETHEL'S RETORT.

Mamma—Oh, Ethel, you never saw me behave like that.

Ethel (aged 4)—Well, I hasn't knowed you so very long.—New York Truth.

A FABLE FOR TODAY.

A shark once invited an old mackerel to call at his house. "We have a nice little game of dollar limit up there nearly every night," he said. "Some of the best people in town drop in occasionally. A number of very nice suckers are there regularly. Drop in any time. Bring a few dollars with you, and you will enjoy yourself. May I expect you?"

"Well, hardly," said the wise old mackerel. "I have noticed that the suckers who visit your place go there in carriages, but they all walk away, and many do not wear so fine clothes on departing as they did when they arrived."

Moral.—You can stay in the game longer if you save cab hire by walking.—New York Truth.

OR, SAVED FROM A GRAVE



But, oh, it could not stand the weight! The boat succumbed at last
And to their horror they perceived that they were sinking fast!

THE DEAN WAS DEAF.

One day, at the late dean of Ely's table, a legal gentleman was lamenting the gaps which death had recently made in his profession.

"We have lost," he said solemnly, "not less than six eminent lawyers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, at once rose and repeated grace, "For this and all his mercies," etc.—Tit-Bits.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TRIP.

Wallace—What do you think of the projects for going to the Klondike in balloons?

Ferry—They will none of them work. All the wind is headed this way. At least, up there is where all the blowing comes from.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GO 'LONG CHILE!

Say yo' lak t' marry me,
Dat I'se got de style,
An am sweet as sweet kin be?
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Dunn' yo' be a-talkin so.
Yo's a-foolin me, I know.
Dis hyar niggah ain't so slow.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Say we'll hab a brownstone front?
Dat yer meks me smile.
Meks dis niggah sorter grunt.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Brownstone front yo's t'inkin 'bout
'S jus' a eave yo's haller'd out
Down de quarry, frontin sout'!
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Say dat yo' has got some money
Comin aftah while?
Say yo' wants me for yo' honey?
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
Dat ole ship's a-gwine t' sink,
She'm gwine t' sink an spill de chink;
Cain't fool dis niggah, needn't t'ink—
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!

Den yo's in lub wid Lizer Jane
I knowed it all de while.
Yo' said she's sweet as sugah cane.
Go 'long, go 'long, chile!
She tole me so dis afternoon;
So yo' jus' mosey mighty soon
An quit yo're trifflin wid dis coon.
Now go 'long, go 'long, chile!

—James Courtney Challis in New York Truth.

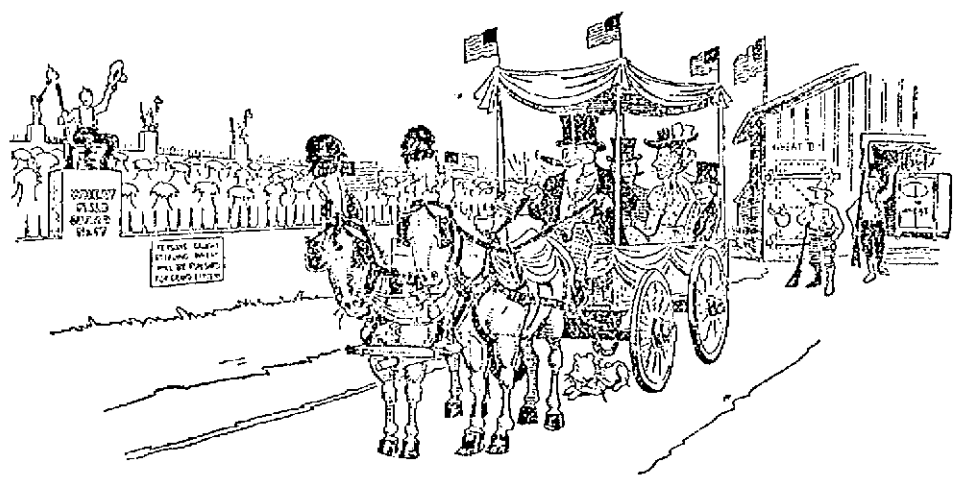
NOT ON THE STONE.

A loving Hackensack nephew, charged with the duty of preparing an epitaph for a disagreeable old uncle just dead, suggested the following: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."—New York Tribune.

IN THE CRUEL DEEP.



And were they drowned? Oh, no! Oh, no! Their lives are not yet o'er,
For, rigging up this quaint device, they got themselves ashore.—New York Journal.



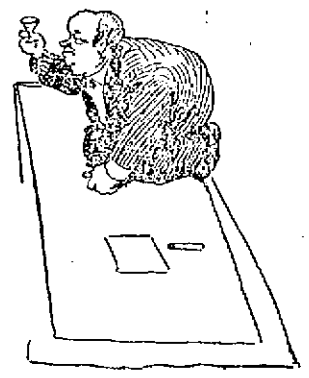
THE FARMER SELLS HIS WHEAT AND GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR.

A PORCINE PAEAN.



Inside he is the luscious feast
That makes the winter hum.
Outside he is the stuff that makes
The football and the drum.

The pig's a lovely animal
That through my vision pops,
Composed of spicy sausage meat
And apple sauce and chops.



HANDICAPPED.

"That man," remarked an admiring friend, "has the faculty of saying clearly in a few words what others would require pages to express."

"Too bad," said Senator Sorghum. "He'll never get along in politics, not unless he learns to filibuster better than that."—Washington Evening Star.

THE PLURAL.

Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.

Edith (promptly) — Twins.—Tit-Bits.

PROFESSIONAL PLEASANTRY.

First Soubrette (on a Rialto corner)—What are you doing now, Flossy?

Second Soubrette (accompanied by Teddy Thoughtless)—Nothing.

First Soubrette (glancing at Teddy)—Is that him?—New York Journal.

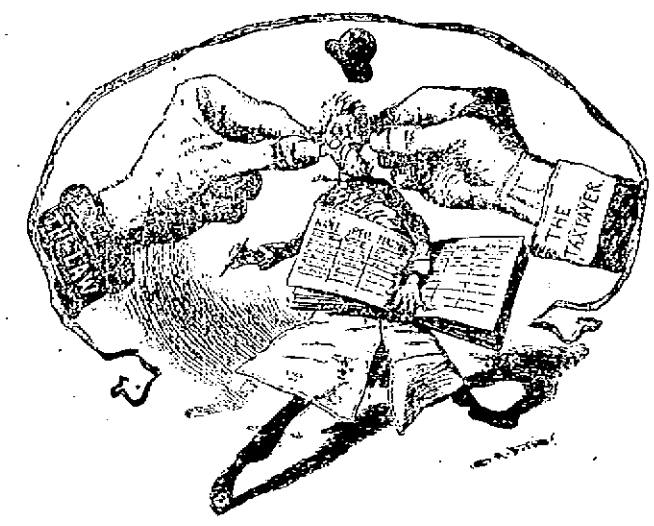
COMPENSATION.

"Sedgeley's marriage wasn't a happy one, was it?"

"Well, that depends on the point of view."

"The point of view?"

"Yes, the neighbors had no end of fun out of it."—Detroit News.



THE WAY OF THE ASSESSOR IS HARD.

DEFINING IT.

"I think I understand what your Democrats and Republicans are getting at," said the foreign statesman on a visit, "but what is the elemental principle of Mugwumpery?"

"As near as I have been able to determine," replied the student of political science, "a Mugwump believes that whatever is is wrong."—Detroit News.

ONE ON DR. JOHNSON.

The following anecdote is carefully preserved by a family whose Scotch ancestors took a rise out of the great lexicographer:

Hostess—Dr. Johnson, what do you think of our Scotch broth?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, in my opinion it's only fit for pigs.

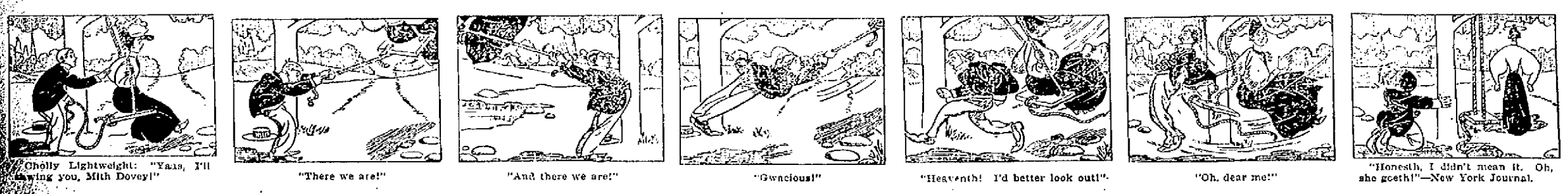
Hostess—Then have some more.—Argonaut.

A SAD FACT.



Impudent Choir Boy (to minister, who is "teaching himself"): "Here endeth the first lesson!"

CHOLLY LIGHTWEIGHT, MISS DOVEY AND THE TRAGEDY OF THE SWING.



Cholly Lightweight: "Yaas, I'll swing you, Mith Dovey!"

"There we are!"

"And there we are!"

"Gwacious!"

"Heavenly! I'd better look out!"

"Oh, dear me!"

"Honestly, I didn't mean it. Oh, she goeth!"—New York Journal.

ODD - MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE FORM - UNIQUE.

GLEANINGS.

ON TO THE ANTARCTIC.

During the past few years, whilst public attention has been directed to North Polar exploration and its counterpart in the Antipodes, without any practical results as regards the latter, a Belgian Antarctic Expedition has been quietly fitted out at Sandefjord, Norway, under the able superintendence of Captain Adrient de Gerlache, its promoter, and Lieutenant Danco, of the Belgian Artillery, one of the scientific members of the expedition. The object of the enterprise is to penetrate those waters of Antarctica which have hitherto proved impenetrable to the unsuitable craft which endeavored



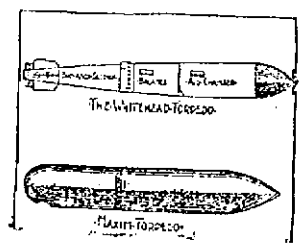
to navigate them, chart the coast line, if any be found, effect a landing at Cape Adare, where a house and observatory will be erected and left in charge of the above-named officers, together with a suitable number of men, who, during the course of their sojourn, will traverse the ice cap, or interior of the continent, as far as possible, endeavor to discover the true position of the south magnetic pole, make constant records of the climatic magnetic and astronomical conditions, etc., and add considerably to our present very slight and unsatisfactory knowledge of those regions. For this purpose the ship Belgica will, after completing her coal supply at Punta Arenas, touch at Graham's Land, work through Waddell Sea to Enderby Land, continuing her way along the shores of Wilkes Land to Cape Adare to Victoria Land, where the shore-going party will land and winter, the Belgica



herself, unless compelled by circumstances to remain, proceeding to Melbourne for a time, returning in the following year either to re-ship or revictual the explorers at Cape Adare. The Belgica is a Norwegian-built steam whaler, which is sufficient guarantee of her fitness for ice navigation, but she has been still further strengthened and prepared for her present purpose by her purchaser, Captain de Gerlache. She measures 263 tons, steams seven knots, is barque rigged, and appears to be a fine seaworthy vessel. The outfit is of the very best, comprising deep sea trawls for dredging, worked by special steam winches, patent sounding lines, whale guns, and, in fact, every kind of instrument and appliance necessary for marine, terrestrial, atmospheric and astronomic investigation. This well-equipped expedition is the only one that has ever sailed for the Antarctic in a steamship especially built for ice navigation.

THE MAXIM TORPEDO.

Mr. Hudson Maxim is a brother of Mr. Hiram Maxim, and he, too, is not innocent of designs upon the warlike strength of the world. He has invented a new instrument of destruction, than which we have seen nothing more terribly effective. It is an "aerial torpedo." This is practically a huge



shell filled with gun-cotton—a ton of gun-cotton! Mr. Hudson Maxim has also devised a special gun, with a range of five miles, for sending this messenger of death on its journey. Compared with the Whitehead torpedo, which carries a charge of 200 lbs. of gun-cotton, and has a range of less than a mile, the "air topedo" is claimed to have an efficiency of fifty-five times greater, and to cost less. The illustration given above shows the relative size of the Whitehead and the Hudson Maxim "air torpedo."

Mrs. Humbugg (whose husband manufactures patent medicines)—Scientists have just discovered a new disease!

Mr. Humbugg (aghast)—The deuce! That will cost me dear,

Mrs. Humbugg—How so?

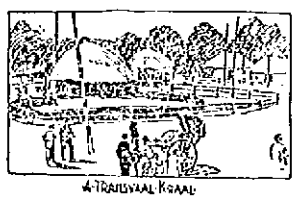
Mr. Humbugg—Why, I've just had 1,000,000 circulars printed advertising my new "Cureall." Now I'll have to have them all reprinted so as to get that confounded new disease into the list of certified cures.—Puck.

Jack—Is it true that Tom Dashing and Dollie Newrich are engaged?

Harry—Well, her people speak of it as an engagement, while his relatives call it an entanglement.—New York Journal.

THE TRANSVAAL EXPOSITION.

The great friendship existing between the little Boer republic ruled over by President Krueger and Germany, has been a matter of continual comment in European political circles. The most important features of this quietly-forming alliance, however, is the Transvaal exposition which is now in progress in Berlin, while its in-

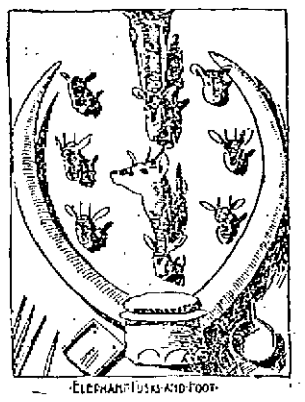


dustrial purpose is, of course, of immense importance. The political motive underlying it all is a matter of no little concern to England. Thousands upon thousands have visited this Boer exposition, have marveled at its peculiarities and have ended in becoming firm friends with the Africans. The most interesting feature of the exposition is the Kraal, of which a picture is given herewith.

AN ELEPHANTINE WALL PIECE.

One of the most unique exhibitions in England is that collected by Mr. Selous, the great African hunter. The picture shows only a small portion of the elephants exhibit, a group of tusks, antelope heads and an elephant's foot.

Probably the first thing which attracts the attention of all visitors to



the museum is the group of lion's heads and skins which monopolize almost all the wall space at one end of the room. There is one corner in which there are eight heads, five of lions, two of lionesses, and one—that at the top—of a cheetah or hunting leopard. The opposite corner is similarly decorated, one of the lion's skins there shows being a gift from King Lo Bengula to Mr. Selous. While upon the subject of lions it may be noted that there are in the collection no fewer than sixteen heads and skins, but these by no means represent all the havoc the great African hunter has wrought among this the most terrible of all game to encounter. Mr. Selous has himself accounted for no fewer than twenty-five, and he has taken part in killing ten others.

If the members of the Texas Cotton Choppers' Association can manipulate the hoe like they can dispense genuine old-time hospitality they are what Col. Hogg is pleased to term blown daisies. They gave their first annual celebration recently. President Tipton delivered the opening address, welcoming all in the heartiest manner possible. The young ladies, he said, were welcome to the young men and everything else in the town.

At this juncture Colonel Hogg, who was the orator of the day and occupied a seat on the platform, made a swipe at a molasses haired baby which was standing near him. He kissed the baby on the head and it sounded like a Missouri mule pulling his foot out of the mud. The child glared at him and passed on, when the Hillsboro military band discoursed some excellent music. Turning to the News corresponding Col. Hogg nonchalantly observed, that he loved the little kid angels like a pup did porklicker.

At the conclusion of Ex-Gov. Hogg's address Miss Burton presented him with a hand-painted hoe, and spoke a piece. In accepting the hoe the tempest-tossed executive spoke feelingly as follows:

"By this simple act you have placed me under still deeper obligations to you for many valued and appreciated kindnesses. The hoe is the first implement of commerce, the emblem of high civilization. The man who uses a hoe and lives by the sweat of his brow is too honest to steal, too industrious and independent to be a vag or a criminal. He is the man who makes and maintains good government. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this assurance of your friendship and esteem," and the ex-Governor grabbed the young lady and kissed her full in the mouth, while the great crowd applauded wildly.—Galveston News.

Strangely enough, the Queen of Italy has no ladies of the bedchamber and of the wardrobe, such as are to be found at the British court, and is very much at the mercy of slipshod, inexperienced girls for assistance in her toilet. Once a servant is engaged for the royal palace she is never dismissed, and this, perhaps, is the reason that Her Majesty is so poorly served. Court etiquette demands many elaborate toilets, being made each day by the Queen, and it is said that Her Majesty suffers much from this regulation, combined with the inefficiency of her maids.

Alice—What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is. He never addresses me without beginning "Fair miss."

Dorothy—Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street-car conductor.—Cleveland Leader.

GEN. SIR BINDON BLOOD.

General Sir Bindon Blood, K. C. B., who is in command of the Malakand Relief Force, was born 1842, and is the eldest son of Mr. William Bindon Blood, of Cranaghor, County Clare, Ireland. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1860, became Captain in 1873, Major in 1879, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1882, and Colonel in 1886. He has seen much active service, having served with the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-78 in the Zulu War of 1879, in the Afghan War in 1879-80 with the Egyptian Expedition, 1882, and with the Chitral Relief Force in 1895, as Chief Staff Officer. For services in the last mentioned campaign Colonel Blood was made K.C.B. Last year he was appointed to command a second-class district in India, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

THE ASIATIC UPRISING.

All eyes are centered on Central Asia where the British Punitive expedition is now trying to quell what must be termed a religious war. Thus far the bulk of the fighting in the Malakand district has been in the Tochi Valley which lies east and west between Afghanistan and Waziristan; the river of that name which drains it is a shallow stream of varying breadth according to the season of the year; when the snows melt in the hills the river comes down in a torrent, a mile or more broad in some places, but, more often than not, the bed is almost dry except for a narrow stream running down the centre. The entrance to the valley from the Tochi Fort, one of the outposts from Bannu, is narrow and the aspect, as one approaches is that of a series of bare, low-lying hills rising to higher eminences in the background, the river winding its way in and out between them. The lower extremity of the valley is but little cultivated, but farther up the land on both banks is irrigated and fairly fertile, though this only applies to the actual parts close to the riverside, the hills being for the most part barren and bleak, and only cultivated so far as they are amenable to the primitive methods of irrigation which the Dawaris understand. The Tochi country thus generally outlined consists of the main valley and a labyrinth block of hills and smaller valleys running into it. The inhabitants, the Dawaris, are, to a certain extent, nomadic and pastoral, though they have some few large villages dotted here and there.

They are not a fighting race so much as their neighbors the Afridis; on the contrary, their chief characteristic seems to be cowardice. The Dawari is full of treachery, fanaticism, and cruelty. Though rarely willing to risk his life in open fight, he will lie in wait for his enemy to take him at a disadvantage if he can. In appearance he somewhat resembles the Waziri, but the latter does not dye his face, as is the custom in the Tochi. The Dawaris, like the Waziris, Momands, whose countries have only recently been taken over, were formerly subject to the Amir of Afghanistan, though could they but recognize the fact, they are infinitely better off under British rule.



ODDS AND ENDS.

The visitor to the island of Santa Catalina, or he who goes out on the launches from Long Beach or San Pedro, is always entertained by the remarkable flights of flying-fish, which in these waters attain a length of eighteen inches and a weight of two pounds. Alarmed by the boat or steamer, they dash out of the water by a vigorous movement of the screw-like tail and dash away in headlong flight, skimming over the waves like birds, presenting so remarkable an appearance that the tourist who has never seen so extraordinary a performance takes them for birds. The flying-fish is not flying, but it has four very wing-like fins which serve it a similar purpose; that is, it hurls itself out of the water by the aid of its tail, and then using the four winglike fins as parachutes, goes soaring away, covering a distance of an eighth of a mile; when the inertia fails, the tail of the fish drops, and the moment it strikes the water it begins a violent twisting, which sends the fish into the air again, and by repeating this the fish is enabled to cover the long distance. The wings or fins are not flapped, the only motion being a tremulous one imparted to them when the tail is twisted in the water. As the boat glides along these fish dart from the water and go soaring away on either side, and it is then that the sportsman, sitting in the bow, has an opportunity for some novel sport.

The fish move like some quail, very low, not more than two feet from the surface, and are not the easy shots one might imagine. They move rapidly and appear to rise and fall over the waves, and go sweeping away in graceful curves. Sometimes four or five are in the air at the same time, and the good shot can bring them down to the right and left. All that is needed to carry out the idea of quail shooting would be to have a dog, but there is a sea dog that flushes this attractive game, the agile tuna, a fierce creature known on the Atlantic seaboard as the horse mackerel. The flying-fish is its legitimate prey, and big schools come sweeping in from the deep sea, driving the schools of flying-fish before them, chasing them into the air, six, eight, ten feet, giving marvelous exhibitions of lofty tumbling. At such times the flying-fishes are crazed with terror, and leave the water by scores and hundreds. They fly into boats, out upon the dry benches, strike boatmen who happen to be in the way of their headlong flight, and present a most attractive appearance to those who have never seen a flock of ocean flyers in the air with fish six or seven feet long pursuing in a series of leaps or jumps. Sometimes the tuna chases the flyer along just below the surface, catching it as it drops—a cloud of foam alone telling the story.—From Santa Catalina.

The downtown sights of New York are a joy to the New Yorker, who has a rural visitor on his hands, and with the Brooklyn Bridge, the exchanges, the Battery Park, the various high buildings, the churches and the crowds that ebb and flow through the congested thoroughfares, the man from the country is usually an animated exclamation point by the time the show is over. Still, his guide has usually omitted to point out to him one of the most remarkable things in that part of the great city. It can be seen only between noon and 1 o'clock, but if it happens to be on the list of the sightseer the recollection of the place will outlive some of the more conspicuous points on the tour. It is the business men's noon prayer-meeting in the old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church. The edifice is the oldest of that denomination on the island, and it looks its age. It is queer, quaint and old-fashioned, standing crowded in between business houses. In a commercial centre it looks strangely out of place, and yet its plain, sturdy exterior seems to look defiance at those who would have it replaced by a house reared for the acquirement of dollars and cents.

A few minutes before noon every day in the year the door is thrown wide open, and then the place seems to grin open-mouthed at the people who look at it askance. Men and women enter the open door and descend to the classroom, a few feet below the street level, and sit on old-fashioned settees, placed closely together. A musical instrument stands near the platform, and the walls, yellow with age, are decorated with old prints representing scenes from the Scripture and portraits of men prominent in the church. Noiselessly and reverently the people come, and by the time the prayer-meeting is opened the seats are well filled by two hundred men and women who, in the heart of the business part of New York, with the hum and buzz of metropolitan traffic coming in through the open doors, forget the world, lose sight of dollars and cents, and interest and discount, and with prayer and song commune with God. "When does the prayer-meeting season close?" a stranger asked one of the members of the congregation recently. "When do you have your vacation?"

"There is no such thing here," was the reply. "In the uptown churches business ceases during the hot weather, but we know that the devil is just as hard at work in summer as in winter, and we keep our prayer-meetings going through the summer on that account. Come here any day and you will find men and women who are anxious to find God and who, having found Him, know no greater pleasure than to serve Him."

It is an odd crowd that one sees in the little chapel. There are old men who lead in prayer in uptown churches and who have always gone to church and taken every opportunity to attend religious services, but there are men also to whom going to church was a thing unknown until they wandered into the John Street place. Then they became interested, came again, and were finally numbered among the regular attendants. To those who have noted the audiences at similar gatherings, the large number of young men becomes remarkable. Clerks who have only an hour for their noon meal spend the greater part of it there; young women came in from neighboring commercial houses, mechanics going from work sit on the benches beside the men who give them employment, and men in the uniforms of the Fire and Police departments, and sometimes one conspicuous in the white uniform of the Street Cleaning Department, form a part of the mixed audience. When the hymn is given out, one can see by the way in which they all sing that the visit of these people is not their first, and that the music is familiar to them. Sailor men, brawny fellows, whose looks and clothes stamp them as "tough citizens" and men of refinement elbow one another in the little room.

"Funny how I drifted in here," said a middle-aged man. "I am a New Englander, and I left the farm, like many other boys, to make a fortune in the city. Also, like many other boys, I didn't make it. Doing jobs downtown was my fortune, and one day, while I was helping to load a piece of machinery on a truck in this street, I got a reminder of home. Over the noise of the street, I heard the chorus: 'Oh, Beulah Land!' and it seemed as if I had never heard it sung so well before. The men who were working with me must have thought me silly, but the old tune took me back home. I felt a lump in my throat, and I don't think I lifted an ounce when the word came: 'Now, all together!' I wished they'd sing it again. They didn't, but they sang another tune I knew just as well, and I vowed I'd go there next day. I did; and I have gone whenever I could since then."—New York Tribune.

First and last there have been many different kinds of dollars in the United States—silver dollars, gold dollars and multifarious paper dollars of sometimes dubious value; and in other countries, iron, platinum, brass, bone, ivory, and even wheat and cotton goods have done duty as money. But the oddest "dollar" ever seen thus far, perhaps, is that coined, or rather quarried, by the chiefs of the island of Yap, one of the group of Caroline Islanads in the South Pacific.

These Yap coins are even more cumbersome to carry about than the great silver "daddy dollar" of our own land. Vastly more cumbersome, indeed, since they weigh eighty pounds apiece and are over two feet in diameter! A defaulting cashier would certainly have difficulty in absconding with many of them!

Two of these strange pieces of money may now be seen in the National Museum at Washington. They are circular disks of coralline rock, dull white in color, yet apparently crystalline, twenty-six inches in diameter and from three to four inches thick. At the centre of each there is a round hole two inches and a half in diameter.

The Yap chief enjoys a monopoly in this singular sort of coinage. When in want of money, he has but to send his slaves to the quarry to fashion as many flat "dollars" as he needs.

His treasury is a number of long poles set on support in front of the royal hut. The dollars are struck on the poles like beads in a necklace; and the number of strings of these great stone dollars possessed by a chief is the gage of his wealth and respectability.

But if utility should be a characteristic of money, a dozen grindstones piled on a pole would be of more value than the whole of it.—Youth's Companion.

Some interesting experiments with the Gathmann high-explosive shell have been made at the Indian Head proving grounds. One of the Gathmann shells exploded in a big 12-inch gun at Indian Head recently and burst the valuable piece of ordnance. The naval officers did not accept this accident as proving the shell to be valueless. They have given it some practical tests without any trouble resulting.

In order to test the effect of the concussion produced by the explosion of the shell, four live chickens were placed in the rear of the target, 17-inch plate, with a backing two feet thick. The 300 pounds of gun cotton contained in the shell were exploded against the plate. One chicken, tied immediately behind the backing, was made crazy by the explosion. Another confined in an air-tight cofferdam containing sufficient air to keep it alive, and placed fifteen feet from the target, was killed. The idea of having the cofferdam air-tight was to prevent the chicken from experiencing the concussion. The head of a chicken tied in the open air thirty-five feet from the plate was blown off and all its feathers removed, showing the terrible effect of the concussion, while the fourth fowl, placed in an air-tight cofferdam thirty-nine feet distant was dazed, but not unconscious. It died the next day.—New York Sun.

R. L. Elkin, a prominent farmer near Lancaster, N. Y., has devoted several years to raising domestic fowls of different breeds, and has now on hand a few fowls which are attracting the attention of the public on account of their unusual color, size, and form, and their aptitude to imitate, which makes a near approach to intelligence and bids fair to dispense with errand boys, shepherd dogs, and telephones. They are a cross between the Minorca and a fowl which was sent him by his friend, Col. John Mills, now United States Consul at Falkland Islands, which in many respects resembles the parrot, though not so clumsy.

The fowls weigh about three pounds, have sharp claws, a long beak, slightly carved, large yellow eyes, a white crest, dark green plumage, and an intelligent expression. They fly rapidly and although domesticated they have a tendency to roam for hours at a time. He calls them "minims" because of their size. From the time they come from the shell they are easily handled and are fond of human society, always manifesting a disposition to imitate human action and make articulate sounds approximating the language of the parrot. They are non-sitters, but their eggs will hatch in fourteen days. They will only roost in trees or on the roof of a house. On the approach of a stranger they make a shrill clatter like the guinea fowl, and when anything unusual is about to occur they make a loud noise, which sounds like the words "Look out!" Their timely warning is invaluable in many instances. If a dog or any other animal ventures into their inclosure he meets with such a reception as to insure a speedy departure, with no inclination to return. The sharp, curved beak and sharp claws have inflicted many wounds on intruders.

Unerring instinct seems to give them an accurate idea of the time of day, and when the regular routine of farm work has been performed in sight of them they seem to realize any delay in the same work on a succeeding day. Mr. Elkin's bluegrass pasture in which his milch cows graze contains about fifty acres and extends up to the barnyard. He asserts positively that the cowboy, who always fed them after milking, was late coming from the field one evening last week, and he saw two of the fowls fly away in the direction of the cows, one of which was lying down. They lighted upon her and induced her to rise by a gentle touch with their claws. The same inducement was applied to the whole herd until they were marched to the milk pen. These acts are the result of observation and the fowls bid fair to become more valuable than the dog to herdsmen.—Louisville Dispatch.

The American rain-making experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the State Department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria, which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rain-making theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions.

The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common, and severe in Austria, especially on the southern slopes of the Bachor Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape the question arose whether some means of preventing the falling of hail could not be devised. The explosion experiment was tried and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each side of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station built of wood, for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station. The neighboring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm fire all the mortars simultaneously. Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder; the report makes no mention of a projectile. The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered and the storm prevented. At the first trial of the system, after a few moments' firing the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared. This process was accompanied by no hail or even rain.

During the summer the firing was undertaken six times, and always with the same result. Thus it appears that while man may not be able to force nature to work at his bidding, he may at least compel her to remain idle for a time.—Washington Star.

A story was told by a gentleman of New York of an experience that a brother of his, a blind man, had while he was in the city from a small town in Jersey, where he resides. On the day mentioned the blind man was without a guide and stood on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, wishing to cross the street. While debating with himself as to whether he would try it alone or call a policeman, a woman came up and addressed him, saying: "Mister, would you be kind enough to help me across the street? There is such a jam of trucks and carts that I am afraid to try to cross alone." "Certainly, with pleasure, madam," he responded and offering her his arm, they started across Broadway, crossing in safety. "Thank you, very much," said the woman. "No, madam. It is I who am thankful, for I am blind and you helped me to avoid that dangerous crossing very nicely," said the man. "Oh!" said the woman in reproachful tones. "You horrid man! Why, I might have been run over."

Willie Smallwitz—I had a hard fall from my wheel, and I tell you it knocked me silly.

Ethel Smartwitz—Too bad, and can't you find a doctor who can help you?

"Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes around the bottom."

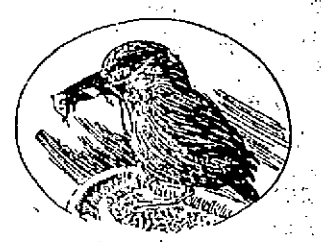
"What did they tell him?"

"To wear knickerbockers."—Life.

CURIOUS FACTS.

THE LAUGHING "JACKASS."

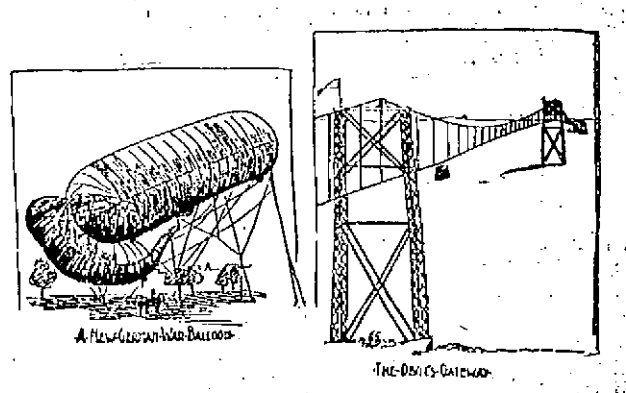
While the famous "Laughing Jackass" of Australia, has found a place in most zoological gardens, it has remained for Mr. Saville-Kent, the great naturalist to discover a new species in North Queensland. The picture shows this peculiar "Laughing Jackass" in the act of having killed and snapped up a mouse, whose delicacy of flavor he is anticipating by meditative contemplation, preparatory to swallowing it whole. This bird is not the true "laughing jackass," so well known to visitors at Zoological Gardens. Indeed, Mr. Saville-Kent is inclined to think its name somewhat



inappropriate, since "it can scarcely be said to laugh, and its 'smile' at close quarters is so loud and ear-piercing that unsympathetic neighbors most uncharitably defined it as a compromise between the shriek of a locomotive engine and a trolley car buzz."

THE DEVIL'S DYKE RAILWAY.

The Devil's Dyke, situated about six miles to the north-west of Brighton, England, is a remarkable chasm, having on one side a table-land over 700 feet above sea-level, from which a splendid panoramic view is obtainable. On its southern side the table-land is easy of access, but the approach from the north is barred by a forbidding escarpment, and can only be achieved by a roundabout route. To do away with this detour, and to make the table-land of the Dyke as easy of access on the north as on the south side, a railway of a novel character has been constructed. The new line descends direct from the top of the hill to the plain below at a point about a quarter of a mile from the village of Poynings. It is only 840 feet long, and claims to be the shortest public railway in England. Two cars are used for the service, one ascending while



the other descends. The cars are open, and are fitted with four sets of steel-jaw brakes, possessing grip sufficient to stop and hold the car steady at any point of the line. A three-minutes' exciting ride suffices to convey the car from the top of the hill to the terminus at the bottom. The cars are hauled by stout wire cables, worked by engine. The permanent way is laid on a solid bed of concrete, and throughout, the construction has been modelled on the principle adopted in the mountain railways of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus.

E. C. BREDIN.

E. C. Bredin, the half mile world's champion sprinter, who just conquered Kilpatrick in two great races in England, is expected to compete in America next year and it is believed



that the title of world's champion will then be wrested from him.

THE NEW GERMAN WAR BALLOON

The aeronauts of the German Army have made remarkable advances in the way of military ballooning, and their latest exploit shows a complete revolution in the manufacture of this now so necessary war article. The new style is made in the shape of an immense sausage which it is claimed pierces the air with much more ease than the circular balloon. At one end of this is the ballast balloon, which is also used for steering purposes. The first experiments proved very successful.

It is told that a young farmer of western Burke county wrote to the State Board of Agriculture for information regarding some part of his farm work, and the board replied by a type written letter. This made the young farmer mad, he taking the typewritten letter as an insinuation that he could not read "pen and ink writing." He immediately sent the letter back to the department, with a message to them not to send him any more "printed letters;" that he could "read writin' yit."—Morganton Herald.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 45	9 59	8 00	$7 07
8 25	7 40	6 23	7 51
6 43	7 53	9 40	$1 38
$7 05	8 42	7 55	9 16
*$7 20	8 10	*8 32	9 10
*$7 28	8 15	*9 03	*9 38
$7 33	8 50	9 15	$10 25
*7 45	8 57	*9 53	10 07
$7 50	8 56	10 00	11 15
*8 50	9 49	10 45	11 55
9 15	10 36	11 50	$12 07
9 40	10 42	12 00	$12 58
11 00	12 04	*1 00	$1 36
$11 42	12 05	*1 15	1 52
$12 18	1 06	3 00	3 04
1 40	2 50	*3 03	$3 40
3 00	4 25	3 47	5 03
*$3 47	4 30	4 14	$5 32
*$4 02	4 45	4 47	6 05
4 25	5 30	*5 00	6 45
$5 22	6 15	5 33	6 35
5 44	7 10	6 47	7 50
*$5 22	7 05	6 14	7 50
*$7 49	8 31	*7 50	$8 08
$8 40	9 42	*8 03	$8 36
		10 15	11 27
		11 23	12 23

Sunday Trains.

$7 20	8 16	2 15	$3 05
$7 58	8 18	9 00	$12 07
9 45	1 50	1 00	$1 37
$9 10	10 19	5 03	$5 57
$4 26	6 32	7 36	$8 18
$5 08	7 00	8 04	$8 58
		9 00	10 05

Western Division

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 50	8 03	7 30	8 31
8 15	9 10	9 25	10 37
9 25	10 34	10 25	11 45
10 50	12 02	11 51	1 06
12 05	1 37	2 10	3 10
12 45	1 58	3 42	4 55
2 30	3 44	4 25	5 43
2 55	4 02	5 01	6 39
4 00	5 25	6 04	7 13
5 10	6 42	6 35	7 45
6 15	7 26	9 40	10 37
7 09	8 40	11 15	12 35
9 25	10 30		

Sunday Trains.

6 15	9 27	8 03	9 17
12 05	1 56	11 45	12 55
4 15	6 48	6 09	6 55
5 30	6 55	9 10	9 49
8 45	9 05		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Middlesex street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway street.

*Express.

‡From Middlesex St. station only.

a Runs to Lowell Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

Sold on the Cunard, White Star, American, Allan, Anchor, Warren, French, German, and Italian steamship lines to or from Boston, New York, Liverpool, and Queenstown. Drafts issued for £1 and upwards on Ireland, England, Scotland, and all parts of the world. English, sovereigns and Canada bills bought at Murphy's steamship agency, 18 Appleton st.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

For a few days, with a pound of Tea, a big grey enamelled tea or coffee pot is given away. Dickson Bros., the big tea dealers, 65 Merrimack st.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smokers enjoy Old Hundred cigars.

T. C. Lee, Fire Ins., 223 Central st.

Lost—A. St Bernard pup, about ten months old. Last seen on Middlesex street. Reward at 324 Market street.

If your coal does not suit you, try Mullin, the 1018 Gorham street coal dealer. You can get him by telephone.

A horse-power sawing machine and a light driving horse for sale cheap at Roarke & Sullivan's office, 984 Gorham street.

The Peabodys had their annual outing yesterday at Lakeview. Over 80 of the family attended and ate a chicken dinner in the grove. It was under auspices of the ladies. A good boat ride on the lake was highly enjoyed, as well as the regular sports to be found on the grounds.

NOTICE.

Klondike parties will be interested in John M. Pevey's ad. which appears in another column.

J. E. CONANT & CO'S

SALES FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11th

WEDNESDAY.

Administrator's sale of the Weaver estate at the corner of Middlesex and Walker streets. Residence, stable, 5000 square feet of land. On Wednesday, September 8th, promptly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I shall sell to the highest bidder the Maria E. Weaver property at the corner of Middlesex and Walker streets, number 1057 Middlesex street. The sale is by virtue of a license issued by the probate court for the county of Middlesex. Modern house of nine rooms, also bath room, pantries, laundry, immense closets, cellar, and store rooms. The house is very convenient excellently arranged, prettily finished, and substantially constructed. It's in splendid repair, is certainly a mighty nice home; possesses a fine location; has lots of room, and will prove upon inspection not only attractive, but unusually desirable. The stable has ample room for four horses; the carriage house is immense and both have gas, city water, and sewerage. The lot has a frontage of 100 feet on Middlesex street, 65 feet on Walker street, and an area of 8972 square feet. Around the lot are many magnificent shade trees, and upon the lot are fruit trees and vines, shrubbery, and flowering bushes. The estate is right up to date in its modern appointments and the necessary features for pleasant housekeeping and comfortable living. After the sale of the realty there are some house furnishings to be sold, including carpets, parlor set, piano, roll-top desk, dining room set, chamber furniture and petures. Also about six tons of coal. The sale will take place rain or shine; will begin promptly.

—Charles F. Coburn, Adm.

THURSDAY.

Splendid lot of land for improvement on Bridge street. Excellent building lot of 14,000 square feet. Thursday, Sept. 9th, promptly at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we shall sell without limit or reserve to the highest bidder the second lot of land from Tenth street on the easterly side of Bridge street, adjoining the handsome residence of Mr. D. H. Varnum, and one of the most desirable unimproved parcels of real estate on Bridge street today. The frontage is 75 feet; the exact area 14,210 square feet; the chance for a fine residence, A1; the opportunity for a nice double house, first class; plenty of room for stable, garden, and ornamental structures. Bridge street has all the advantages and conveniences of any street in Lowell; is also a main thoroughfare to and from the city; few streets in Lowell have had more improvements or grown to business faster in 15 years than Bridge street. Land on this street, while it may temporarily for a short period hesitate in its growing value, must of necessity in the near future become very valuable; opinions will not hold up against facts. It's the principal street of one of the very largest business and residential sections of the city of Lowell and all streets and parts of Centralville lead to it and are tributary to it. This is the last opportunity for the present generation to purchase at "depressed times" prices. In four months there'll be a good profit over present prices.

—J. E. Conant & Co.

For all parties at interest.

FRIDAY.

Assignees' sale of bicycles at G. N. Crockett's bicycle agency, Concord, N. H.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 91 MERK ST.

DINGLEY'S TALE

Of How Section 22 was Not Smuggled

INTO THE TARIFF BILL IN THE RUSH.

The Amendment was Adopted in Open Senate.

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 4.—The originators of section 22 of the tariff law did not intend it to affect the bonded privilege under which foreign merchandise can be shipped and forwarded through Canada, according to the Lewiston Evening Journal, Nelson Dingley's newspaper. The Journal editorially says of the section:

The controversy which has arisen over section 22 has come entirely over two amendments—one having been made by the senate and another by the conference. The section as framed by the ways and means committee and passed by the house was the same as in all previous tariffs, and if it had not been amended after it left the house no question could have arisen respecting it.

The senate amendment to section 22 amended the house section by striking out the words, "or any act of congress," in the conditional clause, which is the modification of importance that is causing the most controversy. Many papers, in commenting on the section, assume that the conferees inserted this amendment, and proceed to comment on what they call a "trick in the dark," etc. The fact is, however, that this amendment was adopted in open senate.

The other amendment, it now seems, was adopted by the conferees simply to prevent an evasion of the section by the landing of foreign merchandise in Canada by vessels not entitled to equal privileges in our ports, then shipping it to the United States, and was not intended or understood to affect the bonding privilege under which foreign merchandise can be continuously shipped and forwarded through Canada. Undoubtedly, when finally settled, this amendment will be construed as the conferees intended, and therefore all the contention over it fall to the ground.

GRAND SENIOR WOODWARD.

Grand Senior Woodward Stafford exemplified the new ritual at the meeting of Court General Butler, F. of A. last night. At the next meeting there will be initiations under the new ritual Brother McMullen, who was a delegate from Court General Shields to the supreme convention at Denver, gave an interesting talk in description of the trip the convention and the sights seen.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

Dirt of any kind on any thing quickly yields to the easy effort of the housewife who uses this great cleanser. Largest package—greatest economy. Ask the grocer for it.

NEW GOODS!

LATEST NOVELTIES FOR THE FALL SEASON.

Your inspection cordially invited.

Louis Alexander,

Formerly of Fifth Avenue, New York Importer and Tailor,

NO. 65 CENTRAL STREET.

LOWELL.

Goods Will Never Be As Cheap Again

At least there has been a decided reaction from the downward course of prices that started in 1893. Since the passage of the Dingley tariff bill all kinds of merchandise have advanced from 15 to 50 per cent. Fortunately having anticipated the coming rise of prices, we contracted for our Lowell and Birmingham, Ala. stores more than $300,000 worth of desirable merchandise. Although these goods have now advanced considerably, we will sell them all at the old prices, and thereby save our customers nearly $100,000.

STOCK OF

Men's Fall Suits

NOW OPENED.

The advance guard of our new Men's Fall Suits has arrived. They represent the most attractive styles, the newest shades and combinations, the best milled woolens, the best made and fitting Suits in the city.

Our prices range:

$5, $6, $7, $8, $10, $12, $13, $15 and $18.

J. L. Chalifoux

49 to 59 Central Street.

When you buy Sarsaparilla Ask for the best and you'll Get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get The Best.

APPROPRIATIONS

City Departments Want More Money to Get Along.

COMMITTEE ENDEAVORS TO PIECE OUT FUNDS.

Some Departments are Very Low.

The committee on appropriations held a long conference with the heads of departments to arrive at some conclusion as to the amount required to piece out appropriations. Supt. Bray asked for $10,000 for school houses and Supt. Whitcomb wanted $82,500 for schools.

On streets and bridges the original call was for $100,000 for streets and $25,000 for paving. The amount allowed was $87,500. Of this sum, Supt. Fowler said that he had spent but $64,000.

The present cost of the department is $12,486 a month. This would require $25,000 for two months. For November and December it will cost $16,000 and Charles street will cost $6000 which will make a total of $47,000. Aside from this, the Wilder street bridge needs to be repaired and it will cost money—not less than $3000. If Varnum avenue is finished, according to a vote of the city government a few years ago, $9000 more will be required. This will bring the total to over $62,000. But if Gorham and Chelmsford streets are to be paved $30,000 more will be needed, making a grand total of $92,000.

Supt. Fowler thought that $45,000 was absolutely necessary.

The other amounts asked for are: Cemeteries, $4000; pauper department, $28,500; fire department, $37,000; lighting, $3,450; health, $16,500; military aid, $3,000; state aid, $1000.

After all the departments had been heard from there was a general discussion and an adjournment was taken to Wednesday evening, Sept. 8.

13 ALDERMEN MEET

AND DRAW JURORS FOR SEPTEMBER TERM.

The aldermen held a special meeting last night and drew the following jurors: James A. Hadley, 204 Tenth street; W. A. Arnold, 75 Fremont street Theodore E. Parker, 5 James court; J. Clark Gilliden, 1 Belmont street; Thomas Curley, 22 Lyons street; Addison Churchill, 74 Dover street.

The mayor then appointed Alderman Howe and Alderman Pierce a committee to designate polling places for the state and city elections.

J. H. Whitely was discharged as a call man from the fire department.

A communication was received from President Charles P. de Langle in behalf of the French, Artisans, a new French organization now being formed, in the city, to attend a reception to be given to His Excellency, Sir J. A. Chapleau, Lieut.-Governor of the province of Quebec, at Associate hall Sunday morning.

The invitation was accepted.

The Ladies' Loyal Orange association initiated two candidates last night and received two applications for membership.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

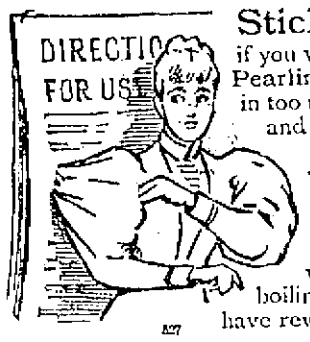
Any one who suffers from that terrible plague, itching piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that come through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

Splendid Business Opportunity

A CHANCE SELDOM OFFERED IN LOWELL.

Stock and Fixtures of one of the Most Attractive Shoe Stores in Lowell For Sale.

Well established business; fine location; reasonable rent; great corner for shoe repairing and a grand opening for the right man. Apply at Sun Office if you are interested.



Stick to the Directions, if you want to get the most good out of Pearline. Otherwise, you'll be putting in too much, and wasting the Pearline, and calling it expensive. Or you won't put in enough, and so you won't get as much help from it as you expected, and you'll have to do more work. Directions on every package for hot and cold water washing, with and without boiling. These simple, easy directions have revolutionized the work of washing.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

NEW COAL YARD

NEW COAL, NEW BUILDINGS, NEW LOCATION, IN SHORT EVERYTHING NEW AT

JOSEPH MULLIN'S

953 GORHAM ST., OPP. MOORE ST.

The business formerly carried on in the old Mollohan coal yard is all removed to our new yard where everything is better than ever before. Coal, Wood and Grain will be delivered promptly and at the lowest prices.

HONEST GOODS
HONEST WEIGHT
HONEST PRICES

We have no middleman to divide profits with and can always give you the advantage of this. You can order Coal, Wood or Grain either in person, or by postal or telephone, and remember the new yard,

953 Gorham St., Opp. Moore St.

JOS. MULLIN, Prop.

COOK, TAYLOR & CO.

CENTRAL STREET.

Fur Collarettes

Are going to be very stylish this coming fall and winter. We have a great variety of them at very reasonable prices.

Electric Seal Collarettes, $5, worth $9.

Electric Seal Collarettes, with star collars, $6.00 worth $10.00.

Electric Seal Collarettes, with fancy collars at $8, worth $12.50.

Elegant Electric Seal Collarettes with Astrachan yoke and collar, $4.50, worth $8. This is the greatest offering of the season.

Astrachan Collarettes, $2.50, worth $4.50.

Electric Seal Collarettes, $2.50, worth $4.50.

JACKETS.

We have just opened up our new line of Fall and Winter Jackets in all the newest fabrics and patterns, prices range from $2.98 to $25.00.

WRAPPERS, 49c.

Closing out about 75 perfect fitting Lawn Wrappers, the regular $1 sort, at only 49c. for choice. Don't think we can give you these at any time, we expect to close the lot out today at 49c. for the regular $1 Ladies' Lawn Wrappers, in sizes 32 to 44.

Balance of our Ladies' 25c. Small Silk Bows to wear with linen collars, only 10c. each.

A lot of Gilt Belts, will not tarnish and will wear all winter, 10c. each, worth 25c.

Cook, Taylor & Co.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.

MERRIMACK, PALMER AND MIDDLE STREETS.

SALE OF BLEACHED "DWIGHT" REMNANTS.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF "DWIGHT"

Bleached Cotton

We are displaying in our large Palmer street window the largest lot of Bleached Cottons of one make ever shown in Lowell, having opened

75,000 Yards of All Widths.

"Dwight Anchor" Cottons rank the highest in quality and finish, and for durability among all other New England cottons.

This sale will include long remnants of all the different widths made by this corporation at about one-quarter less of regular prices as follows:

3-4 wide at 4c. yard. 7-8 wide at 4½c. yard. Yard wide at 5c. yard. 4-4 "Anchor" brand 5½c. yard. 9-8 and 5-4 Pillow Casing 8½c. yard. 48 in. and 50 in. wide "Anchor," 9c. yard. 6-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 10c. yard. 7-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 12½c. yard. 8-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 14c. yard. 9-4 Sheeting "Anchor," 16c. 10-4 Sheeting, 17c.

N. B.—Prices on all Cottons are sure to go up higher before this year is out and it would be the interest of all to provide for future wants of such good cottons as we are selling in this lot.

A. G. Pollard & Co.